# POEMS

# Allan Ramsay.

WITH

New Additions and Notes,

To which is added, the

# GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A

Scots PASTORAL COMEDY, with Songs; Allo, a GLOSSARY or Ex-PLANATION of the Scots Words.

Let them censure, what care I?
The herd of Criticks I defy.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
Govern the Numbers of my Song:
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is sense that they repete.
PRIOR from ANACREON.

# DVBLIN:

Printed by S. Powell,

For GEORGE RISK, at the Shakespear's-Head in Dame-Street, MDCCXXXIII.





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# PREFACE.

IS none of the least of my diversions to see one part of the world laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own Opinions and Abilities; but I shall never quarrel with any man whose temper is the reverse of mine, and enters not into the taste of the same pleasures: "Tis as ridiculous for one, to be disobliged at another's different way of thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a nose not of a shape with his. Every Man is born with a particular bent which will discover itself in spite of all opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew; I never inclin'd to curb; but rather encouraged my self in the pursuit, tho' many difficulties lay in my way.

Whether poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous study in the world, is more than I dare affirm, but I think so. Yet I am afraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent tharacter that belongs to the Epick Master, whose fire and slegm is equally blended. — But Anacreon, Horace and Waller were poets, and had souls warmed with true poetick slame, altho' their patience sell short of those who could bestow a number of years on the sinishing one heroick poem, and

justly claim the pre-eminence.

If I know any faults in my own productions, I am not fool enough to blaze them: perhaps they may be overlook'd by the indulgence of my best friends, for whom I write.—
'Tis not to be doubted that I have enemies; yes, I have been honour'd with three or four sayrs, but such wretched stuff, that several of my friends would alledge upon me that I had wrote and publish'd them my self (none of the worst

Politicks I own) to make the world believe I had no foes but fools. Such pedants as confine learning to the critical understanding of the dead languages, while they are ignorant of the beauties of their mother tongue, do not view me with a friendly eye: but I'm even with them, when I tell them to their faces, without blushing, that I understand Horace but saintly in the original, and yet can feast on his beautiful thoughts dress'd in British;—and do not see any great occasion for every man's being made capable to translate the Classicks, when they are so elegantly done to his hand. Nor do I value, tho' Doctor Bentley heard this: and perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick, that this same Doctor had understood the Latin tongue as little as I.

If this paragraph chance to raise a nest of wasps, let them read the next to blunt their stings.

My chearful friends will pardon (a very effential qualification of a poet) my vanity, when in felf-defence I inform the ignorant, that many of the finest spirits, and of she highest quality and distinction eminent for literature, and knowledge of mankind, from an affability which ever accompanies great minds, tell me, " They are pleased with what I have done; and add, that my fmall knowledge of the dead or foreign languages is nothing to my disad. vantage. King David, Homer and Virgil, fay they, were more ignorant of the Scots and English tongue, than you are of Hebrew, Greek and Latin: pursue your own natural manner, and be an Original. One may very easily imagine that I hear this with abundance of secret satisfaction and joy; the ladies too are on my fide, they grace my fong with the sweetness of their voices, conn over my Pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry tale.

Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair, My Foesmay envy, but despair.

That I have exprest my thoughts in my native dialect, was not only inclination, but the desire of my best and wifest friends; and most reasonable, since good imagery, just similier,

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similies, and all manner of ingenious thoughts, in a well laid design, disposed into numbers, is poetry.— Then good poetry may be in any language,— But some nations speak rough, and their words are confounded with a multitude of hard consonants, which makes the numbers unharmonious; Besides, their language is scanty, which makes a disagreeable repetition of the same words. — These are no defects in ours, the pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much suller than the English, of which we are masters, by being taught it in our schools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our native words, of eminent significancy, makes our songue be far the completest: for instance, I can say, an empty house, a toom barrel, a boss head, and a hollow heart. — Many such examples might be given, but let this one suffice.

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I cannot here omit a paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, to a London edition of one of my Pastorals, after he has said some things very handsomely in my favour. — In behalf of our language he expresses himself thus, The following Poem, it I am not mistaken (for I set up for no Critic) is a true and just Pastoral, abounding with those beauties which are either required or are to be found in the best esteem'd Pastorals.

The Scotticisms, which perhaps may offend some over-nice ear, give new life and grace to the poetry, and become their place as well as the Doric dialect of Theocritus, so much admir'd by the best judges. When I mention that tongue, I bewail my own little know-ledge of it, since I meet with so many words and phrases so expressive of the ideas they are intended to reprepresent. A small acquaintance with that language, and our old English poets, will convince any man, that we spend too much time in looking abroad for trisling dedicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial, as well as a more elegant entertainment.

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon English poetry, such as the Morning Interview, Content, &c. but all their difference from the others is on-

ly in the orthography of some words, such as from for frae, bold for bauld, and some sew names of things; and in those, the the words be pure English, the idiom or phraseology is still Scots.

Throughout the whole, I have only copied from nature, and with all precaution have studied, as far as it came within the ken of my observation and memory, not to repeat what has been already said by others, tho' it be next to impossible sometimes to stand clear of them, especially in the little Love-plots of a song. — There are towards the end of this Miscellany, 5 or 6 imitations of Horace, which any acquainted with that author will presently observe — I have only snatch'd at his thought and method in gross, and dres'd them up in Scots, without confining my self to no more or no less; so that these are only to be reckoned a follow; ing of his manner.

This is all I think needful in defence of my book, and to keep it in countenance with a Preface.

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### To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY on his Poctical Works.

HAIL northern bard! thou fav'rite of the nine,
Bright, or as Horace did, or Virgil shine.
In ev'ry part of what thou'st done we find
How they and great Apollo too, have join'd
To furnish thee with an uncommon skill
And with poetick fire thy bosom fill.

Thy Morning Interview throughout is fraught With tuneful numbers and majestick thought: And Celia, who her lover's suit disdain'd, Is by all-powerful gold at length obtain'd.

When winter's hoary aspect makes the plains Unpleasant to the nymphs, and jovial swains; Sweetly thou do'st thy rural couples call To pleasures known within Edina's wall.

When Allan, thou, for reasons thou know'st best,
Doom'd busy Cowper to eternal rest:
What mortal could thine el'gy on him read,
And not have sworn he was defunct indeed?
Yet, that he might not lose accustom'd dues,
You rous'd him from the grave to open pews;
Such magick, worthy Allan, hath thy muse.

Th' experienc'd bawd, in aprest strains thou'st made
Early instruct her pupils in their Trade;
Lest when their faces wrinkled are with age,
They should not cullies as when young engage.
But on our sex why art thou so severe
To wish for pleasure we may pay so dear:
Suppose that thou had'st after cheerful juice,
Met with a stroling harlot wondrous spruce,
And been by her prevail'd with to resort
Where claret might be drunk, or, if not, port:

# viii On Mr. Ramfay's Poetical Works.

Suppose, I say, that this thou granted had, And freedom took with the enticing jade; Would'st thou not hope some artist might be found To cure, if ought you ail'd the smarting wound.

When of the Caledonian garb you fing, (Which from Turtana's diftant clime you bring.) With how much force you recommend the plaid, To ev'ry jolly fwain, and lovely maid. But if, as fame reports, some of those wights, Who canton'd are among the rugged heights No breeks put on, should'st thou not them advise, (Excuse me Ramsay, if I am too nice) To take, as fitting 'tis, fome speedy care That what should hidden be appears not bare; Lest damsels, yet unknowing, should by chance, Their nimble ogle t'wards the object glance? If this thou doft, we, who the fourth possess, May teach our females how they ought to dress; But chiefly let them understand, 'tis meet They should their legs hide more, if not their feet, Too much by help of whale-bone now display'd, Ev'n from the dutchess to the kitchen-maid; But with more reason, those who give distaste, When on their uncouth limbs our eyes we cast.

Thy other sonnets in each stanza shew,
What, when of love you think, thy muse can do.
So movingly thou'st made the am'rous swain,
Wish on the moor his lass to meet again,
That I, methinks, find an unusual pain.
Nor hast thou, chearful bard, expressels skill,
When the brisk lass you sang of Peartie's-mill,
Or Susse, whom the lad with yellow hair
Thou'st made in soft and pleasing notes preser
To nymphs less handsome, constant, gay and fair.

In lovely frains kind Nancy you address, And make fond Willie his coy Jean possels. Who Who And:

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And cr While And ya Which done, thou'st blest the lad in Nellie's arms, Who long had absent been 'midst dire alarms. And artfully you've plac'd within the grove, fammie to hear his mistress own her love.

A gentle care you've found for Strephon's breaft,
By scornful Besty long depriv'd of rest.
And when the blisful pairs you thus have crown'd,
You'd have the glass go merrily around
To shake off care, and render sleep more sound.

Whoe'er shall see, or hath already seen,
Those bonny lines call'd Christ's-kirk on the Green,
Must own that thou hast, to thy lasting praise,
Deserv'd as well as royal James the bays.
'Mong other things you've painted to the life,
A sot unactive lying by his wife,
Which oft 'twixt wedded folks makes woful strife.'

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When 'gainst the scribbling knaves your pen you How didst thou lash the vile presumptuous crew! (drew, Not much fam'd Butler, who had gone before, E'er ridicul'd his knight, or Ralpho more; So well thou'st done it, equal smart they feel, As if thou'd pierc'd their hearts with killing steel.

They thus subdu'd you in pathetick rhyme,
A subject undertook that's more sublime,
By noble thoughts, and words discreetly join'd,
Thou'staught me how I may contentment find.
And when to Addie's same you touch'd the lyre,
Thou sang'st like one of the seraphick choir.
So smoothly flow thy nat'ral rural strains,
So sweetly too, you've made the mournful swains
His death lament, what mortal can forbear,
Shedding like us upon his tomb a tear.

Go on, fam'd bard, thou wonder of our days, And crown thy head with never fading bays, While grateful *Britons* do their lines revere, And value as they ought, their *Virgil* here.

J. BURCHET.

### To the AUTHOR.

A Sonce I view'd a rural scene,
With summer's sweets profusely wild,
Such pleasure sooth'd my giddy sense,
I ravish'd stood while nature smil'd.

Straight I resolv'd and chose a field, Where all the spring I might transfer; There stood the trees in equal rows, Here Flora's pride in one parterre.

The task was done, the sweets were fled, Each plant had lost its sprightly air, As if they grudg'd to be confin'd Or to their will not matched were.

The narrow scene displeas'd my mind,
Which daily still more homely grew:
At length I fled the loathed sight,
And hy'd me to the fields anew.

My fancy rang'd the boundless waste, Each different fight pleas'd with surprise, I welcom'd back the pleasures past.

Thus some who feel Apollo's rage,
Would teach their muse her dress and time,
Till hamper'd so with rules of art,
'They smother quite the vital flame.

They daily chime the same dull tone, Their muse no daring sallies grace, But stiffy held with bit and curb, Keeps heavy trot, tho' equal pace.

But who takes nature for his rule, Shall by her gen'rous bounty shine; His easy muse revells at will, And strikes new wonders every line. Never Ne'er l Than

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Keep then, my friend, your native guide, Never distrust her plenteous store, Ne'er less propitious will she prove Than now; but if she can, still more,

C. T.

### To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

OO blindly partial to my native tongue, Fond of the smoothness of our English song: At first thy numbers did uncouth appear, And shock'd the affected niceness of the ear. Thro' prejudice's eye each page I fee; Tho' all were beauties, none were so to me. Yet sham'd at last, whilst all thy genius own, To have that genius hid from me alone : Resolv'd to find, for praise or censure, cause, Whether to join with all, or all oppose; Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again; At length the useful search requites my pain; My falle distaste to instant pleasures turn'd, As much I envy as before I fcorn'd: And thus the error of my pride to clear, I fign my honest recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

# To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY on the Publication of his Poems.

DEAR Allan, who that hears your strains,
Can grudge that you should wear the bays,
When 'tis so long since Scotia's plains
Could boast of such melodious lays?
What tho' the criticks, snarling curs!
Cry out, your Pegasus wants reins;
Bid them provide themselves of spurs;

Such riders need not fear their brains.

A mule

Keep

A muse that's healthy, fair and sound, With noble ardor fearlesshaftes O'er hill and dale; but carpet ground Was ay for tender footed beafts. E'en let the fustian coxcombs chuse Their carpet-ground; but the green field Was held a walk for Virgil's muse, And Virgil was an unco' chield! Your muse, upon her native stock Subfifting, raifes thence a name; While they are forc'd to pick the lock Of other bards, and pilfer fame. Oft when I read your joyous lines, So full of pleasant jests and wit, So blyth and gay the humour shines, It gives me many a merry fit. Then when I hear of Maggy's charms, And Roger tholing fair difdain, The bonny lass my bosom warms, And mickle I bemoan the fwain. For who can hear the lad complain, And not participate and feel His artless undissembled pain, Unless he has a heart of feel. denon you right But Patie's wiles and cunning arts Appeafe th' imaginary grief, Declare him well a clown of parts, And bring the wretched wight relief, More might be faid; but in a friend Encomiums feem but dull and flat, The wife approve, but fools commend, A Pope's authority for that. Elfe tertes 'twere in me unmeet, To grudge the muse's utmost force, Or spare in such a cause my feet,

To clinch at least in praise of yours.

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I. ARBUCKLE.

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TAND, Critick, and before ye read Say, are ye free of party-fead, Or of a faul fae scrimp and rude, To envy every thing that's good? And if I shou'd (perhaps by chance) Something that's new and smart ad-

Resolve ye not with scornful snuff,
To say. 'tis a' confounded stuff;
If that's the case, sir, spare your spite,
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write:
Gae gie your censure higher scope,
And Congreve criticise or Pope,
Young's satires, or Swift's merry smile,
These, these are writers worth your while.
On me your talents wad be lost,
And tho' you gain a simple boast;
I want a reader wha deals sair,
And not ae real fault will spare;
Yet with good humour will allow
Me praise, when e'er 'tis justly due:

(vance,

# To the CRITICE.

Blest be sic readers, — but the rest That are with spleen and spite opprest; May Bards arise to gar them look divine To death with lays the maist divine, For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various natures, Are on this globe the crowd of creatures; In Mexiconian forests fly, Thousands that never wing'd our sky: 'Mang'st them there's ane of feathers fair, That in the musick bears nae skair, Only an imitating ranter, For whilk he bears the name of taunter; Soon as the fun springs frae the east, Upon the branch he cocks his crest; Attentive, when frae bough and spray The tunefu' throats falute the day: The brainless beau attacks them a'. No ane escapes him great or sma'; Frae some he takes the tone and manner, Frae this a bals, frae that a tenor, Turns love's fast plaint to a dull buffle, And sprightly airs to a vile whiftle; Still labouring thus to counterfeit, He shaws the poorness of his wit, Anes, when with echoe loud the taunter Tret with contempt ilk native Chanter, Ane of them fays, we own tis true, Few praises to our sangs are due, But pray, fir, let'shave ane frae you.

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# Morning Interview.

Such killing Looks, so thick the Arrows fly,
That 'tis unsafe to be a Stander-by:
Poets approaching to describe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.

WALLER, 130.



HEN filent show'rs refresh the pregnant soil,
And tender sallats eat with Tuscan oil,
Harmonious Musick gladens ev'ry
grove,

While bleating lambkins from their

parents rove,

And o'er the plain the anxious mothers stray,
Calling their tender care with hoarser bae.

Now cheerful Zephyr from the western skies
With easy slight o'er painted meadows slies,
To kis his Flora with a gentle air,

Who yields to his embrace, and looks more fair.

When from debauch with sprituous juice oppress,
The sons of Baechus stagger home to rest.
With tatted wigs, foul shoes, and uncock'd hats,
And all bedaub'd with snuff their loose cravats.
The sun began to sip the morning dew,

As Damon from his restless pillow flew.

Him

### 2 The Morning Interview.

Him late from Celia's cheek a patch did wound, A patch high feated on the blulhing round. His painful thoughts all night forbid him reft, And he employ'd that Night as one opprest; Musing revenge, and how to countermine The strongest force, and ev'ry deep defign Of patches, fans, of necklaces and rings, Ev'n musick's pow'r, when Celia plays or sings. Fatigu'd with running errands all the day, 25 Happy in want of thought his valet lay, Recruiting strength with sleep .- His master calls, He starts with lock'd up eyes, and beats the walls. A fecond thunder rouses up the lot, He yawns and murmurs curses through his throat: 30 Stockings awry, and breeches-knees unlac'd, And buttons do mistake their holes for haste. His mafter raves, - cries, Roger, make difpatch. Time flies apace. He frown'd, and look'd his watch : Hafte, do my wig, ty't with the careless knots, And run to Civet's, let him fill my box. Go to my laundres, fee what makes her stay. And call a Coach and Barber in your way. Thus orders juftle orders in a throng: Rozer with laden mem'ry trots along. His errands done; with brulhes next he must Renew his Toil amidft perfuming duft; The yielding comb he leads with artful care, Through crook'd meanders of the flaxen Hair : E'er this perform'd, he's almost choak'd to death, The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath. The trav'ler thus in the Numidian plains, A conflict with the driving lands fuftains. Two hours are paft, and Damon is equipt, Pensive he stalks, and meditates the fight : 50 Arm'
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### The MORNING INTERVIEW. Arm'd cap-a-pee, in drefs a killing beau, Thrice view'd his glass, and thrice resolv'd to go, Flush'd full of hope to overcome his foe. Hisearly pray'rs were all to Paphos fent. That Jove's sea-daughter would give her consent: Cry'd, Send thy little fon unto my aid. Then took his hat, tript out, and no more faid. What lofty thoughts do sometimes push a man Beyond the verge of his own native span! Keep low thy thoughts, frail clay, nor boast thy? pow'r; Fate will be fate: And fince there's nothing fure, Vex not thy felf too much, but catch th' auspicious hour. The tow'ring lark had thrice his mattins fung, And thrice were bells for pious fervice rung. In plaids wrap'd up, prudes throng the facred dome, 65 And leave the spacious petticoat at home: While foftest dreams seal'd up fair Celia's eyes, She dreams of Damon, and torgets to rife. A sportive Sylph contrives the subtile snare, Sylphs know the charming baits which catch the fair; She shews him handsome, brawny, rich and young, With inuff-box, cane, and iword-knot finely hung, Well skill'd in airs of dangle, tofs and rap, Those graces which the tender hearts entrap. Where Aulus oft makes law for justice pass, And CHARLES's statue stands in lasting brais, Amidst a lofty square which strikes the sight, With spacious fabricks of Aupendous hight; Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high, They feem the watch-tow'rs of the nether sky; Where once alas! where once the three estates Of Scotland's Parliament held free debates: Here Celia dwelt, and here did Damon move, Pres'd by his rigid fare, and raging love. To

25

30

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Arm'd

# 4 The Morning Interview.

To her apartment straight the daring (wain 85 Approach'd, and foftly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain, The nymph new wak'd starts from the lazy down, And rolls her gentle limbs in morning-gown: But half awake, the judges it must be Frankalia come to take her morning tea; Cries, welcome, cousin, But the soon began To change her vilage when he faw a man : Her unfix'd eyes with various turnings range, And pale surprise to modest red exchange: Doubiful twixt modesty and love she stands, 95 Then ask'd the bold impertinent's demands. Her strokes are doubled, and the youth now found His pains increase, and open ev'ry wound. Who can describe the charms of loofe attire? Who can relift the flames with which they fire ? Ah, barbarous maid! he cries, sure native charms Are too too much: Why then such store of arms? Madam, I come, prompt by th' unealy pains, Caus'd by a wound from you, and want revenge; A borrow'd pow'r was posted on a charm A parch, damn'd patch! can patches work such harm? He faid: then threw a bomb, lay hid within Love's mortar-piece, the dimple of his chin: It miss'd for once, she listed up her head, And blush'd a smile, that almost struck him dead, Then cunningly retir'd, but he purlu'd Near to the Toilet, where the War renew'd. Thus the great Fabius often gain'd the day O'er Hannibal, by frequent giving way : So warlike Bruce and Wallace fometimes deign'd To feem defeat, yet certain conquest gain'd. Thus was he led in midft of Ceha's room, Speechless he stood, and waited for his doom: Words were but vain, he scarce could use his breath, As round he view'd the implements of death. 120

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# The MORNING INTERVIEW.

Her dreadful arms in careless heaps were laid
In gay disorder round her tumbled bed:
He often to the soft retreat would stare.
Still wishing he might give the battel there.
Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did
ftray

To where lac'd shoes and her silk stockings lay,
And garters which are never seen by day.
His dazl'd eyes almost deserted light;
No man before had ever got the sight,
A lady's garters, earth! their very name,
Tho' yet unseen, sets all the soul on slame.
The royal Ned knew well their mighty charms,
Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the English arms.
Let barb'rous honours crown the sword and lance,
Thou next their king does British knights advance,

130

Damon

O GARTER! Honi soit qui mal y pense.
O who can all these hidden turns relate.

95

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Hes

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d

That do attend on a rash lover's tate! In deep distress the youth turn'd up his eyes, As if to ask affiftance from the skies. The petticoat was hanging on a pin, Which the unlucky fwain star'd up within: His curious eyes too daringly did rove, Around this oval conick vault of love: Himself alone can tell the pain he found, 145 While his wild fight furvey'd forbidden ground. He view'd the ten-fold fence, and gave a groan, His trembling limbs bespoke his courage gone: Stupid and pale he stood, like statue dumb, The amber snuff drop'd from his careless thumb. 150 Be filent here, my Mufe, and shun a plea May rife betwixt old Bickerstaff and me;

For none may touch a petticoat but he.

132. The Royal Ned.) Edward III. King of England who established the most honourable Order of the Garter.

### 6 The MORNING INTERVIEW.

Damon thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying tone, Affift ye powers of love, elfe I am gone. 155 The ardent pray'r foon reach'd the Cyprian grove, Heard and accepted by the Queen of love. Fate was propitious too, her fon was by, Who 'midst his dread artillery did ly Of Flanders lace, and straps of curious dy. On India muslin shades the God did loll, His head reclin'd upon a tinfy roll. The mother Goddess thus her son bespoke, Thou must, my boy, assume the shape of Shock, And leap to Celia's lap; whence thou may flip 165 Thy paw up to ner breast, and reach her lip: · Strike deep thy charms, thy pow'rful art display, To make young Damon conqueror to day. Thou need not blush to change thy shape, since Jove Try'd most of brutal forms to gain his love; Who that he might his loud Saturnia gull, For fair Europa's take inform'd a bull. She spoke-Not quicker does the lamp of day Dart on the mountain tops a gilded ray, Swifter than light'ning flies before the clap, 175 From Cyprus Isle he reached Gelia's lap: Now fawns, now wags his tail, and licks her arm; She hugs him to her breaft, nor dreads the harm. So in Ascanius shape, the God unseen Of old deceiv'd the Carthaginian Queen. 180 So now the fubtile pow'r his time espies, And threw two barbed darts in Celia's eyes: Many were broke before he cou'd succeed; But that of gold flew whizzing through her head: These were his last reserve. When others fail, 185 Then the refulgent metal must prevail. Pleasure produc'd by money now appears, Coaches and fix run ratt'ling in her ears. 0 O liv Cour How And Succ

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The Morning Interview.	7
O liv'ry men! attendants! houshold-plate!	
Court-posts and visits! pompous air and state!	190
How can your spiendor easy access find,	
And gently captivate the fair one's mind?	
Success attends, Cupid has play'd his part,	
And funk the pow'rful venom to her heart.	
She cou'd no more, she's catched in the snare,	195
Sighing fne fainted in her eafy Chair.	N. V.
No more the fanguine streams in blushes glow,	7
But to support the heart all inward flow,	}
Leaving the cheek as cold and white as fnow.	7
Thus Celia fell, or rather thus did rife:	200
Thus Damon made, or else was made a prize;	
For both were conquerors, and both did yield,	
First she, now he, is master of the field.	
Now he resumes fresh life, abandons fear,	11
Jumps to his limbs, and does more gay appear.	205
Not gaming Heir when his rich parent dies,	Contract Con
Not Zealot reading Hackney's party-lies,	
Not fort fifteen on her feet-washing night,	a save 3
Not poet when his muse sublimes her flight,	** BOOK (6)
Not an old maid for fome young beauty's fall,	210
Not the long tending Stibler at his call,	
Not husbandman in drought when rain descends,	
Not miss when Limberham his purse extends,	101
E'er knew such raptures as this joyful swain,	13061
When yielding, dying Celia calm'd his pain.	215
The rapid Joys now in such torrents roul,	W
That scarce his organs can retain his soul.	bonO
Victor he's gen'rous, courts the fair's esteem,	
And takes a bason fill'd with limpid stream,	
The state of the s	

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m;

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211 Stibler.) A probationer. 213. Limberham.) A kind keeper. B 4

Then

### 8 The Morning Interview.

Then from his fingers form'	d an artful rain, 220
Which rouz'd the dormant f	
And made the purple channe	ls flow again.
She lives, he fings; the fmil	
Now peace and friendship is	

The muse owns freely here she does not know 225 If language pass'd between the Belle and Bean, Or if in courtship such use words or no.

But, sure it is, there was a parley beat,
And mutual love finish'd the proud debate.

Then to complete the peace and seal the bliss,
He for a diamond Ring receiv'd a kiss
Of her soft hand.—Next the aspiring youth,
With eager transports press'd her glowing mouth.
So by degrees the eagles teach their young
To mount on high and stare upon the sun.

235

A sumptuous entertainment crowns the war,
And all rich requisites are brought from far.
The table boasts its being from Japan,
Th'ingenious work of some great artisan.
China, where potters coarsest mould refine,
That rays through the transparent vessels shine;
The costly plates and dishes are from thence,
And Amazonia must her sweets dispence;
To her warm banks our vessels cut the main,
For the sweet product of her luscious cane.

245
Here Scotia does no costly tribute bring.
Only some kettles full of Todian spring.
Where Indus and the double Ganges flow,

227 Use Words.) It being alledged that the eloquence of this specie lies in the elegance of dress.

On odorif'rous plains the leaves do grow,

243. Amazonia.) A famous river in South America, whence we have our fugar.

247 Todian Spring ) Tod's-well, which supplies the city with water.

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# The MORNING INTERVIEW. 9 Chief of the Treat, a plant the boast of fame, 250 Sometimes call'd Green, Bohea's its greater name. O happiest of Herbs! Who would not be Pythagoriz'd into the form of thee, And with high transports act the part of Tea? Kisses on thee the haughty Belles bestow, 255 While in thy steams their coral lips do glow; Thy vertues and thy stavour they commend, While men, even Beaux, with parched lips attend.

# EPILOGUE.

HE curtain's drawn: now gen'rous reader say,
Have ye not read worse numbers in a play?

Sure here is plot, place, character and time,
All smoothly wrought in good sirm British rhime.

I own'tis but a sample of my lays,
Which asks the civil fanction of your praise.

Bestow't with freedom, let your praise be ample,
And I my self will show you good example.

Keep up your face, altho' dull Criticks squint,
And cry, with empty nod, There's nothing in't:
They only mean there's nothing they can use;
Because they sud most where there's most resuse.

merica, the city

230

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Chief

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Elegy

# Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON, who died anno 1711.

A ULD Reeky mourn in Sable hue, Let fouth of tears dreep like May dew, To braw tippony bid adieu,

Which we with greed Bended as fast as she cou'd brew, But ah! she's dead.

To tell the truth now Maggy dang,
Of Customers she had a Bang;
For lairds and souters a' did gang
To drink bedeen,

The barn and yard was aft sae thrang, We took the green.

And there by dizens we lay down, Syne fweetly ca'd the healths arown, To bonny lasses black or brown, As we loo'd best;

In bumpers we dull cares did drown,

And took our rest.

Maggy Johnston lived about a mile southward of Edinburgh, kept a little farm, and had a particular art of brewing a small fort of ale agreeable to the taste, very white, clear and intoxicating, which made people, who loved to have a good pennyworth for their money, be her frequent customers. And many others of every station, sometimes for diversion, thought it no affront to be seen in her barn or yard.

1. Auld Reeky.) A name the country people give Edinburgh from the cloud of smoak or reek that is always impending over it.

3. To braw Tippony.) She fold the Scots pint, which is near two Quarts English, for two-pence.

7. Maggy dang ) He dings, or dang, is a phrase which means to excel or get the better.

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When in our pouch we fand some clinks, And took a turn o'er Bruntssield-Links, Aften in Maggy's at Hy-jinks,

We guzl'd Scude,

Till we cou'd scarce wi hale out drinks Cast aff our duds.

We drank and drew, and fill'd again, O wow but we were blyth and fain! When ony had their count missain,

O it was nice, To hear us a' cry, pike ye'r bain

And spell ye'r dice.

30

24

20. Bruntsfield-Links.) Fields between Edinburgh and Maggy's, where the citizens commonly play at the Gowff.

21. Hy-jinks.) A drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich; thus, the quaff or cup is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and after crying Hy-jinks, he throws them out: the number he casts up points out the person must drink, he who threw, beginning. at himself number one, and so round till the number of the person agree with that of the dice, (which may fall upon himself if the number be within twelve;) then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them: he on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small forfeiture in money; then throws, and fo on: but if he forgets to cry Hy-jinks he pays a forfeiture into the bank. Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any thing in bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks. Then with a great deal of caution he empties his cup, tweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws; for if he err in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are, (1) Drink, (2) Draw, (3) Fill, (4) Cry Hy-jinks, (5) Count just, (6) Chuse your doublet man, viz. when two equal numbers of the dice is thrown, the person whom you chuse must pay a double of the common forfeiture, and so must you when the dice is in his hand. A rare project this, and no bubble I can affure you; for a covetous fellow may fave money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire in less than an Hour's Time.

29. Pike ye'r Bain.) Is a cant phrase, when one leaves a little in the cup, he is advised to pike his bone, i. e. drink it clean out.

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# 12 Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON.

Fou closs we us'd to drink and rant. Until we did baith glowre and gaunt, And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt, Right fwash I true; Then of auld Stories we did cant Whan we were fou. 36 Whan we were weary'd at the gowff. Then Maggy Johnston's was our howff: Now a' our Gamesters may sit dowff. Wi' hearts like lead. Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff, And fae she died. 42 Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine? For which we will right fair repine; Or hast thou left to bairns of thine The pauky knack Of brewing ale amaist like wine? That gar'd us crack. 48 Sae brawly did a peafe-scontoast Biz i' the queff, and flie the froft; There we gat fou wi' little cost, And muckle speed, Now wae worth death, our sport's a' lost, Since Maggy's dead. Ae simmer night I was sae fou, Amang the riggs I geed to spew; Syne down on a green bawk, I trow I took a nap,

41. Rax'd her a Youff.) Reach'd her a blow.
50. Flie the Frost.) Or fright the frost or coldness out of it.
55. Ae Simmer Night, &c.) The two following stanzas are a true Narrative.

On that slid place where I 'maist brake my bains, 'To be a warning I set up twa stains, 'That nane may venture there as I have done, Unless wi' frosted nails he clink'd his shoon.

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Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTO	N. T3
And foucht a' night balillilow,	
As found's a Tap.	60
And whan the dawn begoud to glow,	
I hirsi'd up my dizzy pow,	
Frae 'mang the corn like wirricow,	
Wi' bains sae sair,	
And ken'd nae mair than if a ew	
How I came there.	66
Some faid it was the pith of broom	
That she stow'd in her masking-loom,	
Which in our heads rais'd fic a foom,	
Or fome wild feed.	
Which aft the chaping stoup did toom,	
But fill'd our head.	72
But now fince 'tis fae that we must	
Not in the best ale put our trust,	
But whan we're auld return to dust,	TANK TO
Without remead,	
Why shou'd we tak it in disgust,	
That Maggy's dead.	78
Of warldly comforts the was rife,	
And liv'd a lang and hearty life,	
Right free of care, or toil, or ftrife,	
Till she was stale,	
And ken'd to be a kanny wife	Still Wall
At brewing ale.	84
Then farewel Maggy douce and fell,	IN THE HETE
Of Brewers a' thou boor the bell;	
Let a'thy gossies yelp and yell,	
And without feed,	
Guess whether ye're in heaven or hell,	
They're fure ye're dead.	90
EPITAPH.	
O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.	
Jenation.	Elegy

of it.

And

# Elegy on John Cowper, Kirk-Treasurer's Man, anno 1714.

Wairn ye a' to greet and drone,

John Cowper's dead, Ohon! Ohon!

To fill his post, alake there's none,

That with sic speed

Cou'd sa'r sculdudry out like John,

Cou'd fa'r sculdudry out like John,
But now he's dead.

He was right nacky in his way,
And eydent baith be night and day,
He wi' the lads his part cou'd play,
When right fair fleed,

Tis necessary for the illustration of this Elegy to strangers to let them a little into the history of the Kirk-Treasurer and his man; the treasurer is chosen every year, a citizen respected for riches and honesty; he is vested with an absolute power to seise and imprison the girls that are too impatient to have on their green gown before it be hem'd; them he strictly examines, but no liberty to be granted till a fair account be given of these persons they have obliged. It must be so: a list is frequently given sometimes of a dozen or thereby of married or unmarried unsair traders whom they secretly assisted in running their goods, these his lord-ship makes pay to some purpose according to their ability, for the use of the poor: if the lads be obstreperous, the Kirk-Sessions, and worst of all, the stool of repentance is threatned, a punishment which sew of any spirit can bear.

The treasurer being changed every year, never comes to be perfectly acquainted with the affair; but their general servant continuing for a long time, is more expert at discovering such persons, and the places of their resort, which makes him capable to do himself and customers both a good or an ill turn. John Cowper maintain d this post with activity and good success for several years.

5 Sa'r Sculdudry.) In allusion to a scent dog, Sa'r from Savour or Smell, Sculdudry a name commonly given to Whoring.

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Elegy on JOHN COWPER.	TS
He gart them good bill-filler pay,	
But now he's dead,	12
Of whore-hunting he gat his fill,	
And made be't mony pint and gill:	
Of his braw post he thought nae ill,	
Nor did nae need,	
Now they may mak a kirk and mill	
O't, since he's dead.	18
Altho' he was nae man of weir,	
Yet mony a ane, wi'quaking fear,	
Durst scarce afore his face appear,	
But hide their head;	
The wylie carl he gather'd gear,	
And yet he's dead.	24
Ay now to some part far awa,	
Alas he's gane and left it a'!	
May be to some fad whilliwhaw	
O' fremit blood,	
'Tis an ill wind that dis na blaw	1 4 3 4
Some body good.	30
Fy upon death, he was to blame	
To whirle poor John to his lang hame:	
But tho' his arse be cauld, yet fame,	sev 3
Wi' tout of trumpet,	
Shall tell how Comper's awfou name	11.01
Cou'd flie a strumpet.	36
He kend the bawds and louns tou well,	
And where they us'd to rant and reel,	- 1
He paukily on them cou'd steal,	
And spoil their sport;	
31. Bill-filler.) Bull-filver. She faw the Cow well ferry'd and took a Greet	

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ability, as, the ance is bear. omes to general it discowhich a good th actia'r from

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27. Whilliwha of fremit Blood.) Whilliwha is a kind of an infinuating deceitful fellow, Fremit Blood, not a kin, because he had then no legitimate heirs of his own body.

Aft

### Aft did they wish the muckle de'll Might tak him for't. But ne'er a ane of them he spar'd, E'en tho' there was a drunken laird To draw his sword, and make a faird In their defence, John quietly put them in the guard To learn mair fense. There maun they ly till fober grown, The lad neift day his fault maun own; And to keep a' things hush and low'n, He minds the poor, Syne after a' his ready's flown, He damns the whore. 54 And the, poor jade, withoutten din, Is fent to Leith-wind fit to spin. With heavy heart and cleathing thin, And hungry Wame, And ilky month a well paid skin, To mak her tame. 60 But now they may fcoure up and down, And fafely gang their wakes arown, Spreading their claps throw a' the town. But fear or dread; For that great kow to bawd and lown, John Comper's dead. 66 Shame faw ye'r chandler chafts, O death, For stapping of John Comper's breath;

Elegy on JOHN COWPER.

16

45. Make a Faird.) A buftle like a bully. 52. He minds the Poor.) Pays hush-money to the treasurer. 56. Leith-Wind fit.) The house of correction at the foot of Leith-wind, such as Bridewell in London.

67. Chandler Chafts.) Lean or meagre cheeked, when the bones appear like the fides or corners of a candleftick, which in Scots we call a Chandler.

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Elegy on JOHN COWPER.	17
The loss of him is publick skaith:  I dare well say,	
To quat the grip he was right laith	
This mony a day.	72
Ams mony a day.	1-
POSTSCRIPT.	
F umquhile John to lie or bann,	
O Shaws but ill will, and looks right shan,	
But some tell odd tales of the man,	
For fifty head	
Can gi'e their aith they've feen him gawn	
Since he was dead.	78
Keek but up thrown the flinking file,	
On Sunday morning a wee while,	
At the kirk door out frae an ifle,	
It will appear;	
But tak good tent ye dinna file	- 1
Ye'r breeks for fear.	84
For well we wat it is his ghaift,	
Wow, wad some fouk that can do't best	
Speak till't, and hear what it confest;	
'Tis a good deed."	
To send a wand'ring saul to rest	
Amang the dead.	90
77. Seen him gawn.) The common people when their tales of ghofts appearing, they say, he has became or falking	hey tell en feen
awn or stalking.  79. Stinking Stile.) Opposite to this place is the the church which he attends, being a beadle.  86. Wow, wad some Fouk that can do't best.) "I ther vulgar notion, that a ghost will not be laid to resome priest speak to it, and get account what disturbs	is ano-
	Elegy
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## Elegy on Lucky Wood in the Canongate, May 1717.

Cannigate! poor elritch hole,
What lofs, what croffes does thou thole!
London and death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy head;
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld coal

To blaw indeed,
Hear me ye hills, and every glen,
Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, and hollow den,
And echo skrill, that a' may ken
The waefou thud,

Be rackless death, wha came unlenn To Lucky Wood.

She's dead o'er true, The's dead and gane,
Left us and Willie burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to fob and mane,
And rugg our hair,

Because we'll ne'er see her again
For evermair.

Lucky Wood kept an ale house in the Canongate, was much respected for hospitality, honesty, and the neatness both of her person and house.

3. London and Death.) The place of her residence being the greatest sufferer, by the loss of our members of parliament, which London now enjoys, many of them having their houses there, being the suburb of Edinburgh nearest the king's palace; this with the death of Lucky Wood are sufficient to make the place ruinous.

ordinary in this, it being his common custom, except in some few instances of late since the falling of the bubbles.

14, Willie.) Her husband William Wood

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Elegy on LUCKY WOOD.	19
She gae'd as fait as a new prin,	
And kept her housie snod and been;	
Her peuther glanc'd upo' your een	
Like filler plate;	
She was a donfie wife and clean,	
Without debate.	24
It did ane good to fee her stools,	
Her boord, fire-side, and facing tools;	
Rax, chandlers, tangs, and fire-shools,	
Basket wi' bread.	
Poor facers now may chew pea-hools,	
Since Lucky's dead.	30
She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,	
Nor stoups a froath aboon the hause,	
Nor kept dow'd tip within her waw's,	
But reaming swats;	
She never ran sour jute, because	
It gee's the batts.	36
She had the gate fae well to pleafe,	
With gratis beef, dry fish, or cheese;	3.
Which kept our purses ay at ease,	
And health in tift,	7
And lent her fresh nine gallon trees	
A hearty lift.	42
She ga'e us aft hail legs o' lamb,	
And did nae hain her mutton ham;	
26. Facing Tools.) Stoups (or pots) and cups,	for called
from the Facers. See 1. 29.	
29. Poor Facers.) The facers were a club of fair who inclined rather to fpend a shilling on ale than tw	drinkers
for meat; they had their name from a rule they obt	erved of
obliging themselves to throw all they left in the cur	in their
own faces: wherefore to fave their face and cloat prudently fuck'd the liquor clean out.	IN THEM
31. She ne'er gae in, &c.) All this verse is a fine of an honest ale-seller; a Rarity.	picture
	Than

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33

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She

20	Elegy on Lucky Wood.	
Than :	ay at Tule, when e'er we came,	10
	A bra' goofe pye,	
And w	as na that good belly baum?	
	Nane dare deny.	48
The	writer lads fow well may mind her,	
	was she, her luck design'd her	1000
	common mither, sure nane kinder	
	Ever brake bread;	
She h	as na left her make behind her,	
	But now she's dead.	54
To	the sma' hours we aft fat still,	
Nick'd	d round our toalts and inishing mill;	d . I
Good	cakes we wanted ne'er at will,	
	The best of bread,	
Which	haften cost us mony a gill	1621
	To Aikenhead.	- 60
	u'd our faut tears like Clyde down rin,	
	nad we cheeks like Corra's lin,	3553
That	a' the world might hear the din	
	Rair frae ilk head;	1.18.
She w	vas the wale of a' her kin,	
	But now she's dead.	-60
	Lucky Wood, 'tis hard to bear	
The same of the sa	oss; but oh! we maun forbear:	
Ket f	all thy memory be dear	
	While blooms a tree,	
And	after ages bairns will spear	
	Bout thee and me.	. 7
	C. (NOTE THE CHARLES) BORRED CONTRACTOR	

60. To Aikenhead's.) The nether-bow porter, to whom Lucky's customers were often obliged for opening the port for them, when they staid out 'till the small hours after midnight.

62. Like Corra's lin.) A very high precipice nigh Lanerk, over which the river of Clyde falls making a great noise, which is heard some miles off.

EPI

Whom

In bawd

That dea

Nor wi'

For faith

O bla O'er go Lay funl

Lucky ears abo ad her enefit-n

young la bundance 43. Mi precisene

# LUCKY SPENCE'S laft Advice. 21

#### EPITAPH.

B Eneath this fod
Lies Lucky Wood,
Whom a' men might put faith in;
Wha was na sweer,
While she winn'd here,
To cramm our wames for naithing.

48

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whom

after

nerk,

noise,

PI

### LUCKY SPENCE'S last Advice.

THREE Times the carline grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the cod her pow she lifted,
In bawdy policy well gifted,
When she now faun,
That death naclanger wad be shifted,
She thus began;

Y loving lasses, I maun leave ye,

But dinna wi' ye'r greeting grieve me,

Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,

But bring's a gill;

For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,

'Tis 'gainst my will.

O black ey'd Bes and mim mou'd Meg,

O'er good to work or yet to beg;

Lay sunkots up for a fair leg,

For when ye fail,

Lucky Spence, a famous bawd who flourished for several ears about the beginning of the eighteenth century; she had her lodgings near Holyrood-house; she made many a benefit-night to herself, by putting a trade in the hands of young lasses that had a little pertness, strong passions, abundance of laziness, and no fore-thought.

e3. Mim mou'd.) Expresses an affected modesty, by a preciseness about the mouth.

Ye'r

22 LUCKY SPE	N C E's last Advices
Ye'r face will not be wor	th a feg,
Nory	ret ye'r tail.
Whan e'er ye meet a	
That ye're a maiden gar	
Seem nice, but flick to h	
	whan fet down,
Drive at the Jango till he	
	ne'll fleep foun.
Whan he's afleep, the	n dive and catch
His ready cash, his rings	
And gin he likes to light	
	Control of the Contro
	our fpunk-box,
Ne'er stand to let the fur	
	take the pox.
Cleek a' ye can be hoo	
Ryp ilky poutch frae no	
Be sure to truff his pock	et-book,
	pounds Scots
Is nae deaf nitse in litt	le bouk
Lieg	reat bank notes.
To get a mends of w	
That's frighted for repen	
Wha often, whan their	
AC 2009 AND TO THE PROPERTY OF	fweer to pay,
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	Ful,

27. Light his Match, &c.) I could give a large annotation on this Sentence, but do not incline to explain every thing, left I disoblige future criticks, by leaving nothing for them to do.

35. Is nae deaf Nits.) or empty Nuts, this is a negative

manner of faying a thing is fubstantial.

37. To get a Mends.) To be revenged; of whindging Fools, fellows who wear the wrong fide of their faces outmost, pretenders to fanctity, who love to be smugling in a corner.

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LUCKY SPENCE'S last Advice. 23
Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools
Anither day. 42
But dawt red coats, and let them scoup,
Free for the fou of cutty stoup;
To gee them up, ye need na hope
E'er to do well:
They'll rive ye'r brats and kick your doup,
And play the deel.
There's ae fair cross attends the craft,
That curst correction-house, where aft
Vild hangy's taz ye'r riggings faft
Makes black and blae,
Enough to pit a body daft;
But what'll ye fay.
Nane gathers gear withoutten care,
Ilk pleasure has of pain a skare; Suppose then they should tirle ye bare,
And gar ye fike,
E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair
Ye're nibour like.
Forby, my leoves, count upo' Losses,
Ye'r milk-white teeth and cheeks like rofes,
Whan jet-black hair and brigs of nofes,
Faw down wi' dads
To keep your hearts up 'neath fie croffes,
Set up for bawds.
41. Gar the Kirk Boxie hale the Dools ) Delate them to the Kirk-treasurer. Hale the Dools is a phrase used at post-ball, where the party that gains the Goal or Dool is did to hail it or win the game, and so draws the Stake.  44. Cutty stoup.) Little pot, i. e. a gill of brandy.  51. Hangy's Taz.) If they perform not the task affign'd tem, they are whipt by the hangman.  54. But what'll ye say.) The emphasis of this phrase, like many others, cannot be understood but by a native.
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# 24 LUCKY SPENCE's laft Advice.

Wi'well crish'd loofs I hae been canty, Whan e'er the lads wad fain ha'e faun t'ye; To try the auld game Taunty Raunty. Like coofers keen, They took advice of me your aunty, It ye were clean, Then up I took my filler ca' And whiftl'd benn whilesane, whilestwa; Roun'd in his lug, that there was a Poor country Kate, As halefom as the wall of Spaw, 78 But unka blate. Sae whan e'er company came in, And were upo' a merry pin, I flade away wi' little din, And muckle menfe, Left conscience judge, it was a' ane 84

To Lucky Spence. My Bennison come on good doers, Who spend their cash on bawds and whores; May they ne'er want the wale of cures

For a fair fnout:

Foul fa' the quacks what hat fire fmoors, And puts nae out.

My malifon light ilka day On them that drink, and dinna pay,

74. And whiftled benn:) But and Benn fignify different ends or rooms of a house; to gang But and Benn is to go from one end of the house to the other.

75. Roun'd in his Lug.) Whisper'd in his ear.

83. Left Conscience Judge.) It was her usual way of vindicating herself to tell ye, when company came to her house, cou'd she be so uncivil as to turn them out? If they did any bad thing, faid the, between GOD and their conscience be't

so. Fire smoors.) Such quacks as bind up the external symptoms of the pox, and drive it inward to the strong holds, whence it is not so easily expelled.

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	TARTANA, or the PLAID.	25
	But tak a (nack and rin away;  May't be their hap	
	Mever to want a Gonnorhea,	
	Or rotten clap.	96
	Lass gi'e us in anither gill,	13.4
72	mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;	
	Let death fyne registrate his bill	
	Whan I want fenfe,	
	Ill flip away with better will,	
	Quo' Lucky Spence.	102
	A second second second second second second	
78	Land the sale of the sale of the control of the sale o	The Man
	TARTANA, or the PLAID.	
	TE Caledonian beauties, who have long	
	Been both the muse, and subject of my for	n <b>o</b> .
	Affist your bard, who in harmonious lays	, P.
84	Designs the glory of your Plaid to raise:	
04	bow my fond breaft with blazing ardour glows,	
10	When e'er my fong on you just praise bestows.	
	Phoebus, and his imaginary nine,	
	With me have loft the title of divine;	
	To no fuch shadows will I homage pay,	
110.7	Thefe to my real mufes shall give way:	10
90	My muses, who on smooth meand'ring Tweed,	10
	Stray through the groves, or grace the clover m	and.
	Or these who bath themselves where haughty Cl	
	Does roaring o'er his lofty cat'ract's ride;	ae
Ferent	Or you who on the banks of gentle Tay	
to go		15
0.200	Drain from the flowers the early dews of May,	•
f vin-	To varnish on your cheek the crimson dy,	
house,	Or make the white the falling fnow outvy :	
id any	And you who on Edina's streets display	
e be't	millions of matchless beauties every day;	20
ftrong	Taspir'd by you, what poet can desire	
	To warm his genius at a brighter fire?	
But	C	Ifing

#### 26 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

I fing the Plaid, and fing with all my skill,
Mount then O fancy, standard to my will;
Be strong each thought, run soft each happy line, 25
That gracefulness and harmony may shine,
Adapted to the beautiful design.
Great is the subject, wast th' exalted theme,
And shall stand fair in endless Rolls of fame.
The Plaid's antiquity comes first in view,
Precedence to antiquity is due:
Antiquity contains a certain spell.

To make ev'n things of little worth excell;
To smallest subjects gives a glaring dash,
Protecting high born idiots from the lash:
Much more 'tis valu'd, when with merit plac'd,
It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd

It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd.

Ofirst of garbs! garment of happy fate! So long employ'd of such an antique date; Look back some thousand years, till records fail, And lose themselves in some romantick tale, We'll find our godlike fathers nobly fcorn'd To be with any other dreis adorn'd; Before base foreign fashions interwove, Which 'gainst their int'rest and their bray'ry strove. 4 Twas they could boaft their freedom with proud Rome, And arm'd in feel despise the senate's doom; Whil'ft o'er the globe their eagle they display'd, And conquer'd nations proftrate homage paid, They only, they unconquer'd stood their ground, And to the mighty empire fixt the bound. Our native prince who then supply'd the Throne, In Plaid array'd magnificently shone : Nor feem'd his purple, or his ermine less, Tho' cover'd by the Caledonian drefs, since to ansid ff In this at court the thanes were gayly clad, With this the shepherds and the hinds were glad,

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#### TARTANA, or the PLAID. n this the warrior wrapt his brawny arms, With this our beauteous mothers vail'd their charms; When ev'ry youth, and every lovely maid Deem'd it a Deshabille to want their Plaid. Oheav'ns! how chang'd? how little look their race? When foreign chains with foreign modes take place; Then East and Western-Indies must combine To deck the fop, and make the gewgaw shine. Thus while the Grecian troops in Perfia lay. and learn'd the habit to be foft and gay, By luxury enerv'd, they loft the day. I ask'd Varell, what foldiers he thought best? nd thus he answer'd to my plain request; Were I to lead batalkons out to war, And hop'd to triumph in the victor's car, To gain the loud applause of worthy fame, And columns rais'd to eternize my name, I'd choose, had I my choice, that hardy race Who fearlefs can look terrors in the face; Who midst the snows the best of limbs can fold In Tartan Plaids, and imile at chilling cold: No useless trash should pain my soldier's back, Nor canvas-tents make loaden axles crack; No rattling filks I'd to my ftandards bind. But bright Tartana's waving in the wind : The Plaid alone should all my enfigns be, This army from fuch banners would not flie. These, these were they, who naked taught the way 85 To fight with art, and boldly gain the day. 'n great Gustavus stood himself amaz'd, hile at their wond'rous skill and force he gaz'd. ith fuch brave troops one might o'er Europe run, ake out what Richlieu fram'd, and Lewis had begun. 55 Degenerate Men! now ladies please to sit, hat I the Plaid in all its airs may hit,

ith all the powers of foftness mixt with wit.

30

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Rome,

#### 28 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

While scorching Titan tawns the shepherd's brow,
And whistling hinds sweat lagging at the plow:
The piercing beams Bracina can defy,
Not sun-burnt she's, nor dazl'd is her eye.
Ugly's the mask, the fan's a trifling toy
To still at church some girl or restlessboy.
Fix'd to one spot's the pine and myrtle shades,
But on each motion wait th' umbrellian Plaids,
Repelling dust when winds disturb the air,
And give a check to every ill bred stare.

Light as the pinions of the airy fry,
Of larks and linnets who traverse the sky,
Is the Tartana spun so very fine,
Its weight can never make the fair repine,
By raising ferments in her glowing blood,
Which cannot be escap'd within the hood:
Nor does it move beyond its proper sphere,
But let's the gown in all its shape appear;
Nor is the straightness of her waist deny'd
To be by every ravish'd eye survey'd.
For this the hoop may stand at largest bend,
It comes not nigh, nor can its weight offend.

The Hood and Mantle make the tender faint;
I'm pain'd to fee them moving like a tent.
By heather Jenny in her blanket dreft,
The Hood and Mantle fully are exprest;
Which round her neck with rags is firmly bound,
While heather besoms loud she screams around.
Was goody Strode so great a pattern, fay?
Are ye to follow when such lead the way?
But know each fair who shall this Sur-tout use,
You're no more Scots, and cease to be my muse.

The imoothest labours of the Persian loom Lin'd in the Plaid, set off the beauty's bloom; Faint is the gloss, nor come the colours nigh, Tho' white as milk, or dipt in scarlet-dy. The lill Whose No woo Match's

Our fan Benearl Nor ne

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#### TARTANA, or the PLAID. 29 The lilly pluckt by fair Pringella grieves, 130 Whose whiter hand outshines its snowy leaves : No wonder then white filks in our esteem, March'd with her fairer face, they fully'd feem. It Thining red Campbella's cheeks adorn, our fancies straight conceive the blushing morn; 135 leneath whose dawn the fun of beauty lies, for need we light but from Campbella's eyes. If lin'd with green Stuarta's Plaid we view, Or thine Ramseia edg'd around with blue; ne shews the spring when nature is most kind, The other heav'n, whose spangles lift the mind. A garden plot enrich'd with chosen flowers, n fun beams basking after vernal showers, Where lovely pinks in sweet contusion rife, ind amaranths and eglintines furprife; ledg'd round with fragrant brier and jessamine, he rosie thorn and variegated green; hefe give not half that pleasure to the view, s when, Fergusia, mortals gaze on you: ou raile our wonder, and our love engage, 1.50 Thich makes us curfe, and yet admire the hedge; The filk and tarran hedge, which does conspire ith you to kindle love's foft spreading fire. ow many charms can every fair one boaft! ow oft's our fancy in the plenty loft ! These more remote, these we admire the most. What's too familiar often we despile, ut rarity makes still the value rife. If Sol himself shou'd shine through all the day, ecloy, and lose the pleasure of his ray: but if behind some marly cloud he steal, Nor for sometime his radiant head reveal, With brighter charms his absence he repays, ind every fun-beam feems a double blaze. Sa

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So when the fair their dazling lustres shroud, 165 And disappoint us with a tartan cloud, How fondly do we peep with wishful eye, Transported when one lovely charm we spy? Oftto our cost, ah me! we often find The power of love strikes deep, tho' he be blind; Perch'd on a lip, a cheek, a chin, or smile, Hits with surprise, and throws young hearts in jail. From when the cock proclaims the rifing day, And milk-maids fing around sweet curds and whey; Till gray-ey'd twilight, harbinger of night, 179 Pursues o'er silver mountains sinking light, I can unwearied from my calements view The Plaid, with something still about it new. How are we pleas'd, when with a handsome air We see Hepburna walk with easy care? 480 One arm half circles round her flender waift, The other like an ivory pillar plac'd, To hold her Plaid around her modest face. Which faves her bluthes with the gayest grace: If in white kids her taper fingers move, 186 Or unconfin'd jet thro' the fable glove. With what a pretty action Keitha holds Her Plaid, and varies oft its airy folds; How does that naked space the spirits move, Between the ruff'd lawn and envious glove? We by the fample, tho' no more be feen, Imagine all that's fair within the skreen. Thus belles in Plaids vail and display their Charms, ?

The love-fick youth thus bright Humea warms,

And with her graceful meen her rivals all alarms. 195

The Plaid it self gives pleasure to the fight.

The Plaid itself gives pleasure to the fight, To see how all its setts imbibe the light;

176. Silver Mountains.) Ochel hills.

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IARTANA, OF THE PLAID.	2.
forming fome way, which even to me lies hid,	
White, black, blew, yellow, purple, green and red.	agal c
et Newton's royal club through prifins stare,	200
To view celestial dyes with curious care,	
'll please my selt, nor shall my sight ask aid	
Of crystal gimeracks to survey the Plaid.	
How decent is the Plaid when in the pew,	
it hides th' inchanting fair from ogler's view.	205
The mind's oft crowded with ill tim'd defires,	
When nymphs unvail'd approach the facred quires.	
ver Senators who quard the common weal.	
Their minds may rove; Are mortals made of ft	eel ?
Their minds may rove; — Are mortals made of fi The finisht beaux stand up in all their airs,	210
and fearch out beauties more than mind their pray	ers.
The wainfcot forty fix's are perplexe	
To be eclips'd, spite makes them drop the text.	
The younger gaze at each fine thing they fee;	
The orator himfelf is scarcely free.	215
Se then who wou'd your piety express, To facred domes ne'er come in naked dress.	
The power of modesty shall still prevail;	
Then Scotian virgins use your native vail.	
Thus far young Cofmel read; then star'd and curst	, 220
and askt me very gravely how I durst	
Advance such praises tor a thing despis'd?	
He smiling, swore I had been ill advis'd.	
To you, said I, perhaps this may feem true,	i hou
And numbers vast, nor tools may side with you:	225
smany shall my sentiments approve;	
Tell me what's not the butt of Icornand love?	
Were mankind all agreed to think one way,	
What wou'd divines and poets have to fay?	
No enfigns wou'd on martial fields be spread,	230
And Corpus Juris never wou'd be read:	
We'd need no councils, parliaments, nor kings,	
Ev'n wit and learning wou'd turn filly things.	
C 4	You

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## 32 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

You miss my meaning still, I'm much afraid, I would not have them always wear the Plaid: 235 Old Salem's royal fage, of wits the prime, Said, For each Thing there was a proper Time. Night's but Aurora's Plaid, that ta'en away, We lose the pleasure of returning day; Ev'n through the gloom, when view'd in sparkling skies. 240 Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratify our eyes : So through Hamilla's op'ned Plaid, we may Behold her heavenly face, and heaving milky way. Spanish referve, join'd with a Gallick air, If manag'd well, becomes the Scotian fair. Now you say well, said he; but when's the time That they may drop the Plaid without a crime? Then I, Lest, O fair nymphs, ye should our patience tire, And starch referve extinguish gen'rous fire; Since heaven your fost victorious charms design'd 250 To form a smoothness on the rougher mind: When from the bold and noble toils of war, The rural cares or labours of the bar, From these hard studies which are learn'd and grave, And some from dang'rous riding o'er the wave: The Caledonian manly youth refort To their Edina, love's great mart and port, And crowd her theatres with all that grace Which is peculiar to the Scotian race; have and mind and At confort, ball, or some fair's marriage-day, 260 O then with freedom all that's fweet display. When beauty's to be judg'd without a vail, And not its Powers met out as by retail, But wholesale, all at once, to fill the mind With fentiments gay, foft, and frankly kind; Throw by the Plaid, and like the lamp of day, When there's no cloud to intercept his ray. So So shine Who, s

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TARTANA, or the PLAID.	33
So shine Maxella, nor their censure fear,	mar at
Who, flaves to vapours, dare not to appear.	
On Ida's height, when to the royal swain,	270
To know who should the prize of beauty gain,	
fove lent his two fair daughters and his wife,	
That he might be the judge to end the strife:	
Hermes was guide, they found him by a tree,	7
And thus they spake with air divinely free,	275
Say, Paris, which is fairest of us three.	7
To Fove's high queen, and the celestial maids,	
E're he wou'd pass his sentence, cry'd, no Plaids	ura (A
Quickly the goddeffes obey'd his call,	7
n simple nature's dress he view'd them all,	280
Then to Cyth'rea gave the golden ball.	.3
Great criticks hail! our dread, whose love or l	iate,
Can with a frown, or smile, give verse its fate;	
Attend, while o'er this field my fancy roams,	•
've somewhat more to say, and here it comes.	285
When virtue was a crime, in Tancred's reign, There was a noble youth who wou'd not deign	
To own for sovereign one a slave to vice,	
Or blot his confcience at the highest price;	
or which his death's devis'd with hellish art,	
To tear from his warm breast his beating heart.	290
ame told the tragick news to all the fair,	
Whose num'rous sighs and groans bound throu	gh the
Air : Crass Column To a same of the	
Il mourn his fate, tears trickle from each eye,	100 157
Fill his kind fifter threw the woman by;	295
he in his stead a gen'rous off'ring staid,	
nd he, the Tyrant baulk'd, hid in her Plaid.	7.0
when Aneas with Achilles strove,	7
he goddess mother hasted from above,	C
Vell seen in face, prompt by maternal love,	300
298 Homer,	
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So

# 34 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

Wrapt him in mift, and warded off the blow That was delign'd him by his valiant foe. I of the Plaid could tell a hundred tales, Then hear another, fince that strain prevails, The tale no records telk, it is so old, It happ'ned in the easy age of gold, When am'rous Fove chief of th' Olympian gods, Pall'd with Saturnia, came to our abodes, A beauty-hunting; for in these soft days, Nor gods, nor men delighted in a chace That would destroy, not propagate their race. Beneath a fir-tree in Glentanar's groves, Where, e'er gay fabricks rose, swains sung their loves, Iris lay sleeping in the open air, A bright Tartana vail'd the lovely fair; 315 The wounded god beheld her matchless charms, With earnest eyes, and grasp'd her in his arms. Soon he made known to her, with gaining skill, His dignity, and import of his will. Speak thy desire, the divine monarch said. Make me a goddess, cry'd the Scotian maid, Nor let hard fate bereave me. of my Plaid. Be thou the hand-maid to my mighty queen, Said Fove, and to the world be often leen With the celestial bow, and thus appear Clad with these radiant colours as thy wear. Now, say my muse, e're thou forsake the field, What profit does the Plaid to Scotia yield, Justly that claims our love, esteem and boast, Which is produc'd within our native coast. On our own mountains grows the golden fleece, Richer than that which Fason brought to Greece: A beneficial branch of Albion's trade, And the first parent of the Tartan Plaid.

312 Glentanar's Groves.) A large wood in the north of Scotland.

Our fair The equal Thousa On ratt

May

Groan And die May Ih Be ridic May Sp.

And liv May all Upon t But v

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May black Bleft was And ne May ne

Let bri And Co Fair If you I'll loo

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Out

TARTANA, or the PLAID.	35
Our fair ingenious ladies hands prepare	335
The equal threeds, and give the dyes with care:	337
Thousands of artists fullen hours decoy	
On rattling looms, and view their webs with joy	1.
May she be curst to starve in Frogland Fens,	
To wear a Fala ragg'd at both the ends,	340
Groan fill beneath an antiquated Suit,	
And die a maid at fifty five to boot!  May she turn quaggy Fat, or crooked Dwarff,	
Be ridicul'd while primm'd up in her Scarff;	
May Spleen and Spice still keep her on the Fret,	345
And live till the outline her beauty's date;	247
May all this fall, and more than I have faid,	
Upon that Wench who difregards the Plaid.	
But with the fun let ev'ry joy arife,	. *
And from foft flumbers lift her happy eyes;	350
May blooming youth be fixt upon her face,	in u.M.
Till she has seen her fourth descending race;	
Bleft with a mate with whom the can agree,	
And never want the finest of Bohea:	No self
May ne'er the Miser's fears make her afraid,	355
Who joins with me, with me admires the Plaid.	
Let bright Tartana's henceforth ever shine,	2 1 1/4
And Caledonian goddessenshrine.	Die of
Fair judges to your censure I submit,	
If you allow this poem to have wit,	360
I'll look with scorn upon these musty fools,	10 164
Who only move by old worm-eaten rules.	1 1
But with th' ingenious if my labours take,	
wish them ten times better for their fake;	TI AND THE
Who shall esteem this vain are in the wrong,	365
I'll prove the moral is prodigious ftrong:	
And for their country only draw their formal and	
And for their country only draw their fword and	
340 Fala.) A little square cloath wore by the Di	atch wo-
	EDIN-

30}

f Scot-

Out

### EDINBURGH'S Address to the Country. Nov. 1718.

FROM me Edina, to the brave and fair, Health, joy and love, and banishment of care: Forasmuch as bare fields and gurly skies Makerural scenes ungrateful to the eyes; When Hyperborean blafts confound the plain, Driving, by turns, light fnow and heavy rain; Ye swains and nymphs, for sake the withered grove, That no damp colds may nip the buds of love; Since winds and tempefts o'er the mountains ride. Haste here where choice of pleasures do reside; Come to my tow'rs, and leave th' unpleafant scene, My cheerful bosom shall your warmth fustain, Screen'd in my walls, you may bleak winter shun, And, for a while, forget the distant fun: My blazing fires, bright lamps, and sparkling wine, 15 As fummer fun shall warm, like him shall shine.

My witty clubs of minds that move at large,
With every glass can some great thought discharge;
When from my senate, and the toils of law,
T' unbend the mind from business you withdraw,
With such gay friends to laugh some hours away,
My winter even shall ding the summer's day.

My schools of law produce a manly train
Of fluent orators, who right main ain,
Practis'd t' exprest themselves a graceful way,
An eloquence shines forth in all they say,

Some Raphael, Ruben, or Vandike admire,
Whose bosoms glow with such a godlike fire.
Of my own race I have, who shall ere long,
Challenge a place amongst the immortal throng.
Others

Other And car And other With for While

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Edinburgh's Address to the Country.	
Others in smoothest numbers are profuse,	017
And can in Manutan dactyl's lead the muse:	on T
and others can with mulick make you gay,	SILE
With sweetest sounds Correll's art display,	000
While they around in fostest measures sing,	35
Or beat melodious Solo's from the string.	789
What pleasure can exceed to know what's great	t, "
The hinge of war, and winding draughts of state ?	igna).
These and a thousand things th' aspiring youth	Was
May learn, with pleasure, from the sages mouth;	40
While they full fraughted judgments do unload,	T
Relating to affairs home and abroad.	0.716
The generous foul is fir'd with noble flame,	. 197
To emulate victorious Eugene's fame,	1-19
Who with fresh glories decks th' Imperial throne	
Making the haughty Ott'man empire groan.	
He'll learn when warlike Sweden and the Czar,	d gla
The Danes and Prussians shall demit the war;	John The
T' observe what mighty Turns of fate may sprin	g
From this new war rais'd by Iberia's king.	1108
Long ere the morn from eastern seas arise,	50
To sweep night-shades from off the vaulted skies,	
Oft Love or Law in dream your mind may tols,	LV JES
And push the fluggish senses to their posts;	
The Hausboys distant notes shall then oppose	mold.
Your phantom cares, and lull you to repose.	
To Visit and take Tea, the well dress'd fair	mary
May pais the crowd unruffled in her chair;	aparet -
No dust or mire her shining foot shall stain,	A A
Or on the horizontal hoop give pain.	MAR WZ
For Beaux and Belles no city can compare,	
Nor shew a Galaxy so made, so fair,	
The ears are charm'd, and ravish'd are the eyes	•
When at the confort my fair stars arise.	
What poets of fictitious beauties fing,	
Shall in bright order fill the dazling ring:	1
	From

try.

# 38 Edinburgh's Address to the Country.

From Venus, Pallas, and the spouse of Jove,
They'd gain the prize, judg'd by the god of love:
Their sun-burnt teatures wou'd look dull, and fade,
Compar'd with my sweet white and blushing red.
The character of beauties so divine,
The muse for want of words cannot define.
The panning soul beholds with awful love,
Impress'd on clay th' angelick forms above,
Whose softest smiles can pow'rfully impart
Raptures sublime, in dumb show, to the heart.

The strength of all these charms, if ye defy,

My Court of Justice shall make you comply.

Welcome, my Session, thou my bosom warms,

Thrice three times welcome to thy mother's arms:

Thy sather long, rude man! has left my bed,

So

Thou'rt now my guard, and support of my trade;

My heart yearns after thee with strong desire,

Thou dearest image of thy antient sire:

Should proud Augusta take thee from me too,

So great a loss would make Edina bow;

I'd sink beneath a weight I cou'd not bear,

And in a heap of rubbish disappear.

Vain are such fears; I'll rear my head in state,
My bodding heart foretells a glorious fate:
New stately structures on new streets shall rife,
And new-built churches tow'ring to the skies.
From utmost Thule to the Dover rock,
Britain's best blood in crowds to me shall flock;
A num'rous fleet shall be my Fortha's pride,
While they in her calm roads at anchor ride:

These from each coast shall bring what's great and rare,
To animate the Brave, and please the Fair.

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Written beneath the historical Print of the wonderful Preservation of Mr. David Bruce, and others his School-fellows.

St. Andrews, August 19. 1710.

IX times the day with light and hope arofe, As oft the night her terrors did oppose, While tofs'd on roaring waves the tender crew Had nought but death and horror in their view : Pale famine, feas, bleak cold at equal strife, Conspiring all against their bloom of life: Whilft like the lamp's last stame, their trembling fouls Are on the wing to leave their mortal goals; And death before them stands with frightful stare, Their spirits spent, and funk down to despair. Behold th' indulgent providential eye, With watchful rays descending from on high; Angels come posting down the divine beam, To fave the helpless in their last extreme : Unfeen the heav'nly guard about them flock, Some rule the winds, some lead them up the rock, While other two attend the dying pair, To watt their young white fouls thro' fields of air,

numer to worly! to lyne and cance, was an emperion of the property of circumstance and but of the state of th

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CHRIST'S

## CHRISTS'S KIRK on the Green, in three CANTO'S

Κουσιδερίτ Β'αριλς ρίδ άφτυπρ θαν ενις, Βιλ ατ εν βλίνα σλε πόστρι νότ τέν ίς.

T. Daylag.

#### CANTO 1.

A S ne'er in Scotland heard or feen
Sic dancing and deray;
Nowther at Fakland on the green,
Nor Peebles at the play,
As was of woers, as I ween,
At Christ's Kirk on a day;

This edition of the first Canto is taken from an old manufcript collection of Scots Poems written 150 years ago, where it is found that James, the first of that name, king of Scots, was the author; thought to be wrote while that brave and learned prince was unfortunately kept prisoner in England by Henry VI. about the year 1412. Ballenden in his translation of H. Bocce's history, gives this character of him, 4 He was well lernit to fecht with the swerd, to just, to 4 turnay, to worsyl, to syng and dance, was an expert medicinar, richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and 4 sindry other instrumentis of musick. He was expert in 6 gramer, oratry and poetry, and maid sae flowand and sententious versis, apperit weil he was ane natural and borne poete, lib. 16. cap. 16.

3. Fakland ) In the shire of Fife where our kings for some time had their residence.

4. Peebles at the Play.) Peebles one of our royal burroughs where the gentlemen of the shire frequently meet for the diversion of horse-races and the like.

CHRISTS

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110-1.	Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green.	43
on in a	There came our kitties washen clean,	1 1 2
	In new kirtles of gray,	8
three	Fou gay that day.	
	To dance these damesels them dight,	-
	Thir laffes light of laits,	
	Their gloves were of the raffel right,	100
	Their shoon were of the straits,	12
0	Their kirtles were of Lincome light,	
•	Well prest with mony plaits,	11 .
10	They were so nice when men them nicht,	212
	They fqueel'd like ony gaits	16
	Fou loud that day.	
	Of all these maidens-mild as mead,	in.
135712		
11.70	Was nane fea jimp as Gilly,	
0.14	As ony rose her rude was red, and die dad believed	
hah.	Her lire was like the lilly :	20
4	Fou yellow, yellow was her head,	1
a.53	But the of love-was filly;	
1. 117	Tho' a' her kin had fworn her dead,	
		24
manu-	Alane that day.	-4
where		
Scots,	she scorned Jack, and scraped at him,	W. A.
ve and	And murgeon'd him with mocks;	
tranf-	He wad have loo'd, she wad na lat him,	
him,	For a' his yellow locks.	28
ust, to	He cherish'd her, she bade gae chat him,	11.04
medi-	Counted him not twa clocks;	W. L.
p, and ert in		
d fen-	6. Chrift's Kirk. ) The place where our wedding he	eld is
borne	ther at Lefly ( the church there bearing that name	e) or
	place so named a little distant from Windsor, where	on
gs for	ing was the time of his confinement.	fleed
1 has	9. Them dight.) Made themselves ready. 10. Light of Laits.) Light or wanton in their manner	re
1 bur-	13. Lincome Light.) Stuff made at Lincoln.	
211000	26. Murgeon'd him. ) Ridicul'd him, by a ludicrous	man-
There	er of aping his gate or actions.	
	29. Go chat him. ) She bid him go hang himself.	
		Sac
2.1		

nto I.

42	Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto I.
	병에 하는 사람들은 사람들이 살아 가는 것이 되었다. 나는 사람들이 가지 않는 것이 없는 것이 없었다.
Sae th	amefully his short gown set him,
HIS	legs were like twa rocks,
Tam T	Or rungs that day.
	od lord how he cou'd lance,
	ay'd fae shill, and fang fae fweet,
	ile Tousse took a trance;
Auld I	Lightfoot there he did forleet,
	counterfeited France:
	'd himfelfas man difereet,
	up the morice dance quo asu bijasan un 40
	He took that day.
Then	Steen came steppand in with stends,
	e rink might him arreft : at a sale and and and
	oos did bob with mony bends,
For	Maufe he made request;
Hela	'till he lay on his lends,
But	rifand was fae preft,
While	that he hostitat baith ends,
For	honour of the feast, 19941244 944 48
	And danc'd that day.
Syne	Robin Roy began to revel,
And	d Dawny to him rugged :
1 20 '	Twa Clocks.) Reckoned him not worth a couple of
Bankla	
32.	Twa Rocks.) Two distasts. This description of Gilly's

love to Willy, and her despising Jack, notwithstanding his affection to her, is drawn with an admirable comick delicacy.

33. Minstrel meet. ) A musician fit for them 37. Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet, and counterfeited France.) He forgot to play the good old Scots tunes like Auld Lightfoot, and imitated the French, like our modern minstrels, that dare play nought but Italiano's, for fear they spoil their fiddles

42. Nae Rink might him arreft. ) The swiftest course could not stop him.

Referred good of mid his one parties

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Canto Let be, And he ke But They p Men

Ane be Gre: He che Th' Throw Ort B'ane A I car

Witht And He forg The ae wa For Men fa Tha

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to I	Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 43
ortan (I)	Let be, quoth Jack, and can'd him jevel,
31	And by the tail him tugged; with a leadyed shall 52
ay.	The kensie cleekit to a cavel,
ED C	But lord as they twa lugged;
ner I	They parted manly on a navel:
191	Men fay that hair was rugged 56
36	Between them twa.
	Ane bent a bow, sic fturt did fteer him,
	Great skaith was't to have fcar'd him;
mypell.	He chesit a flane as did affear him,
- 40	Th' other said Dirdum, Dardum:
ay.	Throw baith the cheeks he thought to sheer him,
: Ha	Or throw the arfe have char'd him;
SLW .	B'ane Akerbraid it came na neer him,
7/10	I canna tell what marr'd him
44	Sae wide that day.
-7 H	With that a friend of his cry'd, fy, grand of his cry'd, fy,
i mili	And up an arrow drew, the was have account to
's froid	He forged it fae furioully were already all and anid sid sil
48	The bow in flinders flew:
day.	Sae was the will of god, trow I,
rapin d	For had the tree been true, An abata midachaili
	Men said, wha kend his archery,
	That he had flain anew,  Belyve that day,
ouple of	yap young man that flood him neift,
f Gilly's	Loos'daffa that with ire
ding his	He etled the bairn in at the breaft,
lelicacy.	The bolt flew o'er the bire: 76
terfeited	59. He chefit a Flane. ) He chole an arrow.
nes like	60. Dirdum, Dardum. ) A flighting manner of speaking. Then one makes a boast of some action which we think but
modern ear they	meanly of, we readily lay. A Dirdum of that.
M.J. Cont.	eanly of, we readily fay, A Dirdum of that. 75. He etled the Bairn. ) He defign'd his arrow at the lad's
t course	reaft.  16. The Bolt flew o'er the Bire. ) He expresses his missing
	him, by a metaphor of a thunder-bolt flying over the bire or
Let	ow-houle,
201	Ane

44 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto I.
Ane cry'd, fy, he has flain a prieft,
A mile beyond a mire; harmon and has not been
Then bow and bag frae him he kieft,
And fled as fierce as fire
Frae flint that day.
Ane hasty hensure, called Hary,
Wha was ane archer, hynd
Fitup a tackle withoutten tarry,
That torment fae him tynd.
I watna whither's hand cou'd vary,
Or the man was his friend;
For he escap'd throw' mights of Mary,
As ane that nae ill mean'd,
But good that day.
Then Laurie like a lion lap, The and Twie I tage -
And toon a flane can fedder;
He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
Thereon to wed a wedder
He hit him on the wame a wap,
It bufft like ony bladder; But sae his fortune was and hap,
His doublet made of leather
Sav'd him that day.
The buff fae boifteroufly abaift him,
He to the earth dusht down;
The tither man for dead there left him,
And find our of the same
of mentine batte in action of teatt,
by Traile and Table 21d one is a mad flock of I
sa Hynd fit up a Tackle, &c ) Immediately made read his shooting Tackle.
his thooting Tackle.  84. That Torment fae him tynd. ) His vexation made him
angry.
90. A Flane can fedder. ) Feathered an arrow. 92. Wed a Wedder. ) He wagered a wedder he would

pierce him at the pap. It ( still affyrs o wolf not aff't to arid only some guyle soot about the lo well stand a by

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o I.	Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 45
	The wives came furth, and up they reft him,
	[18] - [
	Then with three routs on's arfe they rais'd him.
20	And cur'd him out of fown.
day.	And cur'd him out of fown,  Frae hand that day.
raivi	With forks and flails they lent great flaps,
	And flang together like frigs;
	With bougers of barns they befr blew caps,
84	While they of bairns made brigs.
	The rierd raife rudely with the raps,
14/3	When rungs were laid on riggs;
7-2	The wives came furth wi'crys and claps,
81	See where my liking liggs and the land band 1112
day.	Foulow this day!
177-1	They girned, and let gird with grains,
	Ilk gossip other griev'd;
	Some strake with stings, some gather'd stains,
91	Some fled and ill mischiev'd, was all banks and 116
District of	The minstrel wan within twa wains,
2013	That day he wifely priev'd's deal avoi albist of
DAY OF	For he came hame wi' unbruis'd bains,
96	Where fighters were mischiev'd
lay.	Fou ill that day.
ma aya	Heich Hutohon with a hifilrice,
	To red can throw them rummil; we and seem of
eo Li	He maw'd them down like ony mice,
100	He was na bairy bummil: week better be a saw at
lant L	107. Bougers.) Rafters.
de read	112. My Liking liggs. ) My fweet-heart lies on the ground.
ade him	117. Wan within two Wains. ) Got between two wains or agons, and hid himfelf.
	124. Baity Bummil. ) Or petty fumbler; an actionless
e would	low. The the person where there is not only and the in
77	reg Block a bacescen, ) All belimented with blood , A
Va entr	colle the vow less ) bloc erest
The	The state of the s

Canto I
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466
THE O'S

Syne

Wa that were headsmen of the herd, On ither ran like rams, They follow'd, seeming right unsear'd, Beat on with barrow-trams: In the where their gabs they were ungear'd, They gat upon the gams; While bloody barkn'd was their beards, As they had worried lambs,  Maist like to the wives keist up a hideous yell, When all these yonkiers yoked; As fierce as flags of fire-flaughts fell, Frieks to the fields they flocked: The carles with clubs did others quell On breasts, while blood out boaked; Sae rudly rang the common bell, Thata' the steeple rocked  By this Tam Taylor was in's gear, When that he heard the bell, Ite saidhe should make all a steer, When he came there himsel: the gaed to sight in sick a tear, While to the ground he fell; wife that hat him on the ear, With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him side is seek by striking him on his hows, i. e. hough	
They hew'd him on the hows,  Behind the  Wa that were headsmen of the herd,  On ither ran like rams,  hey follow'd, seeming right unsear'd,  Beat on with barrow-trams:  ut where their gabs they were ungear'd,  They gat upon the gams;  While bloody barka'd was their beards,  As they had worried lambs,  Maist like to  The wives keist up a hideous yell,  When all these yonkiers yoked;  As fierce as flags of fire-flaughts fell,  Frieks to the fields they flocked:  The carles with clubs did others quell  On breasts, while blood out boaked;  Sae rudly rang the common bell,  That a' the steeple rocked  For dread to  By this Tam Taylor was in's gear,  When that he heard the bell,  Ile saidhe should make all a steer,  When he came there himsel:  the gaed to sight in sick a tear,  While to the ground he fell;  wife that hat him on the ear,  With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him and the is  152. They hew'd him on the Hows. The lack by striking him on his hows, i. e. hough	1. 47
They hew'd him on the hows,  Behind the  Wa that were headsmen of the herd,  On ither ran like rams,  hey follow'd, seeming right unsear'd,  Beat on with barrow-trams:  ut where their gabs they were ungear'd,  They gat upon the gams;  While bloody barka'd was their beards,  As they had worried lambs,  Maist like to  The wives keist up a hideous yell,  When all these yonkiers yoked;  As fierce as flags of fire-flaughts fell,  Frieks to the fields they flocked:  The carles with clubs did others quell  On breasts, while blood out boaked;  Sae rudly rang the common bell,  That a' the steeple rocked  For dread to  By this Tam Taylor was in's gear,  When that he heard the bell,  Ile saidhe should make all a steer,  When he came there himsel:  the gaed to sight in sick a tear,  While to the ground he fell;  wife that hat him on the ear,  With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him and the is  152. They hew'd him on the Hows. The lack by striking him on his hows, i. e. hough	Wasserier
Wa that were headsmen of the herd, On ither ran like rams, They follow'd, seeming right unsear'd, Beat on with barrow-trams: In the where their gabs they were ungear'd, They gat upon the gams; While bloody barkn'd was their beards, As they had worried lambs,  Maist like to the wives keist up a hideous yell, When all these yonkiers yoked; As fierce as flags of fire-flaughts fell, Frieks to the fields they flocked: The carles with clubs did others quell On breasts, while blood out boaked; Sae rudly rang the common bell, Thata' the steeple rocked  By this Tam Taylor was in's gear, When that he heard the bell, Ite saidhe should make all a steer, When he came there himsel: the gaed to sight in sick a tear, While to the ground he fell; wife that hat him on the ear, With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him side is seek by striking him on his hows, i. e. hough	directioning
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While bloody barkn'd was their beards, As they had worried lambs,  Maist like to the wives keist up a hideous yell, When all these yonkiers yoked; As fierce as flags of fire-flaughts fell, Frieks to the fields they flocked: The carles with clubs did others quell On breasts, while blood out boaked; Sae rudly rang the common bell, That a' the steeple rocked  For dread to gear, When that he heard the bell, Ile saidhe should make all a steer, When he came there himsel: He gaed to sight in sick a tear, While to the ground he fell; A wife that hat him on the ear, With a great knocking-mell,  152. They hew'd him on the Hows. ) Threack by striking him on his hows, i. e. hough	gash bak.
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By this Tam Taylor was in's gear, When that he heard the bell, Ile faidhe should make all a steer, When he came there himsel: He gaed to sight in sick a tear, While to the ground he fell; A wife that hat him on the ear, With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him and ance he is the sack by striking him on his hows, i. e. hough	
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He gaed to fight in fick a tear,  While to the ground he fell;  wife that hat him on the ear,  With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him and ance he is the self of	772
With a great knocking-mell,  With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him and ance he is the self of the se	If bent out
With a great knocking-mell,  Fell'd him a  il, I'm  ndance he is  reck by ftriking him on the Hows. ) Three he is	gasM .od.
il, I'm  Indance 152. They hew'd him on the Hows. ) Three he is tack by firiking him on his hows, i. c. hough	go, froi neals
ndance 152. They hew'd him on the Hows. ) Three he is tack by firiking him on his hows, i. c. hough	176
ndance 152. They hew'd him on the Hows. ) Three he is tack by firiking him on his hows, i. c. hough	hat day.
he is ack by striking him on his hows, i. c. hough	reports per
	w him on his
164. Frieks. ) Young fellows.	
The man and And Amt booked & Cuth'd out	The common
to be a first the Contract of the first of the	with the wife
Syne Syne second to the show of mind of board to man	When
A CAMA	

178. And Brain-wood. ) Being diffracted, or brain-fick. 180. Mangit are with Mails. ) Wearied and gall'd with

their loading. 182. Flaughter'd Fails. ) Turf that the country people flea for covering their houses.

183. Hal'd the Dools. ) See Lucky Spence, line 40. 184. Down in Dails, bedeen. ) In heaps a great deal of

them. Bedeen, speedily.

186. Came furth to fell a fidder. ) Cut down a fidder, of load of wood.

The king having painted the ruftick squable with an uncommon spirit, in a most ludicrous manner, in a stanza of vers the most difficult to keep the sense complete, as he has done without being forced to bring in words for crambo's fake where they return fo frequently:

Ambition

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7. Came

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4. Let

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17. Que

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nd qua

Quoth f

	- [1] - [1]
o II.	anto II. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 49
	nd mony a ane had gotten his death
	By this unionfie tooly:
	at that the bauld good-wife of Braith
180	
#O	Arm'd wi' a great kail gully,
	ame bellyflaught, and loot an aith,
	She'd gar them a' be hooly
184	Fou fast that day.
	lyth to win aff sae wi' hale banes,
(0)	Tho'mony had clowr'd pows;
	and dragl'd fae 'mang muck and stanes,
1224	They look'd like wirry-kows:
	woth some, who 'maist had tint their aynds,
188	Let's fee how a' bowls rows:
NY N	and quat this brulziement at anes,
	Yon Gully is nae mows, 16
	Forlooth this day.
191	woth Hutchon, I am well content,
y-	I think we may do war;
BT ML	Till this time toumond i'le indent
	0 1:11 1 1: 1 1: 1 1: 1 1: 1
	Vi' nevels I'm amaist fawn faint,
	My chafts are dung a char;
	My charts are dung a char,
	Ambitious to imitate fo great an Original, I put a stop to
And	he war; called a congress, and made them sign a peace, that
	e world might have their picture in the more agreeable urs of drinking, dancing and finging. The following Canto's
fick.	ere wrote, one in 1715, the other in 1718, about 300 years
'd with	ter the first. Let no worthy poet despair of immortality;
people	od fense will be always the same in spite of the revolution
1	words. 7. Came bellyflaught.) Came in great hafte, as it were
	ing full upon them with her arms ipread, as a falcon with
deal of	panded wings comes fouffing upon her prey.
dder, a	Be hooly fou fast. ) Defist immediately.  4. Let's see how a' Bowls rows. ) A bowling green phrase,
The Land	commonly used when people would examine any affair that's
h an un	little ravel'd.
as done	17. Quoth Hutchon.) Vide Canto 1. line 121. He's brave,
o's fake	the first man for a honourable peace.
. 1 talant	
mbitiou	

50	Christ's Kirk on the Green.	Canto II.
Then	took his bonnet to the bent,	serven la
	d daddit aff the glar, - :	516 L 11 124
		n that day.
Tam:	Taylor, wha in time of battle	edoxis ass.
	y as gin fome had fell'd him;	-Ayled or
	ip now wi'an unco' rattle,	1995 6 36 5
As	nane there durft a quell'd him:	28
	Bes flew till him wi'a brattle,	and the same
	d spite of his teeth held him	enonifor!
Closs	s by the craig, and with her fatal	with the same
·KI	nife shored she would geld him;	1400 mm 32
Mu	have would got For peace	thatday.
Syne	a' wi' ae consent shook hands,	
	they flood in a ring;	
Som	e red their hair, some set their bands	Latters in C.
	me did their fark tails wring :	36
	n for a hap to shaw their brands,	sectional mach
	hey did their minftrel bring,	i an Inimi
	ere clever houghs like willi-wands,	
		rechials smuo
		that day.
Clau	d Pely was na very blate,	n ušeno visi
	e flood nae lang a dreigh;	
	by the wame he gripped Kate,	10 - FL 715 Y
	nd gar'd her gi'e a skreigh :	akansa hara 17 🚜
Had	aff, quoth fhe, ye fikhy flate,	addition pro-
Y	effink o' leeks, O figh!	To a second
Let	gae my hands, I fay, be quait;	The one of
	id wow gin the was skeigh,	A 30 25
	없다. 그리스 사고 그리고 아이트 요즘 열면 하나요? 그는 아들에 하게 살아왔다. 하나 하는 그리를 살아 하는 때문에 가장 가능하고 하나요?	that day.
40- 40		that day.

25. Tam Taylor.) Vide Canto 1. line 169. He's a coward, but would appear valiant when he finds the rest in peace.

Now

ow fet Did for hile the Took of Gart Lind fouk

Came of ang by Cry'd, clap ba
They ree wad de Had he

And out hey faid And dan fouple ra And what'e them Videlices

han a' cr He **Meg** 

o Did for

7. Haff a
1. He lay
loft, or y
7. Falk
or, and h

1			
II.	anto II.	Christ's Kirk on the Green	. 51
11-1-1	Now fettl'd	goffies fat, and keen	The second
24		th bickers birle;	Land !
у.		oung fwankies on the green	
11		nd a merry tirle :	52
		i'her pinky een,	- T
		rie's heart-strings dirle,	
28		d threep, that the did green	
ing.		wad gar her skirle	56
	4	And skreigh fome day.	Locia
32	he manly m	niller, haff and haff,	
1019	Came out	to shaw good will,	Char 3
	lang by his	mittens and his staff,	1
000		e me Paty's-Mill;	60
		hight, and cry'd, had aff,	a low
		him that had skill;	1 1
mond		better, quoth a cawf,	
101	Had he an	other Gill with sind cumul bein ele	64
14		of ufquebae.	
40	orth started	neift a penfy blade,	
у.		maiden took, which gold reliable to	the last
Self.		at he was Falkland bred,	Sec. M.I
		ed by the Look;	68
		or to his trade, and the sale and see	
119 44		their hands he shook,	Service
3,633		hat he got frae his dad,	
3113	Videlicet the		00000
n-1 - 60		To claw that day.	fish A Ten
45	han a' cry'o	d out he did fae weel,	all of
ay.		d Bess did call up;	dia .
		ment likebilan Directings pos	nt ma
oward,	o Did for fr	cesh Bickers birle.) Contributed for fre	fh bot-
200.	7. Haff and	haff) Half fuddled.	
	I. He lap b	wawk hight.) So high as his head could	l strike
Now	7. Falklan	ning of the couples.  Ind bred.) Been a Journeyman to the	kine's
	or, and had	feen court dancing.	
		D 2	The
14		2	

## 52 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto II.

The lasses bab'd about the reel,
Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop,
And swat like pownies whan they speel
Up braes, or when they gallop,
But a thrawn knublock hit his heel,
And wives had him to haul up,
Haff fell'd that day.

But mony a pauky look and tale
Gaed round whan glowming hous'd them,
The offler wife brought ben good ale,
And bade the laffes rouze them;
Up wi them lads, and I'fe be bail
They'll loo ye an ye touze them:
Quoth gawffie, this will never fail
Wi'them that this gate woes them,

On fic a day.

Syne stools and furms were drawn aside,
And up raise Willy Dadle,
A short hought man, but tou o'pride,
He said the sidler play'd ill;
Let's ha'e the pipes, quoth he, beside;
Quoth a', that is nae said ill;
He sits the sloor syne wi' the bride
To Cuttymun and Treeladle,

Thick, thick that day.

In the mean time in came the laird,

And by fome right did claim,

To kiss and dance wi' Masie Aird,

A dink and dortie dame:

But O poor Maufe was aff her guard, For back gate frae her wame,

82. Glowming hous'd them.) Twilight brought them to the house.

95. Cuttymun, &c.) A tune that goes very quick.

they is most there beat at

nd had toes court don

into II. Cant

Beckin Tha

He wand ilk

Quoth Wha Were 1

But f

Tam Lu
And I
He laid
And I
His bag

His fa But he c In, b

The latt
Sat up
And a'h
To co

And co

When one like a full 121, The church probe fung by

126. Ba

77	Canto II. Christ's Kirk on the Green.	53
o II	Beckin she loot a fearfu' rair'd,	
117	That gait her think great shame,	104
76	And blush that day,	
SI- N	huld Steen led out Maggie Forfith,	
. T 1	He was her ain good-brither;	
	and ilka ane was unco' blyth,	1
-80	To see auld fouk sae clever.	108
	Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,	
	What think ye o' my mither?	18
	Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive	trial of
cerco d	But she wa'd get anither	112
8	Goodman this day.	
dan	Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,	1000
	And betwifht ilka tune,	10.0
	He laid his lugs in't like a fish,	STATE OF
	And fuckt 'till it was done;	116
BELLS	His bags were liquor'd to his wish,	MANUEL .
1.54	His face was like a moon:	1.0
	But he cou'd get nae place to pish	
S PER S	In, but his ain twa shoon,	120
10 8 0 5	For thrang that day.	
EC 1-23	The latter-gae of haly rhime,	
di bull	Sat up at the boord-head,	
3,11510	And a' he faid was thought a crime	
WY DEC	To contradict indeed:	124
rton:	For in clark-lear he was right prime,	
1908450.	And cou'd baith write and read,	
	and the state of t	1000
	When one is staring full of drink, he's said to have like a full-moon.	e a face
anser	thurch precenter, who lets go, i. e. gives out the be sung by the rest of the Congregation.	tune to
ht them	Date wife with rear A training in the day	2 1 1 1 1 1 1
uick.		MAN
12124	D 3	And
Be	d and the second	

54 Christ's Kirk on the Green.	Canto II
And drank fae firm 'till ne'er a flyme	
He cou'd keek on a bead,	
Or book that de	125 12
When he was ftrute, twa fturdy chiels,	
Be's oxter and be's coller,	
Held up frae cowping o' the creels	DIX CO. I W.
The liquid logick scholer,	20 21012
When he came hame his wife did reel,	
And rampage in her choler,	
With that he brake the fpinning-Wheel,	
That cost a good rix-dollar,	136
And mair fome f	
Near bed-time now ilk weary wight	
Was gaunting for his reft;	And other
For fome were like to ryne their fight,	CHECK MARKET
Wi' fleep and drinking ftreft.	140
But ithers that were fromach-tight,	The tigorial of
Cry'd out, it was nae bell	1000
To leave a supper that was dight,	
를 위한 경기에 있다면 보다면 전혀 전혀 있다면 하는 경기를 받는다면 하는데	144
To eat or da	
On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails,	(9-755131-F. ]
On them stood mony a goan,	
Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi'kail,	STOMESTICS OF THE PARTY OF THE
And milk het frae the loan.	148
。 第178年   第188日   東京日本日本 第188日	AMERICA DE LOS
manner, which was the religion then in fashio 131. Frae cowping of the Creels.) From	n.
turvy.  144. To Brownies.) Many whimfical florie down to us by old women of these Brownies they were a kind of good drudging spirits, who shape of rough men, would have lyen familiar all night, threshen in the barn, brought a mid and done many such kind offices. But none of the see in Scotland since the reformation, as faith	they tell us appeared in thy by the fire wife at a time, them has been
Brown.	Of

Canto

Of daint Of w

Twa tim And to Wi' hind

Wi'dr

Drew Wi' grav They A kebbu

Its lan
The brid

Her le And George Becaus She was

Fy, Go Fe's ne'd But ch

Tehee, The c It pypin The b

To fit in Upon

159. A the fhea feaft.

162. Hing the Bing to be next in 169, T

to II	Canto II. Christ's Kirk on the Green.	55
	Of daintiths they had rough and wale,	
12		
	But nathing wad gae down but ale	
	Wi'drunken Donald Don	152
	The smith that day.	
	And twa good junts of beef,	
131		
	Wi'hind and fore spaul of a sheep,	156
	Drew whitles frae ilk sheath:	
	Wi' gravie a their beards did dreep,	
136	They kempit with their teeth;	14.
	A kebbuck syn that 'maift cou'd creep,	160
	Its lane par on the meat,	
The .	In stous that day.	
3- 5- L	The bride was now laid in her bed,	100
140	Her left leg ho was flung;	9 Co
cyan 61 c 4	And Geordie Gib was fidgen glad,	164
146	Because it hit Jean Gun:	W.C.
and the second	She was his Jo, and aft had faid,	
144	Fy, Geordie, had your tongue,	A
	Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride :	
m. 1	But chang'd her mind when bung,	168
	That very day.	
	Tehee, quoth Touzie, when the faw	
148	The cathel coming ben,	
	It pypin het gae'd round them a',	
	The bride she made a fen,	172
holick	To sit in wylicoat sae braw,	-/-
toply	Upon her nether en;	
.8:1	opon net nemer en	
anded	159. A Kebuck fyne that 'maift cou'd creep its lane	pat on
red in	159. A Kebuck fyne that 'maift cou'd creep its lane the fheaf.) A cheefe full of crawling mites crown'	d the
e fire	feaft.  162. Her left leg ho was flung.) The practice of	heom
time,	ing the Bridegroom or the bride's stocking when they a	re go-
s been John	ing to bed, is well known: the person who it lights of	n is to
	be next married of the company.  369. Tehee.) An Interjection of laughter.	
Of	D A	He
THE RESERVE TO SERVE		410

Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto II Her lad like ony cock did craw, That meets a clockin hen. 176 And blyth were they. The fouter, miller, fmith and Dick, Lawrie and Hutchon bauld. Carles that keep nae very ftri& Be hours, tho' they were auld; 186 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick, But whare good ale was fald, They drank a' night, e'en tho' auld nick Show'd tempt their wives to scald 11 Them for't neift day. Was ne'er in Scotland heard or feen Sic banqueting and drinkin, Sic revelling and battles keen, Sic dancing, and fic jinkin, 18 And unko wark that fell at e'en, Whan lasses were haff winkin. They loft their feet and baith their een, And maidenheads gae'd linkin Affa' that day.

276. Clokin Hen.) A hatching hen.

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CHRIST'

anto

Begon nd gre Cry'd

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Sic as ir up l Grudg at wha

Wher

Curious ay after pens with ome and lew is taken and lew i

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RIST

## CHRIST'S KIRK on the Green.

## CANTO III.

TOW fre east nook of Fife the daw'n Speel'd westline sup the lift, arles wha heard the cock had craw'n, Begoud to rax and rift: nd greedy wives wi' girning thrawn, Cry'd, lasses up to thrift; ogs barked, and the lads frae hand Bang'd to their breeks like drift,

By break of day.

ut some wha had been fow yestreen, Sic as the latter-gae, ir up had nae will to be feen, Grudgin their groat to pay. ut what aft fristed's no forgeen, When touk has nought to lay;

Curious to know how my bridal folks would look next ay after the marriage, I attempted this third Canto, which pens with a description of the morning. Then the friends ome and prefent their gifts to the new married couple. A lew is taken of one girl (Kirsh) who had come fairly off, and Mause who had stumbled with the laird. Next a new ene of drinking is represented, and the young good-man is reel'd. Then the character of the smith's ill-natured shrew drawn, which leads in the description of riding the stang. ext Magy Murdy has an exemplary character of a good ife wife. Deep drinking and bloodless quarrels, makes an id of an old tale.

1. East Nook of Fife.) Where day must break upon y company; if, as I have observed, the scene is at Lesly nurch.

12. Their Groat to pay.) Payment of the drunken groat very peremptority demanded by the common people next orning; but if they frankly confess the debt due, they are affed for Two-pence.

DS

Yet

Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto III Canto Yet sweer were they to rake their een, Sic dizzy heads had they, And het that day. Be that time it was fair foor days, As fou's the house cou'd pang, To fee the young fouk or they raife, Goffips came in ding dang, And wi' a fofs aboon the claiths, Ilk ane their gifts down flang : Twall toop horn-spoons down Maggy lays, Baith muckle mow'd and lang, For kale or whey. Her aunt a pair of tangs fush in, Right bauld fhe spake and spruce, Gen your goodman shall make a din, And gabble like a goofe, Shorin whan fou to skelp ye're skin, Thir tangs may be of use; Lay them enlang his pow or shin, Wha wins fyn may make roofe, Between you twa. Auld Beffie in her red coat braw, Came wi' her ain oe Nanny, An odd like wife, they faid that faw, A moupin runckled granny,

She fley'd the kimmers ane and a', Word gae'd she was na kanny; Nor wad they let Lucky awa, "Till the was wi' branny, Like mony mae.

15. Rake their Een.) Rub open their eyes.
17. Fair foor Days.) Broad day light.
21. About the Claiths.) they commonly throw their gift of houshold furniture above the bed-cloaths where the young folks are lying.

38. Word gaed the was na kanny.) It was reported the was

a witch.

Steen fr

Cam speer'd

And I

Said,

She leug

Quoth I Tog

Kind K

Right w

Black

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She c

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Look

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What

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t's a wi

There a

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l lear

43. Ha we all ha

48. Ch ment, de the lock-62. Mg

And tun

But Man

Auld Ma

III	Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green.	59
	Steen fresh and fastin 'mang the rest	
16	Came in to get his morning,	
10	Speer'd gin the bride had tane the test,	
	And how the loo'd her corning ?	44
	She leugh as she had fun a nest,	
	Said, let a be ye'r scorning.	
	Quoth Roger, tegs I've done my best,	
20	To ge'er a charge of horning,	48
	As well's I may.	-
4000	Kind Kirsh was there, a kanty lass,	
end in	Black-ey'd, black-hair'd, and bonny;	
24	Right well red up and jimp the was,	
	And wooers had fow mony:	-53
1	wat na how it came to pals,	
	She cutled in wi' Jonnie,	
	And tumbling wi'him on the grass,	
2	Dung a' her cockernonny	56
	A jee that day.	
	But Mause begrutten was and bleer'd,	
	Look'd thowless, dowf and fleepy;	
31	Auld Maggy kend the wyt, and fneer'd,	
	Caw'd her a poor daft heepy:	
	It's a wife wife that kens her weird,	
	What tho' ye mount the creepy;	
ALT T	There a good lesson may be lear'd,	
39	And what the war will ye be	164
	To fland a day.	
Lane	Or bairns can read, they first maun spell,	
40	1 learn'd this frae my mammy,	
1194	43. Had tane the Test.) I do mean an oath of that we all have heard of.	name
	48. Charge of Horning.) Is a writ charging to mak	e pay-
heir gift	ment, declaring the debitor a rebel. N. B. It may be	left in
ere the	the lock-hole, if the doors be shut.  62. Mount the Creepy.) The stool of repentance.	TK.
the was		
THE HW		And
100 100 100 100 100		

Steen

## 60 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto II

And cooft a legen-girth my fell,
Lang or I married Tammie:
I'se warrant ye have a' heard tell,
Of bonny Andrew Lammy,
Stiffy in loove wi' me he fell,
As soon as e'er he saw me:

That was a day. Hait drink, frush butter'd caiks and cheese,

That held their hearts aboon, Wi' clashes mingled aft wi' lies, Drave aff the hale forenoon;

But after dinner an ye please, To weary not o're soon,

We down to e'ning edge wi' eafe Shall loup, and see what's done

I' the doup o' the day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,

They that were right true blue;

Was e'en to get their wyfons wat, And fill young Roger fou: But the bauld billy took his maut.

But the bauld billy took his maut, And was right stiff to bow;

He fairly ga'e them tit for tat, And fcour'd aff healths anew,

Clean out that day.

A creel bout fow of muckle stains
They clinked on his back,

67. Cooff a Legen-girth.) Like a tub that loses one of it

84. Fill-young Roger fou.) Tis a custom for the friends to endeavour the next day after the wedding to make the next day after the wedding to make the next day as notified.

married man as drunk as possible.

89. A Creel, &c.) For merryment, a creel or basket is bound, full of stones, upon his back; and if he has acted manly part, his young wife with all imaginable speed cut the cords, and relieves him from the Burthen. If she does not, he's rallied for a sumbler.

Cant To ti

Now His

To ri

Syne Fell To ea And

Till b Wi'

Gart 3

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Som Sawny To

The fr And Quoth He l

Ca'd h

105. 114. the not him, w

100	- Table 1 - Ta	
ato II	Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green.	61
10.42	To try the pith o's rigg and reins,	
	They gart him cadge this pack.	
	Now as a fign he had tane pains,	92
200	His young wife was na flack,	103
	To rin and ease his shoulder bains,	15.
	And ineg'd the raips fow fnack,	96
	We'er knite that day.	
	Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,	
	Fell keenly to the wark;	
	To ease the gantrees of the ale,	
7	And try wha was maift flark;	100
	'Till boord and floor, and a' did (ail,	
	Wi' fpilt ale i' the dark;	-
	Gart Jock's fit flide, he like a fail,	
8	Play'd dad, and dang the bark	104
	Aff's shins that day.	
	The fouter, miller, fmith and Dick,	
	Et cet'ra, closs sat cockin,	
	'Till wasted was baith cash and tick,	
8	Sae ill were they to flocken;	108
	Gane out to pish in gutters thick,	
	Some fell, and some gae'd rockin,	
	Sawny hang fneering on his flick,	
2	To fee bauld Hutchen bockin	112
	Rainbows that day.	
	The fmith's wife her black deary fought,	NO PER
	And fand him skin and birn:	11.4
	Quoth she, this day's wark's be dear bought,	2511
one of it	He ban'd, and gae a girn;	316
friends	Ca'd her a jade, and faid she mught	
e the ne	Gae hame and fcum her kirn :	
basket	A Read of the second of the se	i tory
as acted	105. The Souter, &c.) Vide Canto II. line 177.	341
speed cut	114. Skin and Birn.) The marks of a sheep; the b	urn on
If the dos	the nose, and the tar on the skin, i. e. She was fure	

T

Whilht

62	Christ's Kirk on the Green.	Canto	III.
Whi	Intladren, for gin ye fay ought		3.800
	air, I'se wind ye a pirn	735	120
2 45	To reel some day,		
Ye'll	wind a pirn ! ye filly fnool,	40.24.55	1772
	ae-worth ye'r drunken faul,		10.7
	th fhe, and lap out o'er a stool,		
	nd claught him be the spaul;	-	124
Hef	nook her, and fware muckle dool		
	e's thole for this, ye scaul;		
I'fe i	rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,		7.4
	nd learn ye to be baul		128
	On fic a day.		
You	r tippanizing, scant o' grace,		7
	uoth fhe, gars me gang duddy;		
Our	nibour Pate sin break o' day's		
B	en thumpin at his studdy,		132
Ani	t be true that some fowk says,		
	e'll girn yet in a woody;		
	wi' her nails she rave his face,		ar har i
M	lade a' his black baird bloody,		136
	Wi' fcarts that day.		
	py that had feen the faught,		
I	wat he was nae lang,		
"Till	he had gather'd feven or aught		
- 0	vild hempies stout and strang;		140
	y frae a barn a kaber raught,		
	ne mounted wi' a bang,	Dig 27 Spr	A
	wisht twa's shouders, and sat straught		Sign.
U	pon't, and rade the stang		144
	On her that day.	Winty.	
one	defigns to contrive some malicious thing	to vex yo	ou.

144 Rade the Stang on her.) The riding of the stang on a woman that hath beat her husband, is as I have described it, by one's riding upon a sting, or a long piece of wood, carried by two others on their shoulders, where, like a herauld, he proclaims the woman's name, and the manner of her unnatural action.

Canto 1

The wiv O'er r Wi'mon Like

Plashi And sic a Gart a

Thro'th

But d'ye
Was n
She her n
Hame,
Fast frae
As he l

She fleed Wi'ca

But Law Upon And Robin He faid Hutchon

His he

And br Syne ilka Chanle

Flew thro And th But there

They g

The

Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green.	63
The wives and gytlings a' span'd out	
O'er middings, and o'er dykes,	
Wi' mony an unco skirl and shout,	
Like bumbees trae their bykes;	148
Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,	
Plashin thro' dubs and sykes,	
And fic a reird ran thro' the rout,	
Gart a' the hale town tykes	152
Yamph loud that day.	7.0
But d'ye see sou better bred	
Was mens-fou Maggy Murdy,	
She her man like a lammy led	-
Hame, wi'a well wail'd wordy:	356
Fast frae the company he fled,	
As he had tane the sturdy;	
She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,	
Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,	160
Kindly that day.	
But Lawrie he took out his nap	10.00
Upon a mow of Peale,	95
And Robin spew'd in's ain wite's lap;	
He faid it ga'e him eafe.	164
Hutchon wi' a three lugged cap,	
His head bizzin wi' bees,	0
Hit Geordy a mislushios rap,	134
And brake the brig o's neefe	168
Right sair that day.	in the
Syne ilka thing gae'd arfe o'er head,	
Chanlers, boord, stools and stowps,	
Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,	
And there was little hopes,	172
But there had been some ill done deed,	
They gat fic thrawart cowps;	
158. Tane the flurdy.) A disease amongst shee makes them giddy, and run off from the rest of the h	p that nerd.
TYOU THE RELEASE CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF	But

I.

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132

136

140

144

when i. i on a ribed , carauld, un-

The

## 64 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto III.

Out a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,
Was only on their dowps,
Wi' faws that day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank, 'Till a' their fense was smor'd;

And in their maws there was nae mank, Upon the furms fome inor'd:

Where frae aff the bunkers fank,

Wi' een like collops fcor'd : Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank, E'en like a thick fcull'd lord,

On posts that day. The young good-man to bed did clim,

His dear the door did lock in; Crap down beyont him, and the rim O'er wame he clapt hic dock on:

She fand her lad was not in trim, And be this fame good token,

That ilka member, lith and limb, Was souple like a doken,

Bout him that day.

Notwithstanding all this my publick spirited pains, I am well assured there are a few heavy heads, who will bring down the thick of their cheeks to the sides of their mouths, and richly stupid, alledge there's some things in it have a meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handsomer in a few lines to say something, than talk a great deal, and mean nothing. Pray, is there any thing vicious or unbecoming in saying, 'Mens Liths and Limbs are souple when intoxicated?' Does it not show, that excessive drinking enervates and unhinges a man's constitution, and makes him uncapable of performing divine or natural duties. There is the moral. And believe me, I could raise many useful notes from every character, which the ingenious will presently find out.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true criticks dare not mend;

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

POPE.
Thus

Thus gentlementhe vulgar present to making to each who laughter.

May use the Not la 'Not la 'That' When

You

No

In

Tis o

192

The

148

188

Ho

THAT
On the
When followhich has the
I'm call'd in
The fair whe
Besides, a z
Which no co
In service of
To draw man
Against vile
Who throug

Thus have I purfued these comical characters, having gentlemen's health and pleasure, and the good manners of the vulgar in view: the main design of comedy being to re-present the sollies and mistakes of low life in a just light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is a spectator, may evite his being the object of laughter. Any body that has a mind to look four upon it,

may use their freedom.

Not laugh, beasts, fishes, fowls, nor reptiles can;

'That's a peculiar happiness of man:

11.

180

148

188

192

The

Iam bring nths,

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rvates capa.

is the

notes

When govern'd with a prudent chearful grace,

'Tis one of the first beauties of the face.

## The SCRIBLERS Lash'd.

You write pindaricks ! and bed \_\_ nd, Write epigrams for cutters; None with thy nonfense will be sham'd But chamber-maids and butlers. In tother world expect dry blows, No tears shall wipe thy stains out: Horace shall pluck thee by the rofe, And Pindar beat thy brains out. T. BROWN to T. D'URFY.

HAT I thus proftitute my muse On theme to low, may gain excuse; When following motives shall be thought on, Which has this dogrel fury brought on. I'm call'd in honour to protect The fair when treat with difrespect: Besides, a zeal transports my soul, Which no constraint can e'er controul; fently In service of the government, To draw my pen, and fatyr vent, Against vile mungrels of Parnassus, OPE. Who through impunity oppress us. Thus

'Tis

Tis to correct this scribling crew,
Who, as in former reigns, so now
Torment the world, and load our time
With jargon cloath'd in wretched rhime,
Difgrace of numbers! earth! I hate them!
And as they merit, so I'll treat them.

And first, these ill-bred things I lash,
That hated authors of the trash,
In publick spread with little wit,
Much malice, rude and bootless spite,
Against the sex, who have no arms
To shield them from insulting harms,
Except the light ning of their eye,
Which none but such blind dolts defy.

Ungen'rous war! t'attack the fair: But ladies fear not, ye're the care Of every wit of true descent, At once their fong and ornament: They'll ne'er neglect the lovely crowd: But spice of all the multitude Of scribling tops, affert your cause, And execute Apollo's laws: Apollo, who the bard infpires Wish foftest thoughts and divine fires; Than whom on all the earth there's no man More complaifant to a fine woman. Such veneration mixt with love, Points out a poet from above: But Zanny's void of sense and merit, Love, fire, or fancy, wit or spirit : 11 Weak, frantick, clownish, and chagreen, Pretending, prompt by zealous spleen, T'affront your head-drefs, or your bone-fence, Make printer's preffes groan with nonfenfe. But while Sol's offspring lives, as foon Shall they pull down his fifter moon.

They v Dark fen: Without a All the w From clo They fcri Defire of And rhim Then hur Their fcra Rather th The plagu Unthinkin And raife By meddli Ot wome Perhaps b That in th To challe Bycharms If not a Which ma ike old ar When dista fly out in l When oug Till by de On hips a Thus they

78. Beet t

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네 그 그리고 있는 것이 있는데 하게 되는 것이 없는데 하는데 하고 있는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하는데 하	
The SCRIBLERS Last'd.	67
They with low incoherent fluff,	of the
Dark fenfe, or none, lines lame and rough;	50
Without a thought, air or address,	मा प्रोगी
All the whole logerhead confess.	For ve
From clouded notions in the brain,	and and
They scrible in a cloudy ftrain;	San'l
Defire of verse they recken wit,	55
And rhime without one grain of it.	a coll
Then hurry forth in publick town	
Their scrawls, left they should be unknown.	7.00
Rather than want a fame, they choose	
The plague of an infamous mufe.	60
Unthinking, thus the fots aspire,	
And raife their own reproach the high'r:	g netal
By meddling with the modes and fashions	
Of women of policest nations,	
Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,	63
That in their ipirit fomething bold is,	
To challenge those who have the skill,	1610
By charms to fave, and frowns to kill.	50 (0.4)
If not ambition, then tis spite,	
Which makes the puny infects write.	70
Like old and mouldy maids turn'd four,	
When distant charms have lost their pow'r,	
flyout in loud transports of passion,	
When ought that's new comes first in fashion;	1040 47
Till by degrees it creeps right snodly	75
On hips and head-dress of the g-y-	
Thus they to please the fighing fifters,	
Who often beet them in their mifters,	)
With their malicious breath fet fail,	0-
and write these filly things they rail.	80

78. Beet them in their Misters.) Oblige them upon occa-

The

Pimps!

Pimps! fuch as you can ne'er extend
A flight of wit, which may amend
Our morals; that's a plot too nice
For you to laugh folks out of vice.
Sighing, oh hey! ye cry, alace!
This fardingale's a great diffrace?
And all indeed, because an ancle,
Or foot is seen, might monarchs mancle;
And makes the wise, with face upright,
Look up, and bless heav'n for their fight.

In your opinion nothing matches,
O horrid fin! the crime of patches!
'Tis false, ye clowns; I'll make't appear,
The glorious sun does patches wear:
Yea, run thro' all the frame of nature,
You'll find a patch for ev'ry creature:
Even you your selves, ye blackned wretches,
To Heliconians are the patches,

But grant that ladies modes were ills
To be reform'd; your creeping skills,
Ye rhimers, never would succeed,
Who write what the polite ne'er read.
To cure an error of the fair,
Demands the nicest prudent care;
Wit utter'd in a pleasing strain,
A point so delicate may gain:
But that's a task as far above
Your shallow reach, as I'm from Jove.

No more then let the world be vexed With baggage empty and perplexed:
But learn to speak with due respect
Of Peggie's breasts and svory neck.
Such purblind eyes as yours'tis true,
Shou'd ne'er such divine beauties view.
If Nellie's hoop be twice as wide
As her two pretty limbs can stride;

At what ev Expose to Does not t The pious Who can Regard w And will y You grum Pray leav' Who wate Fo Thape And place This shou Since we : What from in gesture But you! Unworthy Hafte to C

What then

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Where creative the vulgate by what the Yea, form Cannot did Hence po In Scotlan Whose here

And there

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10 Our pape

In that po Yet all the Wh Of manki

그 그들이 나는 사람이 되는 것이 아니는 아이들이 얼마나 아니는 것이 없는 것이 없는 것이 없어요?	
The SCRIBLERS Lash'd.	69
What then? will any man of fense	10.86.63
Take umbrage, or the least offence,	a rate.
At what even the most modest may	0.520
Expose to Phabus' brightest ray?	120
Does not the handsome of our city,	
The pious, chafte, the kind and witty,	
Who can afford it, great and fmall,	
Regard well thapen fardingale?	VA NEUTT.
And will you, Mag-pyes, make a noise?	321
You grumble at the lady's choice?	no bak
Pray leav't to them, and mothers wife,	000
Who watch their conduct, mein and guife,	07/11/2
To Thape their weeds as fits their ease;	
And place their patches as they please.	430
This shou'd be granted without grudging,	TARLET
Since we all know they're best at judging,	
What from mankind demands devotion,	the first
in gesture, garb, free airs, and motion.	100
But you! unworthy of my pen!	435
Unworthy to be class'd with men!	exts back
Haste to Caffar, ye clumfy fots,	wich na
And there make love to Hottentots.	WAS THE
Another fett with ballads waste	of page 5
Our paper, and debauch our taste	740
With endless 'larms on the street,	i lastr
Where crowds of circling rabble meet.	4
The vulgar judge of poetry, a lead was room to	0 20 00
By what these hawkers sing and cry:	In box
Yea, some who claim to wit amis,	445
Cannot distinguish That from This.	v rigs E
Hence poets are accounted now	During to
In Scotland a mean empty crew:	
Whole heads are crazid, who spend their time	and i
In that poor wretched trade of rhime.	TEO
When the learn'd dicerning part	12 1 1 B
	Is

On an o Where o We orde To write Pedants, Learn'd Each Spi Who kn Dealers? Acrostick And all w To be ca Who car Whilft'tis But to all And jog o Be't ke Since all t They muf To Plato's There to a To use the Now kno humph a he furies h bhang, or brough bog rfu'd with e'er ye dar d god of ha herefore pu

here hands

or ever hop

hare in Ho

	The SCRIBLERS Lash'd. 71	4.
١	On an old virtuoso nation,	
i	Where our lov'd nine maintain their station: 190	
i	We order frick, that all refrain	
5	To write, who learning want, and brain;	
į	Pedants, with Hebrew roots o'ergrown,	
į	Learn'd in each language but their own.	
ì	Each spiritles half flarving sinner,	
ì	Who knows not how to get his dinner:	
č	Dealers in small ware, clinks, whim whams,	
ì	Acrosticks, puns, and anagrams;	
ł	And all who their productions grudge,	
ì	To be canvast by skilful judge, 200	
ŝ	Who can find out indulgent trip,	
	Whilst'tis in harmless manuscript,	
	But to all them who disobey,	
ı	And jog on fill in their own way;	
	Be't bend to all men that our will is, 203	
ı	Since all they write so wretched ill is;	75
	They must dispatch their shallow ghosts,	
	To Plato's Jakes, and take their posts;	
	There to attend, 'till Dis shall deign	
4	To use their works; the use is plain. 210	
1	Now know, ye froundrels, if ye fland	2
,	humph and ha at this command,	
Company	ne furies have prepar'd a halter,	4 1
	bhang, or drive ye helter skelter,	W
	arough bogs and moors, like rats and mice, 215	100
-	Trin'd swith hunger regered lice	
0	e'er ye dare again to croak,	
	d god of harmony provoke.	
	herefore pursue some craft for bread.	
	here hands may better ferve than head; 220	-
	or ever hope in verfe to thine.	
5	hare in Homer's fate or	

On

and the description of the same and the same

## CONTENT. A POEM.

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind; And happy he who can that treasure find: But the base miser starves amidst his store, Broods on his gold, and gripping still for more, Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. DRYDEN.

Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.
PRIOR.

WHEN genial beams wade thro' the dewy more,
And from the clod invite the sprouting corn;
When chequer'd green, wing'd musick, new blows
scents,

Conspir'd to sooth the mind, and please each sense:
Then down a shady haugh I took my way,
Delighted with each flower and budding spray;
Musing on all that hurry, pain and strife,
Which flow from the phantastickills of life.
Enlarg'd from such distresses of the mind,
Due gratitude to heav'n my thoughts refin'd,
And made me in the laughing sage's way,
As a mere farce the murm'ring world survey;
Finding imagin'd maladies abound,
Tenfold for one, which gives a real wound.

Godlike is he whom no false fears annoy,
Who lives content, and grasps the present joy;
Whose mind is not with wild convulsions rent
Of pride, and avarice, and discontent:

II. Laughing Sage.) Democritus.

Whofew Are all ful Then Imo And mak To lowef Of foild b Enlarging Therrich ! A train of And to her Hail ble Parent of Serene cor And make Silenus, t Experience Retail thy What State Thus I add First, to no All mortals Not rack'd Midasthe With empty Meager his t winds bu If dogs shou He fweats a His fleep for Which every

Whole

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Twould bre

### CONTENT Whose well train'd passions, with a pious awe, Are all subordinate to reason's law; Then smooth content arises like the day, And makes each rugged phantom fly away. To lowest men the gives a lib'ral share Of foild blifs, the mitigates our care, Enlarging joys, administrating health; Therich man's pleasure, and the poor man's wealth; A train of comforts on her nod attend, And to her fway profits and honours bend. Hail bleft content! who art by heav'n defrgn'd Parent of health and chearfulness of mind; Serene content fall animate my fong, And make the immortal numbers smooth and strong. Silenus, thou whose hoary beard and head Experience speak, and youth's attention plead; Retail thy gather'd knowledge, and disclose What state of life enjoys the most repose. Thus I addreft : And thus the ancient bard ; First, to no state of life fix thy regard. All mortals may be happy, if they pleafe, Not rack'd with pain, nor lingering difeafe. Midas the wretch, wrapt in his parched rags, With empty paunch, fits brooding o'er his bags; Meager his look, his mind in conftant fright, t winds but move his windows in the night; f dogs fhould bark, or but a moufe make din, He fweats and ftarts, and thinks the thief's got in : His sleep fortakes him vill the dawn appears, Which every thing but such a caitiff chears; tgives him pain to buy a farthing-light, He jums at home in darkness all the night. What makes him manage with fuch cautious pain ?

Iwould break a fum ; a farthing fpent to vain!

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9,

OWD

Whole

:

If e'er he's pleased, 'tis when some needful man Gives ten per Cent with an insuring pawn,

Tho he's provided in as much would serve Whole Nester's years, he ever sears to starve.

Tell him of alms, alas! he'd rather chuse Damnation and the promis'd bliss resuse.

— And is there such a wretch beneath the Sun—?

Yes, he return'd, thousands instead of one,

To whom content is utterly unknown.

Are all the rich men such? — He answer'd, no;

Marcus hath wealth, and can his wealth bestow

Upon himself, his friends, and on the poor,

Enjoys enough, and wishes for no more.

Reverse of these is he who braves the skie,
Cursing his maker when he throws the die:
Gods, devils, suries, hell, heaven, blood and wounds,
Promiscuous sty in bursts of tainted sounds:
He to perdition doth his soul bequeath,
Yet inly trembles when he thinks of death.
Except at game, he ne'er employs his thought
'Till his'd and pointed at, — not worth a groat.
The desp'rate remnant of a large estate
Goes at one throw, and points his gloomy state; 73
He finds his folly now, but finds too late.
Ill brooks my sondling master to be poor,
Bred up to nought but bottle, game, and whore.
How pitiful he looks without his rent!
They who sty virtue, ever sty content.

Now I beheld the fage look'd less severe,
Whilst pity join'd his old satyrick lear.
The weakly mind, said he, is quickly torn,
Men are not gods, some frailries must be born:
Heaven's bounteous hand all in their turn abuse, 85
The happiest men at times their fate refuse,
Besool themselves, — and trump up an excuse.

Is Luci His equa Sterilla The teem

The preg Some of One boy And nurf

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Poor Phil Who cea

The po With pen Look fou Deep fun And all the Each mai Tis stran

Tho' old,

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And all his life proclaims his father fool.

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nds,

He toils in spending. - Leaves's thread-bare fon, To scrape anew, as had his grandfire done. How is the fair Myreilla's bofom fir'd, 129 If Leda's fable locks are more admir'd; While Leda does her fecret fighs dischange, Because her mouth's a ftraw-breadth, ah! too large. Thus fung the fire, and left me to evite The forching beams in some cool green retreat; 130 Where gentle flumber foiz'd my weary'd brain, And mimick fancy op'd the following feene, and and Methought I food upon a rifing ground, A (plendid landskip open'd all around, Rocks, rivers, meadows, gardens, parks and woods; 13 And domes, which hid their turrers in the clouds; To me approach'da nymph divinely fair, Celeftial virtue shone through all her-air: A nymph for grace, her wildom more renown'd "Adorn'd each grace, and both true valour crown'd. 14 Around her heav'nly smiles a helmer blaz'd, And graceful as the mov'd, a spear the gently rais'd. My fight at first the lustre scarce could bear, Her dazling glories shone for strong and clear: A majesty sublime, with all that's sweet, Did adoration claim, and love invite. I telt her wildom's charm my thoughts infpire. Her dauntless courage fer my foul on fire. The maid, when thus I knew, I foon addrest, My present wishful thoughts the thome suggest : Of all th'etherial powers thou noblest maid, . To human weaknels lend'it the readiest aid :

To where content and her bleft train refide,
Immortal Pallus, deign to be my guide.

With my request well pleas dyour course we bent, of To find the habitation of content.

Thro' Where c Here Vi And dari Auendin Array'd i Here chie As his wh Even in la Who wan Busah! a Shaking Which w Than brin Here, faic Where b

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Tino

Thro' fierce Bellong's tents we first advanc'd, Where cannons bounc'd, and nervous horses pranc'd: Here Vi & Armis lat with dreadful aw And daring front, to prop each nation's law; Auending squadrons on her motions wait, Array'd in deaths, and fearless of their fate. Here chieftain fouls glow'd with as great a fire, As his who made the world but one empire. Even in low ranks brave spirits might be found, Who wanted nought of monarchs but a crown. Burah! ambition flood a foe to peace, Shaking the empty fob and ragged fleece; Which were more hideous to these sons of war, Than brimstone, smoak, and storms of bullets are. 170 Here, faid my guide, content is rarely found, Where blood and noity jars befor the ground, Trade's wealthy ware boule next fell in our way. Where in great bales part of each nation lay, The Spanish citron, and Hesperie's Oil. Berfin's foft product, and the Chinese toil; Warm Bornes spices Arab sigented gum, The Polish amber, and the Saxon mum, The Orient pearl, Holland's lace and toys, And tinfie work, which the fair nun imploys, From Indiaivory, and the clouded cane, And Coacheneal from fraits of Magellan. The Seandingsian rolin, bemp and tar, The Lapland furs, and Russa caviare, The Gailick punchion charg'd with ruby juice, Which makes the hearts of gods and men rejoice. Britannia here pours from her plenteous horn, Her shining mirrors, clock-work, cloaths and corn. Here Cent per Cents fat poring o'er their books,

E 3

While many shew'd the bankrupts in their looks, 190

Who

Who by missing an agement their stock had spent,
Curs'd these hard times, and blam'd the government.
The missive letter, and peremptor bill,
Forbade them rest, and call'd forth all their skill.
Uncertain credit bore the sceptre here,
And her prime ministers were hope and fear.
The surly churs demanded what we sought,
Content said I, may she with gold be bought?
Content! said one, then star'd and bit his thumb,
And leering ask'd, if I was worth a plum.

Love's fragrant fields, where mildest western gales,
Loaden with sweets, perfume the hills and dales;
Where longing lovers haunt the streams and glades,
And cooling groves, whose verdure never fades;
Thither with joy and hasty steps we strode,
There sure I thought our long'd for bliss abode.
Whom first we met on that enchanted plain,
Was a tall yellow-hair'd young pensive swain;
Him I addrest, — O youth, what heavenly power
Commands and graces you Elysian bower?
Sure 'tis content, else much I am deceiv'd.
The shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I rav'd.
Rare she appears, unless on some fine day
She grace a nuptial, but soon hastes away:
If her you seek, soon hence you must remove,

Thro' these and other shrines we wander'd long,
Which merit no description in my song:
'Till at the last, methought we cast our eye
Upon an antique temple, square and high,
Its area wide, its spire did pierce the sky;

Her presence is precarious in love.

200. Worth a Plum. ) 100,000 Lib.

On adma Strong G Nothing: Which pla Whilst we To us app Bothawe Which fp He ask'd Content Not far fr Ours The Philosoph And in ret Then strai By Socrate Improved Lengthen Through Enjoy'd th In pitchy Where ph The ugly b Frightful i Then thus Your way Come bris Mere emp Which me Encourag My noble

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On

On admantine Dorick pillars rear'd, Strong Gothick Work the maffy pile appear'd: Nothing feem'd little, all was great defign'd, Which pleas'd the eye at once, and fill'd the mind. Whilst wonder did my curious thoughts engage, To us approach'd a studious rev'rend sage: Bothawe and kindness his grave aspect bore, Which fpoke him rich with wisdom's finest store. He ask'd our errand there, - 'Straight, I reply'd, 230 Content; in these high towers does she reside? Not far from hence, faid he, her palace stands, Ours she regards, as we do her demands, Philosophy sustains her peaceful sway, And in return the feafts us every day. 235 Then straight an antient telescope he brought, By Socrates and Epictetus wrought, Improved fince, made easier to the fight, Lengthen'd the tube, the glasses ground more bright: Through this he shew'd a hill, whose lofty brow Enjoy'd the Sun, while vapours all below, In pitchy clouds, encircled it around, Where phantoms of most horrid forms abound; The ugly brood of lazy spleen and fear, Frightful in shape, most monstrous appear. Then thus my guide, Your way lies through you gloom, be not agast, Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past: Mere empty spectres, harmless as the air, Which merit not your notice, less your care. Encourag'd with her word, I thus addrest My noble guide, and grateful joy exprest. Ofacred wildom! thine's the fource of light,

Without thy blaze the world would grope in night,

ay aw ni East

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While not

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290

Each

Of woe and bliss thou only art the test, 25%	Each d
Falshood and truth before thee stand confest:	Wasorde
Thou mak'ft a double life : one nature gave,	And then
But without thine; what is it mortals have?	' Who ar
A breathing motion grazing to the grave.	'Shall ha
Now through the damps methought we boldly went,	Of difag
Smiling at all the grins of discontent:	Rais'd
Tho' oft pull'd back, the rifing ground we gain'd,	The godd
Whilft inward joy my weary'd limbs fustain'd.	The beau
Arriv'd the height, whose top was large and plain,	Sweetnef
And what appear'd foon recompens'd my pain, 265.	Her look
Nature's whole beauty deck'd the enamell'd scene.	Not rich h
Amidft the glade the facred palace flood,	Unfurrow
The architecture not so fine as good;	Tho' old a
Nor fcrimp, nor goulty, regular and plain,	And all he
Plain were the columns which the roof sustain: 270	That ever
An eafy greatness in the whole was found,	An Olive
Where all that nature wanted did abound.	And her ri
But here no beds are screen'd with rich brocade,	Crofs Tou
Nortewel-logs in filver grates are laid:	To try the
No broken China bowls disturb the joy 275	Grim judg
Of waiting handmaid, or the running boy;	Unfit t'ap
Nor in the cupboard heaps of plate are rang'd,	To him
To be with each splenetick fashion chang'd.	Unweildy
A weather-beaten fentry watch'd the gate,	His being.
Of temper crofs, and practis'd in debare: 280	e fough
Till once acquaint with him, no entry here,	Now let n
Tho' brave as Gafar, or as Helen fair:	Butiefer
To strangers fierce, but with familiars tame,	Know, g
And Touchstone Disappoinsment was his name.	VIE . P
This fair inscription shone above the gate, 285	The thoug
Fear none but him whose Will directs thy Fate.	Brought or
With smile austere he lifted up his head,	Which dim
Pointed the characters and bid us read.	He lost the

We did, and stood resolv'd. The gates at last

Op'd of their own accord, and in we paft.

How

### CONTENT.

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nt,

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Each

Each day a herauld, by the queen's command,
Was order'd on a mount to take his stand,
And thence to all the earth this offer make,
'Who are inclin'd her favours to partake,
'Shall have them free, if they small rubs can bear, 295'
Of disappointment, spleen and bug-bear fear.

Rais'd on a throne within the outer gate.
The goddels fat, her vot'ries round her wait:
The beautiful divinity difclos'd
Sweetnels sublime, which roughest cares compos'd:300.
Her looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,
Not rich her dress, but suitable and clean:
Unsurrow'd was her brow, her cheeks were smooth,
Tho' old as time, enjoy'd immortal youth;
And all her accents so harmonious slow'd,
That every list'ning ear with pleasure glow'd.
An Olive garland on her head she wore,
And her right hand a Cornucopie bore.
Cross Touchstone fill'd a bench without the door,

To try the Sterling of each humane ore:

Grim judge he was, and them away he fent,

Unfit t' approach the shrine of calm content.

To him a hoary dotard load with bags:

Unweildy load! to one who hardly drags
His being. \_\_\_ More than feventy years, faid he,
I've fought this court, 'till now unfound by me:
Now let me reft. \_\_\_ Yes, if ye want no more;
But e'er the Sun has made his annual tour,
Know, grov'ling wretch, thy wealth's without thy

The thoughts of death, and ceasing from his gain, 320 Brought on the old man's head fo sharp a pain, Which dim'd his optick nerves, and with the light He lost the palace, and crawl'd back to night.

Poor griping thing, how useless is thy breath, While nothing's so much long dior as thy death?

How meanly hast thou spent thy lease of years? A flave to poverty, to toils and fears; And all to vie with some black rugged hill, Whose rich contents millions of chefts can fill. As round the greedy rock clings to the mine, 330 And hinders it in open day to thine, Till diggers hew it from the spar's embrace, Making it circle, stampt with Cafar's face ; So dost thou hoard, and from thy prince purloin His uleful image, and thy country coin, Till gaping heirs have free'd the imprison'd flave, When to their comfort thou haft fill'd a grave. The next, who with a janty air approach'd, Was a gay youth who thither had been coach'd: Sleek were his Flanders mares, his liv'ries fine, 340 With glittering gold his furniture did fhine. Sure such methought may enter when they please, Who have all these appearances of ease. Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd, Attempt' to pass, but found himself deceiv'd: 345 Old Touchstone gave him on the breast a box, Which op'd the fluces of a latent pox, Then bid his equipage in haste depart. The youth look'd at them with a fainting heart; 350 He found he could not walk, and bid them flay, Swore three cramp oaths, mounted and wheel'd away. The pow'r express'd herself thus with a smile, · These changing shadows are not worth our while; With smallest trifles of their peace is torn, If here at night, they rarely wait the morn. 355 A rusticl Another beau as fine, but more vivace, With forke Whose airs fat round him with an easy grace, Palms shoo And well bred motion, came up to the gate, With legs I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his fate. He 'midst t The fentry broke his clouded cane, -he smil'd, 360

Gotfairly in, and all our fears beguil'd.

The cane And thus t Each th To then Two h Their love Three wa Each load One mov' Another b But the m Was hers My mind Hoping n So manne Enough al But foon I Who acte Them thu You're n What loa I'll try if The China And loft a For use or But all in [] Now ever Give place The bring Whilft the

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The cane was foon renew'd which had been broke, And thus the vertue to the circle spoke, Each thing magnificent or gay we grant, To them who're capable to bear their want. Two handsome toasts came next, them well I knew, Their lovely make the court's observance drew; Three waiting maids attended in the rear, Each loaden with as much as she could bear: One mov'd beneath a load of filks and face, 370 Another bore the offsets of the face; But the most bulky burden of the three, Was hers who bore the utenfils of Bobee. My mind indulgent in their favour pled, Hoping no opposition would be made: 37**5** so mannerly, fo smooth, so mild their eye, Enough almost to give content envy. But foon I found my error, the bold judge, Who acted as if prompted by fome grudge, 380 Them thus faluted with a hollow tone, You're none of my acquaintance, get you gone; What loads of trump'ry these ?-- ha, where's my cross? I'll try if these be solid ware or boss, The China felt the fury of his blow, And loft a being, or for use or show, For use or show no more's each plate or cup, 350 But all in shreds upon the threshold drop. away. Now every charm which deck'd their face before, Give place to rage, and beauty is no more. The briny stream their rosy cheeks besmear'd, Whilst they in clouds of vapours disappear'd. 355 A rustick hinde, attir'd in home spun gray, With forked locks, and shoes bedaub'd with clay; Palms shod with horn, his front fresh, brown and broad. With legs and shoulders fitted for a load; He 'midft ten bawling children laugh'd and fung, While confort hob mails on the payement rung :

Up to the poster unconcern'd he came, Forcing along his offspring and their dame. Crofs Touchstone strove to stop him, but the clown 400 At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down; And spite of him into the palace went, Where he was kindly welcom'd by content.

Two Busbian phylosophs put in their claims, Gamaliel and Critis were their names; But soon's they had our British Homer seen, With face unruffl'd waiting on the queen, Envious hate their furly bosoms fir'd, Their colour chang'd, they from the porch retir'd: Backward they went, reflecting with much rage On the bad tafte and humour of the age, Which pay'd so much respect to nat'ral parts, While they were starving graduates of arts. The goddess fell a laughing at the fools, And fent them packing to their grammar schools; 415 Or in some garret elevate to dwell,

There with Sifyphian toil to teach young Beaus to spell.

Now all this while a gale of eastern wind, And cloudy skies opprest the humane mind; The wind let west, back'd with the radiant beams, 420 Which warm'd the air, and danc'd upon the ftreams, Exhal'd the spleen, and sooth'd a world of souls, Who crowded now the avenue in thoals. Numbers in black, of widowers, relicts, heirs, Of new wed lovers many handlome pairs; 425 Men landed from abroad, from camps and feas; Others got through some dangerous disease : A train of Belles adorn'd with fomething new, And even of ancient prudes there were a few, Who were refresh'd with scandal and with tea, Which for a space set them from vapours free.

Here from their cups the lower species flockt, And knayes with bribes and chearing methods flockt-

The p They sho But be co There to Soon :

The fabr Old age a With hor Which m Issue in h

None Who had The man His spou She neith See thou

Now wh

Into a fir I faw, or Adorn'd Profusely But as m' The happ The field Pleas'd fo Straight a Again the And hills

Somet la bufy t To know And bour

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00	The pow'r furvey'd the troop, and gave They should no longer in the entry stand, But be convey'd into Chimera's tower. There to attend her pleasure for an hour. Soon as they entred, apprehension shour. The fabrick: fear was fixe on every look	We can had wo We canced o Waca afferels Architon again
	Old age and poverty, difeafe, difgrace, With horrid grin, ftar'd full in every tace,	449 C
405	Which made them, trembling at their un	
15.3	Iffue in hafte our by the postern-gate.	
	None waited out their hour but only to	
	Who had been wedded fifteen years ago.	nesor'asa 444 E
410	The man had learn'd the world, and fixt	
	His spoule was chearful, beautiful and ki	
	She neither fear'd the shock, nor phanton	
	See thought her husband wife, and knew	
415	there. Now while the court was fitting, my fai	r guide 450
	Into a fine Elysium me convey'd;	Audio securitia
spell.	I faw, or thought I faw, the spacious fiel	Mortgrade ab
	Adorn'd with all prolifick nature yields,	Your prefert to
2111	Profusely rich, with her most valu'd store	bult b'lim t gener.
420	But as m'enchanted fancy wander'd o'er	
ms,	The happy plain, new beauties feem'd to	
iu v	The fields were fled, and all was painted	
14.10	Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former for	
9 54.07	Straight all return'd, and eas'd me of my	pain ola team
425	Again the flow'ry meadows disappear, And hills and groves their stately summi	400
	These fink again, and rapid rivers flow,	
	Next from the rivers cities feem to grow	
	Sometime the fleeting fcene I had for	
440		mahel ada
430	To know the hidden tharm, fraightall	was fled
9.1 (3.11)	And boundless heavins over boundless of	
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Th		Impatient
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Impatient I obtest my noble guide, worth with a Reyeal this wond'rous fecret, the reply'd. We carried on what greatly we delign'd, 470 When all these human follies you resign'd, Ambition, lux'ry, and a cov'tous mind: Yet think not true content can thus be bought, There's wanting still a train of virtuous thought. When me your leader prudently you chule, And lift'ning to my counsel, didft refuse Fantastick joys, your foul was thus prepar'd For true content; and thus I do reward Your gen'rous toil. Observe this wonderous clime; Of nature's bleffings here are hid the prime : But wife and virtuous thought in constant course, Must draw these beauties from their hidden source; The fmallest intermissions will transform The pleasant scene, and spoil each perfect charm. 'Tis agly vice will rob you of content, And to your viewall hellish woes present. Nor grudge the care in vertue you employ, Your present toil will prove your future joy. Then smil'd she heav'nly fweet, and parting faid, Hold fast your virtuous mind, of nothing be afraid. A while the charming voice fo fill'd my ears, I griev'd the divine form no more appears. Then to confirm my yet unfteady mind, Under a lonely shadow I reclin'd, To try the virtues of the clime I fought; 495 Then straight call'd up a train of hideous thought, Famine, and blood, and pestilence appear, Wild shrieks and loud laments disturb mine ear; New woes and horrors did my fight alarm. Envy and hate compos'd the wretched charm, 1000

Soon as I faw, I dropt the hateful view,

And thus I fought past pleasures to renew.

integricult

To heav'r Then quic Streams, Calmness A perfect The habi

Back to Refolved Where al In order? My foul w The capti Lifting m Sprang from Reflection Which flo

Rich Death

W H

My Apron

Be merry

An Expla

W H A merry To raife

Richy and

To heav'nly love my thoughts I next compose,
Then quick as thought the following sighs disclose:
Streams, meadows, grotto's, groves, birds carrolling,
Calmness, and temp'rate warmth, and endless spring;
A perfect transcript of these upper bowers,
The habitation of th' immortal powers.

Back to the palace ravished I went,
Resolved to reside with blest content,
Where all my special friends methought I met,
In order 'mongst the best of mankind set:
My soul with too much pleasure overcharg'd,
The captiv'd senses to their post enlarg'd:
Listing mine eyes I view'd declining day,
Sprang from the green, and homeward bent my way,
Restecting on that hurry, pain and strife,
Which slow from salse and real ills of life.

75

80

85

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495

500

han

To

# RICHY and SANDY, a Pastoral on the Death of Joseph Addison, Esq;

#### RICHY.

HAT gars thee look fae dowf, dear Sandy, fay?

Chear up dull fallow, take thy reed and play,

My Apron Deary,—or some wanton tune:

Be merry lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

SAND1.

An Explanation of Richy and Sandy, by Josiah Burchet, Esq;

#### RICHT.

WHAT makes thee look so sad, dear Sandy, say?
Rouse up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play.
A merry jig, or try some other art,
To raise thy spirits, and cheer up thy heart.

Richy and Sandy.) Sir Richard Steel and Mr. Alexander Pope.

SANDT

Todaye Sand Na Britan avol vin'vest of

Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane, This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whiftle nane.

prices, and remotar Haraist, And exclets bland

Wow man, that's unco' fad, \_\_\_ Is that ye'r jo Has ta'en the ftrunt? --- Or has some bogle-bo Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg ? Gr has some dawted wedder broke his leg?

S. A. N. D. T.

Naithing like that, fic troubles eith were born, What's bogles, --- wedders, --- or what Manjy's fcorn? Our loss is meikle mair, and past remeed. Edie, that play'd, and lang fae lweer, is dead.

R. L.C. H. Y.

Dead, fay'ft thou? oh! had up my heart O Pan! 15 Ye gods; what laids ye lay on tecklefsman!

Alake

## XPLANATIO

No, no, it will not do! leave me to moan, Till twice eight days are past I'll whistle none.

RICHT.

That's strange indeed ! has Jenny made thee fad? Or tell me, hath some horrid spectre, lad, (Glaring from ruins old, in filent night) Surpriz'd, and put thee in a panic fright? Or alls that wedder ought, thy favourite

SANDT.

Such troubles might with much more eafe be born: What's goblins, wedders, or what's woman's fcorn? Our lois is greater far; for Addy's dead, Addy, who fang fo fweetly on the mead.

R L C HAT gara , Sigron A

Dead is he, fay'st thou? guard my heart, oh Pan! What burthens, gods, ye lay on feeble man! LotA and Sandy ) Bir Richard Recelons Mr Alexanter Pope.

2 2 V. k in

Alake the 'll bear y A better l Or hound Blyth at th Heartsom

That's And with fumme To hear h How Iwee of wimp itry the I Best jung

E,

Alack I Nor hope A better Nor after How glad Merry on

That's We feek I never th To hear I How fwee And wind Titry, th Sang best

27. How f allifax lot

3.5

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15

Make

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in A

HOL.

Alack

Alake therefore, I canna wyt ye'r wao, 'll bear ye company for year and day. A better lad ne'er lean'd out ofen a kent, was a mile a Or hounded coly o'er the mostly bent: Blyth at the bought how att ha; we three been, Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green. S A N D T. That's true indeed! but now that days are gane, And with him a' that's pleasant on the plain. fummer day I never thought it lang To hear him make a roundel or a fang. low fweet he fung where vines and myrdes grow, of wimpling waters which in Latium flow, itry the Mantuan herd wha lang finfyne was a may U best fungion aeten reed the lover's pine, 30 Had

## EXPLANATION.

Alack I cannot blame thee for thy grief;
Nor hope I, more than thou, to find relief.
A better lad ne'er lean'd on fhepherd's crook,
Nor after game halloo'd his dog to look.
How glad where ews give milk have we three been,
Merry on hills, and gay upon the green!

That's true indeed; but now, alas! in vain.
We feek for pleafure on the rural plain:
I never thought a fummer's day too long.
To hear his couplets, or his tuneful fong.
How fweet he fang where vines and myrtles grow,
And winding freams which in old Latium flow!
Titry, the Mantuan herd, who long ago
Sang best on oaten reed the lover's woe,

27. How fweet.) His poetick epiftle from Italy to the Earl

Did

. . . . .

Had he been to the fore now in our days,
Wi' Edie he had frankly dealt his bays.
As lang's the warld shall Amaryllis ken,
Mis Rosamond shall eccho thro' the glen;
While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,
Or wand'ring lambs rin bleeting after ews,
His fame shall last: last shall his fang of weirs,
While British bairus brag of their bauld forbears.
We'll mickle miss his blyth and witty jest
Acspaining time, or at our Lambmass feast.
O, Richy, but 'tis hard that death ay reaves
Away the best sowck, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down ye'r heads ye hills, greet out ye'r springs.
Upon ye'r edge na mair the shepherd sings.

some a vive and horres on RICHT

## EXPLANATION.

Did he, fam'd bard, but live in these our days,
He would with Addy freely share his bays.
As long as shepherds Amaryllis hear,
So long his Rosamond shall please the ear.
While spangled daise near the riv'let grows,
And tender lambs seek after bleating ews,
His same shall last. Last shall his song of wars,
While British youngsters boast of ancestors.
Much shall we miss his merry witty jests,
At weaning times, and at our Lambmass seasts.
Oh Richy! Richy! death hath been unkind
To take the good, and leave the ill behind.
Bow down your heads ye hills, weep dry your springs,
For on their banks no more the shepherd sings.

34. Rolamond.) An opera wrote by him. 37. Sang of Weirs.) His campaign.; In heroick poem. Than he And kend Had I been He wad had Rosse to Worry'd no Kindly he And tauk of ilka this He kend be He kend, He'd tell of Blind John How the il

E :

Then I And coul When I'v In one had Jens Worry'd Kindly he And by he Addy did Saw by the knew He'd tell The fam'

57. Blind the excelle

How env

## RICHY and SANDY.

RICHT.

35

HI

CHI

Than he had ay a good advice to gi'e,

And kend my thoughts amaift as well as me;
Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins sow'r,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour.
Had Rosie ta'en the dorts,—or had the tod
Worry'd my lamb,—or were my feet ill shod,
Kindly he'd laugh when sae he saw me dwine,
And tauk of happiness like a divine.
Of ilka thing he had an unco' skill,
He kend be moon light how tides ebb and fill.
He kend, what kend he no? e'en to a hair
He'd tell o'er night gin neist day wad be fair.
Blind John, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise;

Monv

#### EXPLANATION.

sail as Rife C. Hur. is a same for safe

Then he had always good advice to give,
And could my thoughts, like as my felf, conceive.
When I've been drooping, vex'd, or in the spleen,
In one half hour with him I've merry been.
Had Jenny froward been, or Reynard bold
Worry'd my lamb, or were my shoes grown old;
Kindly he'd smile, when he observ'd me grieve,
And by histalk divine my breast relieve.
Addy did all things to perfection know;
Saw by the moon how tides would ebb or flow.
He knew, what knew he not? e'en to a hair
He'd tell o'er night if next day would be fair.
The fam'd blind bard sang in mysterious phrase
How envious Satan did first mischief raise;

57. Blind John.) The famous Mr. Milton, the author of the excellent poem on Paradife Loft, was blind.

But

Mony a time beneath the auld birk-tree,
What's bonny in that fang he loot me fee.
The lasses aft flang down their rakes and pales,
And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales,
S. A. N. D. Y.

Sound be his fleep, and fatt his wak 'ning be,

He's in a better case than thee or me;

He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en.

Their ain but back, — he was a borrow'd len.

Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift.

Then may we yet torgether 'boon the lift.

But see the sheep are wysing to the cleugh;

Thomas has loosed his outen trae the pleugh;

Maggy by this has bewk the supper-scores.

And nuckle kye stand rowting on the loans:

Come, Richy, let us trust and hame o'er bend,

And make the best of what we canna mend.

#### EXPILIAN NIA TITO NE

But oft beneath the well-spread birchen-tree
The beauties of that song he made me see.
The lasses of slung down their rakes and pales.
And held their tongues, oh strange! to hear his tales.

Sound be his fleep, and foft his waking he;
More happy is he far than thee or me:
Too good he was for us; the gods but lent.
Him here below, when hither he was fent.
Let us be good, if virtue he our aim,
Then we may meet above the skies again.
But fee how tow'rds the glade the fatlings go;
Thomas hath ta'en the oxen from the plough;
Joan hath prepar'd the fupper 'gainft we come,
And late calf'd cows frand lowing near their home:
Then let's have done, and to our reft repair,
And what we cannot help, with patience bear.

100

To Mr

lis endlei and thou l ichy and long as th the gratel dourn fad Nor would Thy pious ince Add live him When he d t feem'd : ad prefer rac'd ev'i n council i Then loud ind ftill pt le pushes i thus beare he Gallic Vho, as I rom threa Nor doft

y ought co

or none b

wellunr

# To Mr. A L. A.N. R. A.M. S.A.Y., Son o his Richy and Sandy:

#### By Mr. BURCHET.

boil

e :

E L.L. fare thee, allan, who in mother tongue. So fweetly hath of breathless Addy fung. disendless fame thy nat ral genius fir d, nd thou hast written as if he inspir'd. ichy and Sandy, who do him furvive, long as thy rural ftanza's laft, shall live. the grateful Iwains thou'st made, in tuneful verle. fourn fadly o'er their late --- loft patron's hearfe. Nor would the Mantuan bard, if living, blame Thy pious zeal, or think thou'd hurthis fame. ince Addison's immisable lays . she v at soll aceronic Give him an equal ticle to the bays, a saure into deci W When he of armies fang, in lofty ftrains, and a standard t feem'd as if he in the hoffile plains to a a do aguoC lad present been. His pen harbro the life. rac'd ev'ry action in the fanguine ftrife. n council now fedate the chief appears and you said sel Then loudly thunders in Bavarian dars y od do dood nd ftill purfuing the deftructive theme, and dayld it e pulhes them into the rapid tream. ad , somura de has bearen out of Blenheim's heighbring fielder vald he Gallic gen'rat to the wickory iolds, a fisid set of De Tho, as Britannia's Virgit hath observed, rom threaten'd fare all Europe then prefery'd. Nordoff thou, Rumfay, lightles Milron wrong, 125 yought contain'd in thy melodious long; or none but Addy could his thoughts fublime owell unriddle, or his mystick rhime. And

## p4 To Josian Burchet, Efq;

And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove
Where fun-burnt shepherds to the nymphs make love
No one e'er told in softer notes the tales
Of rural pleasures in the spangled vales.

So much, Oh Allan! I thy lines revere, Such veneration to his mem'ry bear, That I no longer could my thanks refrain For what thou'ft fung of the lamented (wain.)

## To Josian Burchet, Efg;

so faveerly hash of breathlels Ad

THIRSTING for fame, at the Pierian spring
The poet takes a waught, then seys to sing
Nature, and with the tentiest view to hit
Her bonny side with bauldest turns of wit.
Streams slide in verse, in verse the mountains rise,
When earth turns toom he rummages the skies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of rest,
Doups down to visit ilka laigh-land ghaist.
O hartsome labour! wordy time and pains,
That, frae the best, esteem and friendship gains.
Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike
Stock-job the warld among them as they like.

In blyth braid score allow me, fir, to shaw a My gratitude, but fleetching or a flaw.

May rowth o'pleasures light upon ye lang.

Till to the blest Elysian bowers ye gang;

Wha've clapt my head sae brawly for my sang.

When honour'd Burehet and his maiks are pleas'd.

With my corn pipe, up to the starns I'm heez'd;

14. But fleetching.) But is frequently used for without, is without flat ring.

Whence had view That who I like the Stand you With the

If fic g

As fpin a frae me to Frae me to Sae gen'r Till I can And aft in Minding to Sweet Act Wha fell, Nulli fleb.

Familia LIA

RA

) Fam

Whene

ba A

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 95
Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time, 20
And view the warld delighted wi' my rhime.
That when the pride of sprush new words are laid,
I like the Claffic authors shall be read.
Stand your proud Czar, I wadna niffer fame
With thee, for a thy furrs and paughty name. 25
If fic great ferlies, fir, my muse can do,
As spin a three-plait praise where it is due,
the same described to the train you.
Frae me! frae ilky ane; for fure a breaft
Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good poffeft,
Till I can ferve ye mair, I'll with ye weell,
And aft in sparkling claret drink your heel: Minding the mem'ry of the great and good
Sweet Addison, the wale of humane blood,
Wha fell, (as Horace anes faid to his Billy)
Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili.
Wete perclive in Linkynioting
Like kings content R. I. S. gerryn ;
Tweet be a plogle,
Yours, &c.

as we will not only

AL. RAMSAY.

Familiar Epifiles between Lieutenant WIL-LIAM HAMILTON and ALLAN RAMSAY.

### EPISTLE 1.

GILBER THIELD, June 26th, 1719.

OFam'd and celebrated ALLAN!
Ronowned RAMSAY, canty callan,

iont, i.e

Whene

to To Thea M

There's

## FAMILIAN EPISTLES

There's nowther highlandman nor lawlan, In poetrie, work work and

But may as foon ding down Tampallan

As match wi thee For ten times ten, and that's a hunder, I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder, When frae Parnaffus thou didft thunder,

Wi'wit and skill,

Wherefore I'll foberly knock under, And quat my quill

Of poetry the hail quintessence Thou has sucked up, lett nae excressence To petty poets, or fic messens,

Tho' round thy Rool. They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons At Ramfay's school.

Tho Ben and Dryden of renown Were yet alive in London town, Like kings contending for a crown ;

'Twad be a pingle, Whilk o' you three wad gar words found And best to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat, Wer't in my pow'r but I'd create Thee upo' fight the laureat

a'susd'i

Of this our age, Since thou may it fairly claim to that As thy just wage.

4. Tamtallon.) An old fortification upon the firth of Fort ike princes in East Lothian.

13. Tho Ben.) The celebrated Ben Johnston. 19. The Laureat.) Scots Ramfay prefs'd hard, and sturd ly vaunted.

. 171 , dide Held fight for the land before he would want it:

But fifit Apollo, and cry d, Peace the

Your wit is obscure to one half of the

B. Seff. of Post Ifle.

Let m Gin they Wha foo

And fend

Wha b And lear When the

Which co

Now th nd be as t Ed'nbu

Gin that m

At craml Drown ilk Vhilk aften

Yow, WOY

Wi' wine Then enter ree of ill af

32. Haff pa ord Hyndfor A

Wit Be And

	FAMILIAR EPISTLES.	97
17.0	Let modern poets bear the blame	
an A	Gin they respect not Ramfay's name,	1.15.77
1	Wha foon can gar them greet for fhame,	5 5 5 8 C
	To their great loss;	
11.13	And fend them a' right fneaking hame	24
	Be weeping-crofs.	-4
11	Wha bourds wi' thee had need be warry,	
1	And lear wil skill thy thrust to parry,	
מום כ	When thou consults thy dictionary	
	Of ancient words,	1" "
916	Which come frae thy poetick quarry,	28
1	As sharp as swords.	10
. land	Now tho' I should baith reel and rottle,	
	and be as light as Aristotle,	
20.774	At Ed'nburgh we fall ha'e a bottle	
£ . 1	Of reaming claret,	De Y
4	Gin that my haff-pay filler shottle	32
	Can fafely spare it.	A Cin
	At crambo then we'll rack our brain,	
U	Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,	DAVI
	Vhilk aften does our spirits drain	
	Of true content;	
	Yow, wow! but we's be wonder fain,	36
en est	When thus acquaint,	
	Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,	
11.10	hen enter in a lasting league,	m
11.	ree of ill aspect or intrigue,	
CT-	And gin you please it,	
of Fo	ike princes when mer at the Hague,	40
	We'll solemnize it.	10.00
nd stu	32. Fian pay.) He ned his committee nonourably	in my
he wo	ord Hyndford's regiment.	
	And may the stars wha mine aboon	
ace th	Be to my friend auspicious soon,	
alf of	And cherish ay sae fine a spirit.	2
of P	000	Accept

#### 98 FAMILIAR EPISTERS.

With favour, the poor I have done it; Sae I conclude and end my former,

Who am most fully,

While I do wear a Hat or bonnes, Yours — wanton Willy.

#### POSTSCRIPT

BY this my polifeript lincline
To let you ken my hail design
Of sic a lang impersed line,

Lyes in this fentence,

To cultivate my dull ingine

By your acquaintance.

Your answer therefore Lexpect,
And to your friend you may direct,
At Gilbertfield do not neglect

when ye have leilure, ...

Which I'll embrace with greatrespect

And perfect pleasure.

#### ANSWER I.

EDINBURGH, July 10th, 1719.

SONSE fame, witty, wanton Willy,
Gin blyth I was na as a filly;
Not a fow pint, nor short hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,

Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy,

As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,

In goffy Don's be candle light,

51. Gilbertfield.) Nigh Glafgow.

There fir

I

Wha's fee

Ha, he But I may When Ha

In verfe t

Sae roo Nae fma My canke

This mon

When I And cou'd Where Bo

Then emi

May I b Gin of yo Ye're neve

And hit th

Ye'll qua

which he which he was 24. Stand

There

	FAMILIAR EP	ISTLES.	99
	There first I saw't, and ca'd it rig	ht,	050
	Andtl	he maist feck	472
2 4	Wha's feen't finfyne, they ca'd a	is tight	8
		at on Heek.	1975
. 44	Ha, heh! thought I, I canna i	fay	
	But I may cock my nofe the day,		
	When Hamilton the bauld and gar		
, but	Lend	s me a heezy,	. Sage
5.17	In verse that flides sae smooth av		12
	Welli	tell'd and eafy.	(1)4
2.01	Sae roos'd by ane of well kend		
	Nae sma did my ambition pettle		2 8 62
	My canker'd criticks it will nettle		
4		e'en sae be't:	45
4.11	This month I'm fure I winna fer		16
		roud I'm wi't.	
de a d	When I begoud first to cun ve		
	And cou'd your Ardry Whins rehe		is not do
2 1/4 J	Where Bonny Heck ran fast and fi		- China
The same	1. 1 · 1 · 1 · 1 · 1 · 1 · 1 · 1 · 1 · 1	rm'd my breaft	
	Then emulation did me pierce,		20
		k fince ne'er ceaff	
	May I be licket wi' a bittle,	2 8 9 8 1 1 m = 12 2 2 2 2 2 2	
	Gin of your numbers I think litt	le;	
	Ye're never rugget, fhan, nor k		313 W
5 (104)		olyth and gabby.	1 - 1
10 201	And hit the spirit to a title,	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR	24
		tandart Habby.	
20, 2314	Ye'll quat yourquill! that wer	eill-willy,	
	Ye's fing fome mair yet, nill ye	will ye,	A GO THE
elt fro	18, Ardry Whins.) The laft v	words of Bonny Ho	ck, of
	Waigh he was Author.	Driver side of the	The same
	24. Standart Habby.) The elegy of Lilbarchan, a finish'd piece of i	its kind.	Polier
	Mil 2 of 12200 2112 1531	d since as legion days	g-mi-file
There	F 2		O'er

	1	
100	FAMILIAR EPISTLES.	
O'er me	eikle haining wad but spill ye,	
	And gar ye four,	,
Then up	p and war them a' yet Willy,	2
0	Tis in your power.	
	nit up dollers in a clout,	
	en to eard them round about,	
Syneto	tell up, they downa lout	res. v
	To lift the gear;	
The ma	ilifon lights on that rout,	3
	Is plain and clear.	
	chiels of London, Cam, and Ox,	. ,
THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE	is'd up great poetick stocks	
Ot Rape	es, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks,	
Ta Char	While we neglect we their betters. This provokes	
10 may	Me to reflect.	.3
On th	ne lear'd days of Gunn Dunkell,	
	intry then a tale cou'd tell,	V
Europe h	ad nane mair fnack and fnell	100
Za, open.	At verse or profe;	
Our kin	gs were poets too themfell,	*
9.5	Bauld and jocofe.	
ToE	d'nburgh, fir, when e'er ye come,	
I'll wait	upon ye, there's my thumb,	M
Were't	frae the gill-bells to the drum,	
	And take a bout,	
And fai	th I hope we'll no fit dumb,	. 44
	Nor yet cast out.	
37. Ga Angus, I poems, I	awn dunkell.) Gawn Douglass, brother to the eabishop of Dunkell, who, besides several originath left a most exact translation of Virgil's Estate in the contract of the contra	rl of

40. Our kings.) James the first and fifth.

43. Frae the gill-bells.) From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the musick bells begin to play, frequently called the gill-bells, from peoples taking a wheting dram at that time. To the drum, ten a clock at might, when the drum goes round to warn seber folks to call for a bill.

EPIS-

Dear

That e'e

The b How to Tho', fi

For had y

With j They're f Ogin I w

l'd closs a

In ever To vie wi In verse,

4 Knigh

ordinary entribband, to with an immotto, No

Mann

Parmare rie and alerte.

#### 28

## EPISTLE W.

GILBERITFIELD, July 24th, 1719. to sea for h

Dear RAMSAY,

HEN I receiv'd thy kind epiftle, It made me dance, and fing, and whiftle; Ofica fyke, and fica fiftle later and and an analysis and A

I had about it ! That e'er was knight of the Scots thiftle Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou fent me, How to the nines they did content me; Tho', fir, fae high to compliment me,

Ye might defer'd; For had ye but haff well a kent me, Some less wad ser'd.

With joyfu' heart beyond expression, They're fafely now in my possession: Ogin I were a winter fession:

Near by thy lodging. I'd closs attend thy new profession,

Without e'er budging. In even down earnest, there's but few To vie with Ramfay dare avow, In verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,

And without fleetching.

Knight of the Scots thiftle.) The antient and most noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achaius. The ordinary enfign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green libband, to which was appended a thiftle of gold crown'd with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, 'Nemo me impune laceffet.

32

.36

earl of original Æneis. twelve

quently fram at hen the

EPIS-

Mann.

tob I wanthau Their pirities.	Г
Thou's better at that trade, I trow,	Maun a
Than lome's at preaching.	
For my part, till I'm better least,	Do no
To troke with thee I'd best forbear't;	As if I ch
For an'the foulk of Ed'nburgh hear't,	Tis thy g
They'll ca' me daft,	
I'm unco' irie and dirt-feart XAS WAST WASTA	Thee wit
I make wrang waft.	
Thy veries nice as ever nicker,	E'en n
Made me as canty as a cricket; de and the said a said	Bra to fet
I ergh to reply, left I flick it,	For fifty
Syne like a coof and as with a lad	63
I look, orane whose postch is picket	That I w
amanAs bare's my loof. anno and	1 40 80.05
Heh winfom! how thy fait fweet file, and or woll	And or
And bonny auldwords gar me fmile; and all all all all	As either
Thou's travell'd fare mony a mile	That I lin
Wi' charge and coff, which are	
To learn them thus keep rank and file,	And ther
And ken their polt.	
For I maun tell thee, honest Alle,	What
I use the freedom so to call thee, some as the ing !	May have
I think them a fae brae and walie,	On thir n
And the fic order, vds bestfa slobbl	10 mm
The second of th	To fay, t
I wad nae care to be thy vallie, Or thy recorder.	
Has thou with Rofycracians wandert?	Let co
Or thro' (ome doncie defart danert ?	To ty up
That with thy magick, town and landart,	If they a
For ought I fee,	
a Knight of the Scots thiffle. The antient and mode	For an'th
16. Than fome's at preaching.) This compliment is en-	1 1 30 3 45
tirely free of the fulfome hyperbole.	Tolea
tirely free of the fulfome hyperbole.  S3. Rofycrucians.) A people deeply learn'd in the occult	In fecret
sciences, who convers'd with aerial beings. Gentlemanlike	Bray dip
Maun	J Y
	10A

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

102

F

	FAMILIAR EPISTLES.	103
16	Maun a come truckle to thy standart Of poetrie.	36
		invit M
		adwind1
8		n Egwadt I
	That does infpire	
11/20		on nous
	To thy defire.	1
4	E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,	FILLY.
300	Brato fet o'er a pint of ale:	The english
	For fifty guineas I'll find bail,	of alled
1647	Against a bodle,	
2/	That I wad quat ilk day a mail,	44
ort T	Forfic's nodle.	
1.veoff	And on condition I were as gabby.	
, od?	As either thee, or honest Habby,	
	That I lin'd a' thy class wi' tabby,	
ed told	Or velvet plush,	
21	And then shou'd be far frae shabby	48
lai W	Thou'd look right (pruf	h,
A, hell	What tho' young empty airy sparks	
rijgo	May have their critical remarks	d wald of
	On thir my blyth diverting warks;	ii venera a i
delete	Tis ima prefumption	
33	To fay, they're but unlearned clarks,	52
	And want the gumption	1 5062
014.02	Let coxcomb criticks get a rether	e multiple
EDDY III	To ty up a' their lang loofe lether;	von out
	If they and I chance to forgether,	
	The tane may rue it,	
n X ı	For an'they winna had their blether,	21 H 156
nt is en-	They's get a flewet.	ari this.
e occult	To learn them for to peep and pry	
manlik		ar trans
Maun	Bray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,	15 26 414
ATL AU	And ca' them skellums,	
	. 4	l'm

#### FAMILIAR EPISTLES. I'm fure thou needs fet little by 60 To bide their bellums. Wi' writing I'm so bleirt and doited, an son of. That when I raife, in troth I stoited; I thought I shou'd turn capernoited, For wi' a gird, Upon my bum I fairly cloited On the cald eard. Which did oblige a little dumple Upon my dump, close by my rumple: But had ye feen how I did trumple, Ye'd Tplit your fide, Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple, Like trough of Chide.

#### ANSWER II.

EDINBURGH, August, 4th, 1719.

DE AR Humilton ye'll turn me dyver, My muse sae bonny ye descrive her, Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her, For wi'a whid,

Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
She'll rin red-wood.

Said I, Whisht, quoth the vougy jade,

· William's a wife judicious lad,

Has havins mair than e'er ye had, Ill bred bog-staker;

. Rin red-wood ) Run diffracted.

7. Ill-bred bog staker, but me, &c.) The muse not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanick. Scul-thacker, i. e. thatcher of sculs.

But me y

' It lets E'er I t' And got

A Glafgo

Swith Dad dow Syne whi

Be thank

My mife Said I, I fle Your passion

Shall scand

Frae wh How fadly I'd better b

I've kiss'd

9. It fets comes me m refactoress, praise her o

iz. A Gla kind of leav 14. Dad d 23. Kairn land.

24. I've k

	FAMILIAR EPISTLES.	105
60	But me ye ne'er fae crouse had craw'd, Ye poor scull-thacker	8 H
	· It fets ye well indeed to gadge !	2nn
	E'er I t' Apollo did ye cadge,	111 24
	And got ye on his honour's badge,	400
1111	· Ungratefou beaft,	
64	A Glafgom capon and a tadge	12
-7	'Ye thought a feast.	
	'Swith to Castalius' fountain-brink,	THE TOP I
	Dad down a grouf, and take a drink,	
	Syne whisk out paper, penand ink,	2 2476
	And do my bidding;	
68	Be thankfou, else l'fe gar ye stink	16
4 1	Yet on a midding.	
	My mistress dear, your servant humble,	
-	Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble	
	Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble,	a sea.
25	Tis ne'er be me	
	Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil	20
am 1 ful	Ye'r poerrie.	. 14
	Frae what I've tell'd, my friend may learn	Time.
	How fadly I ha'e been torfairn,	
1 1 6 1 1	'd better been a yont side Kairn	Probat
11 11 11	amount, I trow;	
.4	've kis'd the taz like a good bairn,	211.47
	Now, fir, to you.	u lis.
	9. It fets ye well indeed to gadge.) Ironically the far	ve it be-
1000	comes me mighty well to talk haughtily and affront	my be-
	metactorels, by alledging to meanly, that it, were pe	flible to
	praise her out of her solidity.  12. A Glasgow capon, &c.) A Herring. A Fadge,	a course
in tall	kind of leaven'd bread, used by the common people.	
ot un-	Dat down a ground , Pair macon just beilly.	of Scot-
he has	land.	4
which	HE .	ny fault
s of a		Heal
*		
But		

#### 106 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
Lang may ye help to toom a barrel;
Be thy crown ay unclowed in quarrel,

When thou inclines
To knoit thrawn gabbed fumphs that fnarl
At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel fays, Ye're well worth gowd, And blythness on ye's well bestow'd, 'Mang witty Scots ye'r name's be row'd, Ne'er fame to tine;

The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd, Burye shall shine.

Set out the burnt fide of your shin,
For pride in poets is nae sin,
Glory's the prize for which they rin,
And fame's their jo;
And wha blaws best the born shall win:

And what blaws beit the norn inall win:

And whatefore no?

Ouifauis vocabit nos vain-plorious.

Quifquis vocabit nos vain-glorious, Shaw scanter skill, than mates mores, Multi & magnimen before us

Did stamp and swagger, Probatum oft, exemplum Horace,

Was a bauld bragger.
Then let the doofarts fash'd wi' spleen,
Cast up the wrang fide of their een,

Pegh, fry and girn wi' spite and teen,
And to a flyting,

Laugh, for the lively lads will forcen Us frae back-biting.

32. The crooked clinkers, &c.) The fcribling rhimers with their lame verification. Shall be cow'd, i. e. shorn of 32. Set out the burnt side of your shin.) As if one would fay. Walk stately with your toes out; an expression uses when we would bid a person (merrily) look brisk.

If tha And fore Gin I ca

I hope to

A CC Of Bright Ra

G

Yet thric

Whare Till I mad The pleafi

And snoo

Of thy August th

And look

I shaw'd Wha was a

48. St. N 8. Snoov always expi

#### FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 107

If that the gypfies dinna fpung us, And foreign whiskers ha'e na dung us; Gin I can inifter thro' mundungus, Wi'boots and belt on,

I hope to fee you at St. Mungo's

- 31

rhimers

horn of e would Atween and belran.

## EPISTLE

GILBERTFIELD, August 24th, 1719.

CCEPT my third and last essay Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray, Bright Ramsay, and altho'it may Seem doilt and donfie, Yet thrice of all things, Theard fay,

Wasay thought fonfie, Wharefore I scarce cou'd fleep or flumber,

Till I made up that happy number, The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber,

In ev'ry part,

And snooy't away like three hand omber Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date August the fourth, I grant receipt; It was fae bra, gart me look blate.

Mailt tyne my fenles,

And look just like poor country Kate In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish priest, Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feaft;

48. St. Mungo's.) The high church of Glafgow.

8. Snoov't away:) Whirl'd smoothly round. Sr on use always expresses the action of a top or spindle, &c.

12. Country Kate.) Vide Lucky Spence's elegy, line

He

108	FAMILIAR EPISTLES.
He says,	thou may had up thy creeft, And craw fu' croufe,
	Not worth a fouce.
Thy b	lyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
Of com	pliments is sae profuse;
For my	good haivens dis me roofe
Projecting and as	Sae very finely,
It were il	Il breeding to refuse 20
	To thank her kindly?
	tho' fometimes in angry mood,
	ne puts on her barlick-hood,
Her dial	ect feem rough and rude;
	Let's ne'er be flee't,
But take	our bit when it is good, And buffet wi't.
	in we ettle anes to taunt her,
And din	na cawmly thole her banter,
She'll tal	ke the flings; verse may grow scanter,
	Syne wi' great shame
We'll ru	Then wha's to blame?
But le	t us still her kindness culzie,
And wi'	her never breed a toulzie,
For we'	ll bring aff but little spulzie
	In fic a barter;
And fhe'	Il be fair to gar us fulzie,
	And cry for quarter.
Sae li	ttle worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack	k I scarce dare apen mair,
	ake better wi' the lair,
74	My pen's fae blunted;
4.7. 4	
	we had to stand the man to be seen to be

27 She'll take the flings.) Turn fullen, reftive, and kick. And

.11

F

And a' fe

The du A' I can o Yet fet m

My muse

Twad gi'

The po To thy ato Thy poem

To fee, I'

A' bleffi Lang may Until thou

Be keeped

36: Forfe

ing it right,
37 Dull of
49. A blef
kind wifhes

which I tak

Then I And a' the Sae merri

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.	109
And a' for fear I file the fair.	36
And be affronted.	A DOLL OF A MANAGE
The dull draff-drink makes me fae dowff,	
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;	
Yet fet me in a claret howff, Wi' fowk that's chancy,	92 111
My muse may len me then a gowff	7 4 40
To clear my fancy.	TI DE
Then Bacchus like I'd bawl and blufter,	Applications.
And a' the mules 'bout me multer;	
And drink the grape.	mollail.
Twad gi' my verse a brighter hastre, And better shape.	44
The pow'rs aboon be ftill auspicious	And Soll
To thy atchievements maift delicious,	
Thy poems (weet and nae way vicious,	see silv
But blyth and kanny;	
To fee, I'm anxious and ambirious,	48
Thy miscellany.	William P.
A' bleffings, Ramfay, on thee row,	ense barf
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,	
Until thou claw an auld man's pow ;  And thro' thy creed,	and bal
Be keeped frae the wirricow	
After thou's dead.	and the same of the
Cost of the cost o	o I is supply
36. For fear I file the fair.) This phrase is used attempts to do what's handsome, and is affronteding it right,—not a reasonable fear in him.  37 Dull draff-drink.) Heavy malt liquor.  49. A bleffings, &c. ) All this verk is a succinct kind wishes, elegantly express'd, with a friendly which I take the liberty to add Amen.	at cluster of
and orthography a different blue	a mirana
d is coverbled administrative of blood and	
nd .	A N

### ANSWER

EDINBURGH, September 2d, 1719.

My trufty TROJAN,

HY last oration orthodox. Thy innocent auldfarran jokes, And ionlie faw of three provokes

Me anes again,

Tod lowrie like, to loofe my pocks,

And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e red, I eithly fcan the man well bred, And Sodger whator honour's bed,

Has ventur'd bauld;

Wha now to youngfters leaves the yed

To tend his fald.

That bang'fter billy Cufur July, Wha at Pharfalia wan the tooly, Had better sped, had he mair hooly

Scamper'd thro' life,

And 'midft his glories fheath'd his gooly,

And kiss'd his wife.

Had he like you, as well he cou'd, Upon burn banks the mufes woo'd, Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,

Wha'd been aboon him?

The lenate's durks, and faction loud, Had ne'er undone him.

4. Tod lewrie like.) Like Reynard the fox, to betake my felf to fome more of my wiles.

8. Leaves the yed to send his fald.) Leaves the martial

contention, and retires to a country life.

13. As well he cou'd. ) "Tis well known he could write at well as fight.

Yet fo Your ho And helm

Be blyth,

Ne'er Nor with Nor cant

To cram

When And gar tl Then left

Grip fast 1

Thus to Wha nan And why

And thole

12

Tho' I Nodding t Yet crush's

Pd rather

27. Toom beer out of 29. Thus

34. Halter in country p is all expres

	FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 111
11	Yet sometimes leave the riggs and bog,
- 11	Your howms, and braes, and frady fcrog,
	And helm-a-lee the claret cog.
	To clear your wit:
	Be blyth, and let the warld e'en lhog, 20
	As it thinks fit.
	Ne'er fash about your neist year's state,
	Nor with superior powers debate,
	Nor cantrapes cast to ken your fate;
	There's ills anew To cram our days, which foon grow late; 24
7	Let's live just now.
s to The	When northern blafts the ocean fourl,
	And gar the heights and hows look gu rl,
	Then left about the bumper whirl,
1.0	And room the horn,
8	Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl, 28
3 00	The morn's the morn,
	Thus to Leuconoe fang (weet Flaccus,
	Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygaens:
200	And why should we let whim lies bawk us,
71	When joy's in feafon,
	And thole fae aft the spleen to whank us  Out of our reason?
King A	Tho' I were laird of tenicore acres,
	Nodding to jouks of hallen shakers,
	Yet crush'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
him?	Contentment ruines,
16	I'd rather rooft wi causey-rakers,
n.	And sup cauld lowens.
akem	27 Toom the Horn ) "Tis frequent in the country to drink
martia	27. Toom the Horn. ) Tis frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn cups, made in shape of a water glass. 29. Thus to Leuconoe. ) Vide book I. 11. Ode of Horace
	a. Hallen harrors 1. A harron is a touce of built of thouse
writes	turi, or a moveable flake of Heather ) at the fides of the doo
Y	in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee
	is all express'd in the term Hallenshaker.

#### FAMILIAR EPISTLES. IIZ

I think, my friend, an fowk can get mais the T A doll of roll beef pypin het. i sur howing and brace And wi' red wine their wylon wet, s-mish ball And cleaning clean, And be nae fick, or drown'd in debt, Man divic40 Illanfwer They're no to mean. I red this verse to my ain kimmer. Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer, Or fic and fic good belly timber; Quoth The, and leugh, Ye'er well enough. · Sicker of thae winter and fimmer, My hearty gols, there is nae help, But hand to nive we twa maun skelp Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alppines and Pyrenians. The chearfou carles do fae yelp 48 To ha'e's their minions. Thy raffan rural rhyme fae rare, Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware, Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare To ha'e them by them; Tho' gaffin they wi' fides fae fair, Cry, \_\_ ' Wae gae by him! Fair fa that fodger did invent To ease the poets toil wi' print: Now, William, wi' maun to the bent, And pouls our fortune, And crack wi'lads wha're well contens Wi'this our sporting. 51. Gars fowk gae gare.) Make people very earnest. for many, after a full laugh, to complain of fore fides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest. But the folks

friendly wishes, such as this; or, Sonse fa' ye, and the like.

Shanglaki masa sali di

Gin ony Ca' me co That we l

Ine'er v But when I Wha ca's r

an Epif the rec Loch-

70U Inl u' fat they As e'er I

o clap on

hat gars o ight mon About As

60. Gae ki e I know n orth while olifhly accurate of more tender consciences have turned their expletives to 1. Hale and

	FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 113
	Gin ony four-mou'd girning bucky.  Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,  That we like nags whafe necks are yucky,
40	Ha'e us'd our teeth; I'll answer fine., — Gae kiss ye'r Lucky. She dwells i' Leith.
/ 1- >3	Ine'er wi' lang tales fash my head, But when I speak, I speak indeed: Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
44	I'll own I am fae, 64 And while my champers can chew bread, Yours—ALLANRAM SAY.
7	e new and an acti
4.8	In Epifile to Lieutenant HAMILTON on the receiving the compliment of a barrel of Loch-fine herrings from him.
m !	Y OUR herrins, fir, came hale and feer, In healfome brine a' foumin, u' fat they are and gusty gear, As e'er I laid my thumb on : Bra sappy fish As ane cou'd wish
,2 1 (S. )	They relish fine Good claret wine,
	hat gars our cares stand you.  ight mony gabs wi' them shall gang  About Auld Reeky's Ingle,
ft. Fis ufi s, and the fo	to while to give a direct answer, or think themselves
etives e like	1. Hale and feer. ) Whole, without the least fault or wan.
975 3	Gin When

#### FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

When kedgy carles think nae lang, Where floups and trunchers gingle;

Then my friend leal, diseine We tols ye'r heal,

And with bald brag advance,

What's hoorded in Lochs Broom and Fine

Might ding the stocks of France.

A jelly fum to carry on A fishery's defign'd,

Twa millions good of farling pounds, By men of money stign'd. "

Had ye but feen How unco' keen

and thrang they were about it, and a state at to forthe a to the there are bald.

Right rich and ald-

Farran ye ne'r wad doubted. Now, now I hope we'll ding the Durch,

As fine as a round Robin, a sure sen at a set al Gin greediness to grow foon rich a Land a variation

Invites not to flock-jobbing and the bin I no beh.

That poor bofs shade Offinking trade,

And weather-glass politick,

Which heaves and fets, As publick gets

Aheezy, or a wee kick.

Fy, fy! but yet I hope tis daft To fear that trick come tinher, which have troud

19. Broom and Fine. ) Two locks on the western fer

where plenty of herrings are tane.

22. A Filhery. ) The royal filhery; fuccels to which is the wish and hope of every good man.

Na, we'i Of bit

l'increa

Ten thou Could we That ci The India.

Compa

Them fill

rae a' the 'hanks t'y Of our Sin I be fp Shall ftil

Please gi

nd fent th

67. M. C.

fore anos into ener

N

man'W

#### FAMILIAR BPISTUES. TIS Na, we're aboon that dirty craft Of biting an anither. Thefinited A Thefinited rich A . WARD Will gi'a hitch increase the publick gear. When on our feas, Like biffy bees, en thousand filhers fteer. Could we catch the united holes That crowd the western ocean, the Indias wad prove hungry holes, Compar'd to this our Goffen: Then fet's to wark With net and bark, Them filh and faithfu cure up; Gin fae, we join, We'll cleek in coin rae a' the ports of Europe. thanks t'ye Caprain for this Iwatch Of our store, and your favour; Sin I be spar'd, your love to match Shall still be my endeavour. Next unto you, My fervice due Please gi'e to Manthew Cumin, Wha with fair heart Has play'd his part, nd fent them true and trim in. " solle and been 'sie jo foocethis neme; 67. M. C. ) Merchant in Glasgow, and one of the late agistrates of that city. His lame, which ever that labide, stern fer oling energy to that with A 4414 hich ist an To weaker flying for cheft, An 4 Maring done met bonom of fareing time of the partotal norms data cogmally and cicetoriv.

1

N

PATIE and ROGER: A Pastoral, Inscribed to Josiah Burchet, Esq; Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping frosts and driving sia.

Are o'er the hills and far awa;

Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyres blaw,

And ilka thing

Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra'.
Invites to ling.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,

With a thy speed, Since Burches awns that thou can play Upon the reed,

Anes, anes again beneath some tree

Exert thy skill and nat ral glee,

To him wha has sae courteously.

To weaker fight, Set these rude sonners sung by me In truest light,

In trueft light may a' that's fine
In his fair character fill fhine,
Sma' need he has of langs like mine,
To beet his name:

To beet his name;
For frae the north to fouthern line, wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide, While bift ries tell of tyrants pride,

st. To weaker fight, let these, &c. ) Having done meth honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into english justly and elegantly. Wha vain

Where Bri

These do Our age, a How stubb

How fre

Sae far i his count teen your

ngiving p

Yet tent

ill unto la

May neve and may the aprove yo

et may I

ENE A Where

21. Frac his

	PATIE and ROGER 117
	Wha vainly strave upon the tide
	T' invade these lands
C	Where Briten's royal fleet doth ride,
1010	Which ftill commands.
Se	These doughty actions frac his pen,
E I	Durage, and these to come, shall ken,
	low stubborn navies did contend
7	Upon the waves,
	How free-born Britons faught like men
11-7	Their faes like flaves.
1 4 PM	Sae far inscribing, fir, to you
00	his country fang my fancy flew,
	cen your just merit to pursue;
	But ah! I fear,
Them	ngiving praises that are due,
ALL OTT	I grate your ear.
	Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
E 1277	ay powers aboon with kindly care,
Lord I	tant you a lang and mukcle skair
210	Of a' that's good,
4 Laid	ill unto langest life and mair
Shal	You've healthfu' flood.
	May never cares your bleffings fowr,
11	nd may the muses ilka hour
2019	nprove your mind, and haunt your bower:
	rator bacl'm buta callan: 15 after a go
•	et may I please you, while I'm your
And fer	Devoted AL LAN,
1	to the property of the second
. 14. (36)	PATIE and ROGER.
	with a Charle Ar also Larvage and the
	ENEATH the fouth-fide of a craigy bield,
e me ti	Where a clear Coving did healforms water wield
e me u	21. Frae his pen. ) His valuable naval history.
***	Tura

Twa youthfou shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May:
Poor Roger gran'd till hollow echoes rang,
While merry Pane humm'd himsel a sang:
Then turning to his friend in blythsome mood,
Quoth he, how does this sunshine chear my blood?
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants?
To hear the birds chirm o'er their morning rants?
To hear the birds chirm o'er their morning rants?
Mow to sie is't to soull the cauller air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care?
What ails thee, Roger, then I what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill feason'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships dire and great;
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan stood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood!
But I opprest with never ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loath the flower and quat the hiv, The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive, E er scornfou queans, or loss of warldly gear, Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I fay, but it's nae easy done
By ane wha's faul is fadly out o' tune:
You have sae fast a voice and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
It I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syn up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught.
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well shap'd as thee,
Nor mair unlikly to a lasse's eye:

4. PoorRoger. ). Yet the richaft shepherd in his stores, but disconsolate, whom.

6. Merry Patie ) A chearful shepherd of less wealth

For ilka fl And fhoul

Par B

Nor down
If that be to A mind the Rog. M.

Three elf-In winter Tho' fcore

Pat. W

15

25

Less you we he wha ha The o'erce Rog. M

O may it to Wha ne'e Till, birfi And awn t

Pat. Sa:

At the West Of plumb-A dainty was I'll be main Than you

Rag. No

42.Elf the odd tales of the cow fall pierced, but the beait, a

For

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wealth

For

42. Elf thot.) Bewitch'd, fhot by fairies, country people tell old tales of this difference amongst cows. When elf shot, the cow falls down suddenly dead, no part of the skin is pierced, but often a little triangular stat stone is sound mean the beast, as they report, which is call'd the elf's arrown 56. West-port.) The sheep market place of Ediaburgh.

Some ither things ly heavier as my breaft;

I dream'd a dreery dream this hinder night, That gars my field a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pas. Now to your friend how filly's this pretence, 65
To ane wha you and a' your fecrets kens:
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-feen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your forrows tell,
And fafely think nane kens them but your fell,

And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but 'till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbas'd and unco' blate,
But yesterday I met her yount a know,
She sled as frae a shelly coat or kow;
She Bauldy loo's, Bauldy that drives the car,
But geeks at me, and says I smell o'tar.

Par, But Banldy loo's nae her right well I wat, He fighs for Neps; \_\_\_ Sae that may fland for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na loo her, — but in vain, I still maun dote and thole her proud disdain.

My Bauty is a cur I dearly like,

"Till he youl'd sair, she strake the poor dumb tyke: If I had fill'd a mook within her breast,

She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.

When I begin to tune my stock and horn,

With a' her sace she shaws a cauldrife scorn:

64. Flesh a' creep. ) A phrase which expresses shuddering 72. Keep up. ) Hide or retain.

78. Shellycoat.) One of those frightful spectres the ignorant people are terrified at and tell us strange stories of that they are clothed with a coat of shells, which make a horid rattling, that they'll be sure to destroy one, if he gets not a running water between him and it; it dares not meddle with a woman with child, &c.

so.Stock and horn ) A reed or whiftle, with a horn fix'd to it by the smaller end.

Last time O'er Bog. Yet taut Gin she Flocks will break

Pat. I Saebeins Yonder's Gae till't

Rog. I I'll warra Pat. I

Seem car

Last mor Upon a d I saw my I saw my For yet th And she w Her coats Her straig

Her coker Her haffet Her cheek And O! h Neat, neat As she can

Blythfome
Ifairly who
But now I'
She fcour'd
Then fare

120. Soon :

Laft

l careless c

Last time I play'd, ye never faw sic spite,
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte,
Yet tauntingly she at her nibour speer'd
Gin she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do saé, Roger, wha can help missuck, Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabet chuck; Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope, Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the lover's loup.

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of ; that

meddle

n fix'd to

Laft

Rog. I need na make fic speed my blood to spill,

I'll warrand death come foon enough a will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that filly whindging way,
Seem carelefs, there's my hand ye'll win the day,
Last morning I was unco' airly out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee,
I saw my Meg, but Maggie saw na me:
For yet the sun was wading throw the mist,
And she was closs upon me e'er she wist.

Her coats were kiltit, and did fweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, which whiter were than snaw:
Her cokernony snooded up fou seek,

Her haffet locks hung waving on her cheek:
Her cheek fae ruddy! and her een fae clear!
And O! her mouth's like ony binny pear.

Neat, neat the was in bustine wastecoat clean, As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:

Blythsome I cry'd, my bonny Meg come here,

Is airly wherefore ye're sae soon a steer:

But now I guess ye'er gawn to gather dew.

She scour'd awa, and said what's that to you?

Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,

I careless cry'd, and sap in o'er the dyke.

120. Soon a fteer.) Soon ftirring, or up.

I trow, when that the faw within a crack 125 With a right thieveless errand she came back; Miscau'd me first, \_\_\_ then bad me hound my dog To weer up three waff ews were on the bog. I leugh, and fae did fhe, then wi' great hafte I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste; 130 About her. yielding waste, and took a fouth Of fweetest kisses frae her glowan mouth : While hard and fast I held her in my grips, My very faul came louping to my lips. Sair, fair fhe flete wi' me 'tween ilka Imak, 135 But well I kend fhe mean'd na as fhe fpak. Dear Roger, when your Jo puts on her gloom, Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb: Seem to forfake her, foon fhe'll change her mood; Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair faw your honest heart,
Ye'r ay sae kedgie, and ha'e sick an art
To harten ane: — for now as clean's a leek
Ye've cherisht me since ye began to speak:
Sae for your pains I'll make you a propine,
My mither, honest wife, has made it fine;
A tartan plaid, spun of good hauslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
With spraings like gou'd and silver, cross'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind

138. Never fash your thumb.) Be not the least vex'd, beasy.

Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

143 ) Clean's a leek. ) Perfectly claver and right.
147. Hauflock Woo. ) A fine wool which is pull'd off the necks of sheep before the knife be put in, this being so much gain'd without spoiling the sale of the skin, is gather'd to tuch an use.

in order, or winding up yarn that has been ravel'd.

Pat. V

ED

A prefen My flute' Shall con

Rog. A
But ye m
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Pat. B

And fee g Be that ti Will make Might ple To feafon When we

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W And To what e To brig

156.Come out conftra 167. The the religiou of St. Marg courtiers no was faid, we

for religion, Marquess of Chandois through Sco

EDINBURGH'S Salutation, &c. 123 Pat. Well, hadd ye there, -- and fince ye've frankly made A prefent to me of your bra new plaid, My flute's be yours, and she too that's fae nice, Shall come a will, if you'll take my advice. Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't, But ye maun keep the flute, ye best desery't; Now take it out, and gi'es a bonny fpring, For I'm in tift to hear you play or fing. Pat. But first we'll take a turn up to the hight, And fee gin a' our flocks be feeding right : Be that time bannocks and a shave of cheese Will make a breakfast that a laird might please; Might please our laird, gin he were but sae wise 165 To featon meat wi' health instead of spice :

Edinburgh's salutation to the most honourable my Lord Marquess of Carnarvon.

When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,

I'll whiftle fine, and fing t'ye like my fell.

YTELCOME, my lord, heav'n be your guide, And furder your intention, To what e'er place you fail or ride, To brighten your invention.

156. Come a will.) Come willingly, of her own accord, without constraint.

167. The grace drink. ) The King's health, begun first by the religious Margaret queen of Scots, known by the name of St. Margaret. The piety of her defign was to oblige the courtiers not to rife from table till the thanksgiving grace was faid, well judging, that the some folks have little regard for religion, yet they will be mannerly to their prince.

Marquels of Carnarvon. ) Eldeft son to his grace the duke of Chandois, who in May 1720 was at Edinburgh in his tour through Scotland.

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#### 124 EDINBURGH'S Salutation. The book of mankind lang and wide Is well worth your attention: Wherefore please some time here abide. And measure the dimension Of minds right fout. O that ilk worthy British peer Wad follow your example, My auld gray-head I yet wad rear, And spread my skirts mair ample. Shou'd London poutch up a' the gear? She might spare me a fample: In trouth his highness shou'd live here; For without oyle our lamp will Gang blinkan out. Lang lyne, my lord, I had a court, And nobles fill'd my cawfy; But fince I have been fortune's sport, I look nac haff fae gawly. Yet here brave gentlemen refort, And mony a handlome laffy : Now that you're lodg'd within my port, Fow well I wat they'll a' fay, Welcome, my lord. For you my best chear I'll produce, I'll no make muckle vaunting; But routh for pleasure and for use, Whatever you be wanting, You's have at will to chap and chuse; For few things am I fcant in; The wale of well-fet ruby juice, When you like to be rantin, I can afford. 12. Shou'd London.) Edinburgh too justly complains that the north of Britain is so remote from the court, and so rarely enjoys the influence of british stars of the first magnitude. 31. The wale of well fet, &c. ) The most choice of fine cle

claret.

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to the Marquess of Carnaryon. 12	25
Than I, nor Paris, nor Madrid,	
Nor Rome, I trow's mair able	
To busk you up a better bed,	
Or trim a tighter table.	3/
My fonsare honourably bred,	-
To truth and friendship stable:	
What my detracting faes have faid,	
You'll find a feigned fable,	5
At the first fight.	
My classic lear and letters belle,	
And travelling conspire,	
llk unjust notion to repell,	
And god-like thoughts inspire;	4
ml : . : : : : : : : : : : : : : : :	7
Vou man Cham manin fina	
Sae the fair picture of himfell,	
Will give his grace your fire	4
Immente delight	7

38. What may detracting face )These who from a malicious low prejudice ( only the scum indeed of our neighbours) have falsely reproached us with being rule, unhospitable and salse.

Pro en acres her suppliedes in arrival At wife reallions and we hanned a .

See que you bunk mis e bosibiles a chos nos Posts. Low Line-Soud chance Woodles and Wealth Lefton,

'allaw des sale and lineta WEALTH

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Illi robur & as triplex
Circa pestus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commist pelago ratem
Primus,———

Daring and unco' frout he was, With heart hool'd in three floughs of brass, Wha ventur'd first upon the sea With hempen branks, and horse of tree.

THALIA, ever welcome to this ifle,
Descend, and glad the nation with a smile;
See frae yon bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,
How sand-blind chance Woodies and Wealth bestows:
Aided by thee, I'll sail the wondrous deep,
And throw the crowded alleys cautious creep.
Not easy task to plough the swelling wave,
Or in stock-jobbing press my guts to save:
But naething can our wilder passions tame,
Wha rax for riches or immortal same.

Long had the glumblers us'd this murm'ring found,

Poor Britain in her publick debt is drown'd!

At fifty millions late we flarted a',

And wow we wonder'd how the debt wad fa';

But fonfy fauls wha first contriv'd the way,

With project deep our charges to defray;

r. Thalia ever welcome.) Thalia the chearful muse that delights to imitate the actions of mankind, and produces the langhing comedy. —— That kind of poetry ever acceptable to Britons.

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Thus whe Aften I ha The waxin Till past t HOR. 'Tis stra Within th How can a Supply the Saxty lan Hunt afte And die a But O Son Throw a' Nor ferin But like th To poor With han

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WEALTH, or the WOODY. 127 O'er and aboon it heaps of treasure brings, That fouk be guess become as rich as kings. Lang heads they were that first laid down the plan, Into the which the round ares headlang ran, Till overstock'd, they quat the sea, and fain wa'd been at land. Thus when braid flakes of Inaw have clade the green, Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen, The waxing ba' with meikle pleasure row, Till past their pith, it did unwieldly grow. 25 'Tis strange to think what changes may appear Within the narrow circle of a year. How can ae project, if it be well laid, Supply the simple want of trifling trade! Saxry lang years a man may rack his brain, Hunt after gear baith night and day wi' pain, And die at last in debt, instead of gain. But O South-Sea! what mortal mind can run Throw a' the miracles that thou hast done? Nor scrimply thou thy sell to bounds confines, But like the fun on ilka party shines. To poor and rich, the tools as well as wife, With hand impartial stretches out the prize. Like Nilus swelling frae his unkend head, Frae brank to brae o'erflows ilk rig and mead. 21. Fain wad be at land) Land, in the time of this golden two or three months, was fold at 45, or 50 years purchase. 29. Trifling trade.) All manner of traffick and mechanicks was at that time despised. Subscriptions and transfers were the only commodities. 39. Like Nilus.) A river which croffes a great part of Africa; the spring head thereof unknown 'till of late. In the month of June it swells and overflows Egypt. When it rises too high, the innundation is dangerous, and threatens a famine. In this river are the monstrous amphibious animals named Crocodiles, of the same specie with the late alligators

of the South-Sea, which make a prey of, and devour all human creatures they can lay hold on.

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128 WEALTH, or the WOODY. Instilling lib'ral store of genial sap, Whence sun-burn'd gypsies reap a plenteous crap: Thus flows our fea, but with this diff rence wide, But anes a year their river heaves his tide; Ours aft ilk day, t'enrich the common weal, 45 Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings Ægyptian Nile. Ye rich and wife, we own fuccess your due, But your reverse their luck with wonder view. How without thought these dawted petts of fate Have jobb'd themselves into sae high a state, 50 By pure instinct sae leal the mark have hit, Without the use of either fear or wit. And ithers wha last year their garrets kept, Where duns in vision fash'd them while they slept; Wha only durst in twilight or the dark, 55 Steal to a common cook's with haff a mark, A' their hale flock. Now by a kanny gale, In the o'erflowing ocean spread their fail, While they in gilded galleys cut the tide, Look down on fisher boats wi' meikle pride. 60 Mean time the thinkers wha are out of play, For their ain comfort kenna what to fay; That the foundation's loofe fain wa'd they shaw, And think na but the fabrick foon will fa'. That's a' but sham, for inwardly they fry, Vext that their fingers were nain the pye. Faint-hearted wights, wha dully stood afar, Tholling your reason great attempts to mar; 43. Your reverse.) Poor fools.

52. Of either fear or wit.) One was reckoned a timorous thinking fool, who took advice of his reason in the grand affair.

60. Look down on fisher boats.) Despis'd the virtuous design of propagating and carrying on a sishery, which can

never fail to be a real benefit to Britain.

61. The thinkers.) Many of just thinking at that time were vex'd to see themselves trudging on foot, when some others of very indifferent capacities were setting up gilded equipages; and notwithstanding of all the doubts they formed against it, yet fretted because they were not so lucky as to have some shares.

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### WEALTH, or the WOODY. While the brave dauntless, of sic fetters free. Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden fea: 70 Where now like gods they rule each wealthy jaw, While you may thump your pows against the wa'. On fummer's e'en the welkin cawm and fair. When little midges frisk in lazy air, Have you not feen thro' ither how they reel, 75 And time about how up and down they wheel? Thus eddies of stock-jobbers drive about; Upmost to day, the morn their pipe's put out With pensive face, when e'er the market's hy, Minutius crys, ah! what a gowk was I. 80 Some friend of his, wha wifely feems to ken Events of causes mair than ither men, Push for your interest yet, nae fear, he crys, For South Sea will to twice ten hundred rife. Waes me for him that fells paternal land, 85 And buys when shares the highest sums demand: He ne'er shall taste the sweets of rising stock, Which faws neift day: nae help for't, he is broke. Dear lea, be tenty how thou flows at fhams Of Hogland Gad'rens in their froggy dams, 90 Lest in their muddy boggs thou chance to fink, Where thou may'ft stagnate, syne of course maun flink, This I foresee, (and time shall prove I'm right; For he's nae poet wants the second fight. ) When autumn's stores are ruck'd up in the yard, 95 And fleet and fnaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard; 70. Jumpt headlong.) Threw off all the fetters of reafon, and plung'd glorioufly into confusion. 81. Wha wifely.) With grave faces many at that time pretended they could demonstrate this hop'd for rise of South 90. Hogland gad'rens.) The Dutch, whom a learned author of a late effay has endeavoured to prove to be descended after a strange manner from the Gaderens; which effay Lewis the XIV. was mightily pleas'd with, and bounteoutly

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### 130 WEALTH, or the WOODY.

When bleak November winds make forrests bare,
And with splenetick vapours fill theair:
Then, then ingardens, parks, or silent glen,
When trees bear naething else, they'll carry men,
Wha shall like paughty Romans greatly swing
Aboon earth's disappoint ments in a string.
Sae ends the towring saul that downasee
A man move in a higher sphere than he.

Happy that man wha has thrawn up a main, Which makes some hundred thousands a' his ain, And comes to anchor on fae firm a rock. Britannia's credit, and the South-Sea Rock. Ilk blythsome pleasure waits upon his nod, And his dependants eye him like a god. Closs may he bend Champain frae e'en to morn, And look on cells of tippony with fcorn. Thrice lucky pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton fair, That can in a' his wealth and pleasure skair. Like Fove he sits, like Fove, high heavens goodman, While the inferiour gods about him stand, "Till he permits with condescending grace, That ilka ane in order take their place. Thus with attentive look mensfow they fit, 'Till he speak first, and shaw some shining wit; Syne circling wheels the flattering gaffaw, As well they may, he gars their beards wag a'. Imperial gowd, what is't thou canna grant? Possest of thee, what is't a man needs want? Commanding coin, there's nathing hard to thee, I canna guels how rich fowk come to die. . Unhappy wretch, link'd to the threed-bare nine,

122. Their beards wag a'.) Feafts them at his own proper cost; hence the proverb, 'Tis fair in ha', where beards wag a'.

Deftin

The dazling equipage can ne'er be thine:

Destin'd Dar'st sp Poor the The flyi And Hell Are nath

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The Prospect of Plenty: A Poem on the North-Seafishery, Inscribed to the right Honourable the Royal Burrows of Scotland.

-Βαιώ δε πόνω μέγα περδός όπηδέι.

Opian. Halientic. lib. III.

THALIA anes again in blythsome lays, In lays immortal chant the North-sea's praise. Tent how the Galedonians lang supine, Begin, mair wise, to open baith their een;

142. A four plum.) The fox in the fable that despited the plumbs he could not reach, is well known. 100000 pounds being called a plumb, make this a right pun; and some puns deserve not to be class'd amongst low wit, tho'the generality of them do.

And,

### 132 The Prospect of PLENTY.

And, as they ought, t'imploy that store which heav'n 5
In sic abundance to their hands has given.
Sae heedless heir, born to a lairdship wide,
That yields mair plenty than he kens to guide.
Not well acquainted with his ain good luck,
Lets ilka sneaking tellow take a pluck;
Till at the lang-run, wi'a heart right sair,
He sees the bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger glour,
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

Nae nation in the warld can parallel The plenteous product of this happy ifle: But past'ral heights, and sweet prolifick plains, That can at will command the faftest strains. Stand yout; for Amphitrite claims our fang, Wha round fair Thule drives her finny thrang, 20 O'er shaws of coral, and the pearly sands, To Scoria's smoothest lochs and christal strands. There keeps the tyrant pike his awfu' court, Here trouts and salmond in clear channels sport. Wae to that hand, that dares by day or night 25 Defile the stream where sporting fries delight. But herrings, lovely fish, like best to play In rowan ocean, or the open bay: In crouds amazing thro' the waves they shine, Millions on millions form ilk equal line: 30 Nor dares th' imperial whale, unless by fteakh, Attack their firm united common-wealth. But artfu' nets, and fishers' wylie skill, Can bring the scaly nations to their will. When these retire to caverns of the deep, Or in their oozy beds thro' winter fleep,

19. Amphitrite.) The wife of Neptune.
20. Thule.) The Northern islands of Scotland are allowed by all to be the Thule of the antients.

25. Wae to that hand, &c.) There are acts of parliament, which severely prohibit steeping of lint, or any other way defiling these clear rivers where salmond abound.

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Goths,

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Then shall the tempting bait, and tented string,
Beguile the cod, the sea-cat, tusk, and ling.
Thus may our fishery thro' a' the year
Be still employ'd, t'increase the publick gear.

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Delytfou' labour, where the industrious gains
Profit furmounting ten times a' his pains.
Nae pleasure like success; then lads stand be,
Ye'll find it endless in the Northern-Sea.
O'er lang with empty brag we have been vain
Of toom dominion on the plenteous main,
While others ran away with a' the gain.
Thus proud Iberia vaunts of sov'reign sway

O'er countries rich, frae rise to set of day; She grasps the shadow, but the substance tines, While a the rest of Europe milk her mines.

But dawns the day fets Britain on her feet, Lang look'd for's come at last, and welcome be't: For numerous fleets shall hem Æbudan rocks, Commanding feas, with rowth to raife our flocks. 55 Nor can this be a toom chimera found, The fabrick's bigger on the furest ground. Sma is our need to toil on foreign shores, When we have baith the Indies at our doors. Yet for diversion, laden vessels may To far aff nations cut the liquid way; And fraught frae ilka port what's nice or braw, While for their trifles we maintain them a'. Goths, Vandals, Gauls, Helperians, and the Moors, Shall a' be treated frae our happy shores: The rantin Germans, Ruffians, and the Poles, Shall feast with pleasure on our gusty sholes: was a thin a march and a sub-

Multakes

<sup>49.</sup> Iberia.) Spain. 1923 Lacroll' Carrier off the

<sup>54.</sup> Æbudan rocks.) The Lews, and other western islands.

For which deep in their treasures we shall dive:	
Thus, by fair trading, North-fea flock shall thrive.	
Saefar the bonny prospect gave delight,	70
The warm ideas gart the mule take flight:	
When straight a grumbletonian appears,	
Peghing fou fair beneath a lade of fears:	
' Wow! that's braw news, quoth he, to make fools fa	in,
18 : B. 18 : 18 : B.	75
Dis Tam the Rhimer Spae oughtlins of this?	30
Or do ye prophely just as ye wish?	1.
· Will projects thrive in this abandon'd place?	
"Unfonfy we had ne'er fae meikle grace.	
	80
Alake we winn o'er far frae king and court?	S In
The Southerns will with pith your project bauk,	
'They'll never thole this great defign to tak.	
Thus do the dubious ever countermine,	11
With party wrangle, ilka fair design.	85
How can a faul that has the use of thought,	
Be to fic little creeping fancies brought?	6.V.
Will Britain's king or parliament gainstand	
The universal profit of the land?	
Now when nae lep'rate interest eags to strife,	90
The antient nations join'd like man and wife,	
Maun study closs for peace and thriving's take,	
Aff a' the wissen'd leaves of spite to shake:	
Let's weave and fish to ane anither's hands,	211
	95
But baith alike consult the common weal, and de	gris
Happy that moment friendship makes us leal	
To truth and right then fprings a shining day,	
Shall clouds of sma' mistakes drive fast away.	

76. Tam the rhimer.) Thomas Learmond, alias the rhimer, liv'd in the reign of Alexander III. king of Scots, and is held in great effect by the vulgar for his dark predictions.

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Whatho While ac Still ravid O'er lang

And loot

plied whe turn, as o Mistakes and private int'rest hence be gane,
Mind what ye did on dire Pharsalia's plain,
Where doughty Romans were by Romans slain.

A meaner phantom neift, with meikle dread, Attacks with fenfelels fears the weaker head.

The Dutch, fay they, will ftrive your plot to ftap, 105

They'll toom their banks before you reap their crap:
Lang have they ply'd that trade like bify bees,

' And fuck'd the profit of the Pietland feas,

Thence riches fish'd mair by themselves confest,

Than e'er they made by India's east and west. 110

O mighty fine, and greatly was it spoke!

Maun bauld Britannia bear Batavia's yoke!

May she not open her ain pantry-door,

For fear the paughty state shou'd gi'e a roar?

Dar she nane of her herrings sel or prive,

Afore she say, dear Matkie wi' ye'r leave?

Curse on the wight wha tholes a thought sae tame,

He merits not the manly Briton's name.

Grant they're good allies, yet it's hardly wise,

To buy their friendship at sae high a price,

But frae that airth we needna fear great skaith,

These people, right auldsaran, will be laith

To thwarts nation, wha with ease can draw

Up ilka sluce they have, and drown them a'.

Ah flothtu' pride! a kingdom's greatest curse,
How dows looks gentry with an empty purse?
How worthless is a poor and haughty drone,
Wha thowless stands a lazy looker on?
While active sauls a stagnant life despise,
Still ravish'd with new pleasures as they rise.
O'er lang, in troth, have we by-standers been,
And loot fowk lick the white out of our een:

95

rhi-

and cti-

kes

Nor

<sup>132.</sup> And loot fowk lick, &c.) This phrase is always applied when people with pretence of friendship, do you an ill turn, as one licking a mote out of your eye makes it blood-shot.

#### The Profpest of PLENTY. 136

Nor can we wat them, fince they had our vote;
But now they'se get the wistle of their groat.
Here did the muse intend a while to rest, 125
'Till hame o'er spitefu' din her lugs opprest : asom A
Anither fett of the envy fou kind talalated damage
(With narrow notions horridly confin'd)
Wag their bois noddles; fyne with filly fpite
Land ilka worthy project in a bite, question 140
They force with aukward girn their ridicule, land and
And ca'ilka ane concern'd a fimple fool, is in a shad a
Excepting fome, wha at the leave will nick, so at Il
And gie them nought but bare whop shafts to lick.
Malicious envy! root of a'debates, and blind ou 145
The plague of government and bane of states;
The nurse of positive destructive strife,
Fair friendship's fae, which sowrs the sweets of life;
Promoter of Sedition and bale fead, and gelonio of a
Still overjoy'd to fee a nation bleed. Highwait no 61150
Stap, stap, my lais, forgetna where ye'r gawn, and
If ye rin on, heav'n kens where ye may land;
Turn to your filhers lang, and let fowk ken and you o'll
The north-sea skippers are leal-hearted men,
Vers'd in the critick feafons of the year,
When to ilk bay the fishing-bush should steer;
There to hawlup with joy the plenteous fry, Il sally
Which on the decks in fhining heaps shall ly;
'Till carefou hands, even while they've vital heat, well
Shall be employ'd to fave their juices (weet : 1701 160
Strick tent they'll tak to flow them wi'ftrang brine,
In barrels tight, that shall nae liquortine;
Elligitiged with nave pleasurementery eller
- academical de les est even de les en marchestes

151. Lafe.) The mufe. ye tak avail thou my marketo

Nor.

and ag one licking a mote out of your eye makes it blood-

Then in With up This, th And hon Nor are Their fhi

Now, But leave They're 1 That trut Shouder And there We've re And have

When And fleet What hop In order r A wood o Like eyde Here haff With spiri Shall now While in t Thefe, fit And thefe Besides, t Stout skill Pleas'd wi

168. Into ploy'd, and 172. Had

They'll lea Then freft

And lend t

teeps the h

<sup>154.</sup> North fea Skippers.) The managers, 1 wol 100 of A. 159. Vital heat.) 'Tis a vaft advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.

40

45

150

155

Hor

160

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2 51

im-

11

17117

hen

168. Into action scud.) Several large ships are already imploy'd, and took in their salt and barrels a month ago.

172. Hads lang the gate.) Holds long up its head, longest keeps the high way or gate.

While

While healthfou hearts shall own their honest flame, 195 With reaming quaff, and whomelt to her name, Whale active motion to his heart did reach, As she the cods was turning on the beech. Curs'd poortith, love, and Hymen's deadly fae, (That gars young fowk in prime cry aft, Oh hey, 200 And fingle live, 'till age and runkles shaw and work Their canker'd spirit's good for nought at a';) Now flit your camp, far frae our confines scour, Our lads and lasses soon shall slight your power; For rowth shall cherish love, and love shall bring 205 Mae men t'improve the foil and ferve the king. Thus univerfal plenty shall produce Strength to the state, and arts for joy and use. O Plenty, thou delyt of great and fma, Thou nervous sinnow of baith war and law: The ftatesman's drift, spur to the artist's skill, Nor does the very flamens like thee ill; The shabby poet hate thee! that's a lye, Or elfe they are nae of a mind wi' me. Plenty shall cultivate ilk scawp and moor, 219 Now lee and bare, because the landlord's poor. On scroggy braes shall akes and ashes grow, And bonny gardens clead the brecken how. Does others, backward dam the raging main, Raising on barren sands a flowry plain? 220 By us then shou'd the thought o't be endur'd, To let braid tracts of land ly unmanur'd? Uncultivate nae mair they shall appear, But shine with a' the beauties of the year;

198. The Beech.) The Beech is a number of big stones, where they dry the cod and ling.
212. Flamens.) Priests.

219. The raging main.) The Dutch have gain'd a great deal from the Sea.

9147

Which

Which

And ter

Plenish

Braw to

Where i

Now

The pea

Oceanus'

Tritons a And dan

While a'

The fea-

Gang t

For ilka

Great I

' Of end

He sang

Tis true,

Septem

Spread

Britons A riche

Alang

The Prospect of PLENTY.	139
Which start with ease frae the obedient foil,	225
And ten times o'er reward a little toil.	
Alang wild fhores, where tumbling billows brea	ik,
Plenisht with nought but shells and tangle-wreck,	
Braw towns shall rise, with steeples mony a ane, And houses bigget a' with estler stane:	1.
Where schools polite shall lib'ral arts display,	230
And make auld barb'rous darkness fly away.	
Now Nereus rifing frae his watry bed,	
The pearly drops hap down his lyart head;	*****
Oceanus with pleafure hears him fing,	235
Tritons and Nereids form a jovial ring,	1
And dancing on the deep, attention draw,	\$
While a' the winds in love, but fighing, blaw.	
The sea-born prophet sang in sweetest strain,	2
Britons be blyth, fair queen of isles be fain;	240
A richer people never faw the fun:	
Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun; Spread a' your fails and streamers in the wind,	
For ilka power in sea and air's your friend;	
Great Nepsune's unexhausted bank has store	105
Of endless wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er.'	An abrellia
He fang fae loud, round rocks the ecchos flew,	W
Tis true, he faid; they are return'd, 'tis true,	anta T
September 1720.	WELL Y
The party sale week roll along sale	
Read (are place from being age)	3 10 H
and vexarioc's like to kill her,	
ming baith ber eleland filer.	E as a
ers me then to tac Section 22 and a section and	
the state of the s	as ac
let asta'a out, m & dast ) 2 and red as	211114

5

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215

220

tones,

great

Which

Sign and trees An ear tree which grows on the for

The Rife and Fall of STOCKS, 1720.

An Epiftle, to the right honographe my Lord
RAMSAY, now in PARIS.

Your pettifoggers damn their souls!

To share with knaves in cheating fools,

And merchants vent'ring on the main

Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.

Hydibas.

ilow researching fine transfer wolf

Oceannar with pleasure see which fine,

A richer pagnicus un lass chaffing

Spread alyon suffice a water measing the sind,
' Lor like power in tenend ails ward by the North to Man Lor Ma

Wisheren preface or preamble, was an included by My fancy being on the ramble, was an included an included patient, Viewing our poor bambouzl'd nation, Biting her nails, her knuckles wringing, Her cheek sae blae, her lip sae hinging; Grief and vexation's like to kill her, For tyning baith her tick and filler.

Allow me then to make a comment On this affair of greatest moment Which has fa'n out, my lord, since ye Lest Lothian and the Edge-well tree:

•

And,

12. Edge-well tree.) An oak tree which grows on the fide of a fine ipring, nigh the castle of Dalhousie, very much observed

Fo fay y Since po Frae Joh Sair have Casting Lang gu Against t We madl Stock-jo

And, wi

As little
Drap down
Wha run
With face
The lad w
Receives
Views wi
Which in

By runnir Impos' Stock-job Wha fet th

The cover Was smitt

ferved by to of the fam. The old tro fprung from and lang be 16. John land.

ı	The Rife and Fall of Stocks.	.141
	And, wi' your leave, I needna flickle	
	To fay we're in a forry pickle,	(Stain)
		1
	Frae John a Groat's house, fouth to Dover.	1
	Sair have we pelted been with stocks,	
1	Calting our credit at the cocks.	
	Lang gualty of the highest treason	
	Against the government of reason:	20
	We madly at our ain expences,	
	Stock-job'd away our cath and fenies.	- 1
0	As little bairns trae winnocks hy	11 1
2	Drap down faip bells to waiting fry,	and mil
1.	Wha run and wreftle for the prize,	25
W.	With face erect and watchfou' eyes;	1.3
	The lad wha glegget waits upon it, too die wor	11 197
	Receives the bubble on his bonnet, ad atal visit;	· 1
_	Views with delight the flining beau-thing,	r. S.
	Which in a twinkling burfts to nothing. Id acq	30
	Sae Britain brought on a her troubles,	dir .
) ·	By running dafily after bubbles . is it vol morties	bnA
3 ,	Impos'd on by languebit juglers,	Asset
all lie	Stock-jobbers, brokers, cheating imuglers,	and the
TI.	Wha fet their gowden girns fae wylie, an anada	M 35
	Tho' ne'erfae cautious they'd beguile ye	They
° 5	The coverous infatuation or bach anomaly and he	Delpi
'	Was smittle out o'era' the nation, sind to bloo	nlah
	voll win shoulands of four eyears,	
	Council by the country poole and only out that her	ore and
	ferved by the country people, who give out, that before of the family died, a branch fell from the Edge-we	ll tree.
10	The old tree some few years ago fell altogether, but a sprung from the same root, which is now tall and flour	nother
	in 11 in the last Con	
	16. John a Groat's house. Fine northmost house is	n Scot-
And,	His costs in the 102K Edition at a disconstruction	4
CI		1 % 2e
ch ob-	이 경기가 있습니다. 그렇게 되었다면 하는데 얼마나 되었다면 하는데 그렇게 되었다면 그렇게 되었다면 그렇게 되었다면 그렇게 되었다면 그렇게 되었다면 하는데 되었다면 하는데 되었다면 하는데 되었다면 그렇게 그렇게 그렇게 되었다면 그렇게 되었다면 그렇게	
ferved	**	Clergy

142 The Rife and Pall of Stocks.	
Clergy and lawyers and physicians, available to ha	The
Mechanicks, merchants, and muficians,	But len
Baith fexes of a' forts and fizes and portioned	Tobilli
Drap'd ilk defign and jobb'd for prizes.	Asthey
Frae noblemen to livery varlets,	When c
Frae topping toafts to hackney harlots.	They're
Poetick dealers were but fearce, ide la to the 45	The mi
Less browden still on cash than verles vos en finisal	Girns li
Only ae bard to coach did mount, air mo is viboni all	Syne flac
By finging praise to fir John Blount;	And kee
But fince his mighty patron fell, v part amice simile A	Sae may
He looks just like Jork Blunt himsel.	But that
Some lords and lairds fell'd riggs and castles,	As foon
And play'd them aff with tricky rascals,	As pay y
Wha now with routh of riches vapour,	Poor mo
While their late honours live on paper.	And bans
But ah! the difference twixt good land, be districted 59	It lulls a v
And a poor bankrupt bubble's band.	To think
Thus Europeans Indians rifle, no man and and and	When nac
And give them for their gowd some trifle;	But the ex
As deugs of velvet, chips of christal,	Thus ch
A facon's bell, or baubie whiftle. 60	In fumme
Merchants and bankers heads gade wrang, 1101 mill	Collect the
They thought to millions they might spang see on "on"	In which
Despis dthe virtuous road to gain, and allogs you and	Till by co
And look'd on little bills with pain: one of violet	Wha in the
The well win thousands of some years, 65	And with a
In ae big bargain disappears.	The work
"Tis fair to bide, but wha can helpit,	Even ha
Instead of coach, on foot they skelp it.	And maun
from from the lame root, which is now tall and found in a	Syne stroot
And Soll Send Sec. Wide Dick Franklin's entitle	Transferrin
so. He looks just like Jock Blunt.) This is commonly said	in the facility
47. Only ae bard, &c.) Vide Dick Franklin's epiftle.  50. He looks just like Jock Blunt.) This is commonly said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.	83. By him

Clercy

83. By him 93. Ill-dee doing a bad a

Th

	The Rife and Fall of Stocks.	143
130	The ten per Cents wha durstna venture,	Sir World
B	it lent great fums upon indenture,	70
T	o billies wha as frankly war'd it,	shirl parks
A	s they out of their guts had Ipar'd it,	regarded.
	hen craving money they have lent,	
	hey're answer'd, item, A' is spent.	LIDS LA
	he mifer hears him with a gloom,	4 4 10 10
	irns like a brock and bites his thumb,	and lili
	yne shores to grip him by the wyfon,	Set H
	nd keep him a' his days in prison.	
	ae may ye do, replies the debter,	sit a said
T T	at that can never mend the matter:	100
	s foon can I mount Charle-wain,	nomer of the
	s pay ye back your gear again.	net M
	cor mouldy rins quite by himsel,	1.20008 st
	and bans like ane broke loofe frae hell.	Sinni bnA
1	t lulls a wee my muliygrubs,	neight A
57	To think upon these bitten scrubs,	anal w
	When naething faves their vital low,	127 107
	But the expences of a tow.	in sandi
ti i	Thus children oft with carefu' hands,	/ smide
	Infummer dam up little strands,	y Charles Q.
	Collect the drizel to a pool,	gradis 90
	In which their glowing limbs they cool;	1267/36/17
		O had this
	Till by comes fome ill-deedy gift,	And no fac
. V.	Wha in the bulwark makes a rift, And with ae strake in ruins lays,	Cararon T
65		95
	The work of use, art, care and days.	Depart alle
	Even handy-crafts-men too turn'd faucy,	And far lets
1, 19	And maun be coaching't thro' the caufy;	
appel.	Syne stroot fou paughty in the alley,	nisG
d bas	Transferring thoulands with some valley:	90100 D W
ily faid	men, but inching my lett well state war	n A .v.z
ment.	83. By himfel.) Mad, out of his wits. 93. Ill-deedy gift.) A roguish boy, who is sel	dom without
arl.	doing a bad action.	
Th		Grow

Argos, to whom Jupiter descended in a shower of gold. rgos, to whom Jupiter descended in a mower of gard to my when So. 127. A person, &c.) Meaning my self, with regard to my fancy to printing this volume by fubicription, My and the se. Ill-creaty gift.) A reguire boy, who is feldout without

Might wi' the best gane right far ben;

And far leis labour had he needed:

His project better had succeeded,

Monib

And au Well, And no O wov Which But fooi Was fee In harve Which The phiz And dry But m What car For a' the And ilka Plain anfi And tell y Like B Wha fells He findin Cafts o'er She figns:

Tis a'skla Thus we And faithfu Wha for ou Bonny pro On footing

164. My far Bu month of Jun ecufue had a game.

	The Rife and Fall of St	ocks.	145
	But 'tis a daffin to debate,		
4	And aurgle bargain with our fate.	tion 1 (vel)	State .
	Well, had this gowden age but lasted	es have the	sel hadai
4	And not fo foon been broke and blaffe		iones.
05	O wow, my lord, these had been da	2.50 m F . 40	125
	Which might have claim'd your poe		
	But foon alake! the mighty Dagon	Car grate gar	150
D.	Was seen to fa' without a rag on.		
63.	In harvest was a dreadfu' thunder,	M. Managari	1 60 1
10	Which gart a' Britain glowr and wone	ler;	140
153	The phizzing bowt came with a blatte		o least
11.1	'And dry'd our great fea to a gutter.	type a listed of	owned -
	But mony fowk with wonder fpei	r,	anui i
	What can become of a' the gear ?		ni toli
1.15	For a' the country is repining,	Staff Louis	145
h n A	And ilka ane complains of tining.	lm curflage	
mist!	Plain answer I had best let be,	elemental E	Y.DUA.
	And tell ye just a similie.	eson gains	Harit?
estW	Like Belzie when he nicksa witch,	generally a xia	ngist.
120		aug des auth	
17	He finding this the bait to damn her,	a directify	1001
n al-	Cafts o'er her een his cheating glamo	ur:	ALIO.
Calle	She figns and feals, and he affords	ald viu draw	·aul'
ly/ol	Her heaps of visionary hoords;		s bar T'
125			
S1. W	"Tis a' sklate-stanes instead of mone	y in much the	יורט כוו
y Laik	Thus we've been trick'd with braw	projectors	bin'
No.T		23701 8 91	Chon -
9 1	Wha for our cash, the faul of trade,	भ विश्वविद्यालया	- British
1. 1.13	Bonny propines of paper made;	minimal !	160
a sas	On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,	different inte	endel
king !	Had they not vanisht into air.	o prepared of	Saterr
ld.	When South-Sea tyde was at a high	का दार्था वं	Let A
rd to m	My fancy took a daring flight,	stink doils	
e 3000	164. My fancy, &c.) Wealth or the V	Voody, wrote	e in the
r	H		Thalia,

The Rise and Fall of Stocks. 146

Thalia, levely muse, inspired
My breaft, and me with fore-fight fired;
Rapt into future months, I fa'
The rich aerial Babel fa'. ball stade broken
Yond leas I saw the upstarts drifting,
Leaving their coaches for the lifting
These houses fit for wights gane mad,
I faw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had;
While little fauls funk with despair,
Implor'd cauld death to end their care,
But now a sweeter scene I view.
But now a sweeter scene I view, Time has, and time shall prove I'm true;
For tair Astrea moves trae heav'n,
And shortly shall make a' odds ev'n.
The honest man shall be regarded,
And villains as they ought rewarded.
The fetting moon and rolle dawn
Belpeak a shining day at hand;
A glorious fun shall foon arife,
To brighten up Britannia's skies.
Our king and fenate shall engage
To drive the vultures off the stage:
Trade then thall flourith, and lik art,
A lively vigour shall impart too assess and danne us
To credit languishing and famisht,
And Lombard-fireet shall be replenisht.
Got safe ashore after this blatt,
Britons shall smile at follies patt.
God grant your lord hip joy and health,
Lang days and rowth of real wealth;
Sate to the land of cakes heav'n fend ye,
And frae crofs accidents defend ye.
Edinb. March 25. adad garab 6 2001 gran gal
1721.
164, My fancy, Sec.) Weelth or the Woody, wrote in the
The Part Part

Thaling

14. Rab

Spoke

 $\mathbf{B}_{1}^{R}$ Quiet Good Some That' To the And le Stage-He faid They'r Contri To wit Assait But l We'll cl Wellf Tho' for I'm wra And for Knock Spit in th Caule h Must nai

pro

wretched 3017

### PROLOGUE.

Spoke by one of the young gentlemen, who, for their improvement and diversion, acted The Orphan, and Cheats of Scapin, the last night of the year 1719,

BRAW lads, and bonny laffes, welcome here,—
But wha's to entertain ye,—never speer.—
Quietnessis best.—Tho' we be leal and true,
Good sense and wit's mair than we dare avow.—
Some body says to some fowk, we're to blame,
That'tis a scandal and black-burning shame
To thole young callands thus to grow sae snack,
And lear—O mighty crimes!—to speak and act.—
Stage-plays, quoth dunce, are unco' things indeed!
He said, he gloom'd, and shook his thick boss head.
They're Papery, Papery!—cry'd his nibour neist,
Contriv'd at Rome by some malignant priest,
To witch away sowks minds srae doing well,
As saith Rab Ker, Mc. Millan and Mc. Neil.

175

180

185

190

164.

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RO

- 689

But let them tauk. In spite of ilk cadaver,
We'll cherish wit, and scorn their sead or favour;
We'll strive to bring in active eloquence,
Tho' for a while upon our same's expence.—
I'm wrang.— Our same will mount with mettled carles,
And for the rest, we'll be about their snarls.—
20
Knock down the fools, wha dare with empty rage
Spit in the face of virtue and the stage.
'Cause hereticks in pulpits thump and rair,
Must naithing orthodox b'expected there;

<sup>14.</sup> Rab Ker.) One who puts the canting phrases of M'Millan and M'Neil (two non-conforming hill preachers) into wretched rhime.

## 148 An Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE.

Because a rump cut off a royal head,

Must not another parliment succeed.

Thus tho' the Drama's aft debauch'd and rude,

Must we, for some are bad, refuse the good:

Answer me that,— if there be ony log,

That's come to keek upon us here integ,

Anes,—twice, thrice. But now I think on't, stay,

I've something else to do, and must away.—

This prologue was design'd tor use and sport,

The chief that made it, let him answer for't.

# The Life and Acts of, or, an Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE,

The famous fidler of Kinghorn;
Who gartthe lieges gamff and girn ay,
Aft'till the cock proclaim'd the morn:
Tho' baith his \* weeds and mirth were pirny,
Heroos'd these things were langest worn,
The brown ale barrel was his kirn ay,
And faithfully he toom'd his born.

And then besides his valiant acts, and the Ar bridals he wan mony placks.

HAB. SIMPSON.

I N fonnet flee the man I fing,

His rare engine in rhyme shall ring,

Wha slaid the stick out o'er the string

With sic an art;

Wha sang sae sweetly to the spring,

And rais'd the heart.

Weeds and mirth were pirny) When a piece of stuff is wrought unequally, part coarse and part fine, of yarn of different colours, we call it pirny, from the pirn, or little hollow reed which holds the yarn in the shuttle.

\*\*Eing-

That Wha

To fe

Wh Fuffin And c

Syne h

For hin But foo

O wilts

This And eke

when ftra pretending away food

one (tho' deceffors; merry with 21. Soo

ticular co groaning with fome tune. Hi

cafions.

as muficia

TAY

# An Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE. 140 Kinghorn may rue the rue fou day That lighted Patie to his clay. Wha gart the hearty billies stay And spend their cash,

To fee his fnowt, to hear him play,

When strangers landed, wow sae thrang

Fuffin and peghing he wa'd gang And crave their pardon that fae lang.

Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
And fa' to bumming.

Your honour's father dead and gane, For him he first wa'd make his mane, But foon his face cou'd make ye fain

When he did fough,

O wiltu, wilsu do't again!

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King-

VET

And gran'd and leugh. 24

This sang he made frae his ain head, And eke the anid man's mare she's dead,

13. When strangers landed.) It was his custom to watch when strangers went into a publick house, and attend them, pretending they had sent for him, and that he could not get away sooner from other company.

19. Your honour's father.) It was his first compliment to one (tho' he had never perhaps seen him, nor any of his predecessors) that well he kend his honour's father, and had been merry with him, and an excellent good-fellow he was.

21. Soon his face wad make ye fain.) Shewing a very particular comicalness in his looks and geftures, laughing and groaning at the fame time, he plays, fings, and breaks in with some quire tale twice or thrice e'er he get through the tune. His beard is no small addition to the diversion.

23. O Wiltu.) The name of a tune he play'd upon all oc-

25. This fang he made.) He boasted of being poet as well as musician.

H 3

Tho'

150 An Elegyon PATIE BIRNIE.	
Tho' peets and tures and a's to lead,	
Ofy upon her!	7
A bonny auld thing this indeed,	
An't like ye'r honour.	0
After ilk tune he took a fowp,	
And bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp,	
That to the papifts country fcowp,	
To lear ha, ha's,	
Frae chiels that fing hap, stap and lowp,	
Wantin the B_s. 3	б
That beardless capons are na men,	
We by their fozie springs might ken;	
But ours he said cou'd vigour len'	
To men o' weir,	
And gar them flout to battle sten'	
Withautten fear.	3
How first he practis'd, ye shall hear,	
The harn-pan of an umquhile mare,	
He strung, and strak sounds fast and clear,	
Out o' the pow,	1
Which fir'd his faul, and gart his ear	
With gladness glow.	18
Sae fome auld-gabet poets tell,	34
Jove's nimble fon and leckie fnell	
Made the first fiddle of a shell,	
On which Apollo,	110
With meikle pleasure play'd himsel	123
Baith jig and lolo.	54
O Jonny Stocks what comes o' thee,	ois
I'm fure thou'lt break thy heart and die;	119
22. Bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp, &c.) Curs'd ftrongly to light headed fellows who run to Italy to learn foft mufick.  ' 51. Tuque testudo, resonare septem  Callida nervis. HORAC	E.
55. Jonny Stocks.) A man of a low stature, but ve broad, a loving friend of his, who used to dance to his m	ry u-

fick.

An

Thy Bir

To shak

How p And dan With no

With cut

He ca At runk! And wi':

But ftark

Wae w Revengf He aw'd

He took

Pate w And wan And laid

Well jud

Yet pro

so. Bei

of Rothess and Patric

from a cun fion, d'd w

Thy

An Elegy on PATLE BIRNIE. 151
Thy Birnie gane, thou'lt never be
Nor blyth nor able
To shake thy short houghs merrily
Tipone table
How pleasant was't see thee diddle,
And dance fae finely to his fiddle,
With nose forgainst a lass's middle,
And briskly brag,
With cutty steps to ding their striddle,
He catch'd a criffy webster lown
At runkling o' his deary's gown,
And wi' a rung came o'er his crown,
For being there;
But starker thrums got Patie down,
And knooft him fair. 72
Wae worth the dog, he maift had fell'd him,
Revengfu' Pate aft green'd to geld him,
He aw'd a mends, and that he tell'd him,
And bann'd to do't,
He took the tid, and fairly fell'd him
For a recruit. 78
Pate was a carle of canny sense,
And wanted ne'er a right bein spence,
And laid up dollars in defence
'Gainst eild and gout,
Well judging gear in future tenfe
Cou'd stand for wit. 84
Yet prudent fowk may take the pet:
Anes thrawart porter wadna let
so. Bein Spence.) Good store of provision, the spence being a little apartment for meal, slesh, &c.  86. Anes thrawart porter, &c.) This happened in the duke of Rothess's time; his grace was giving an entertainment, and Patrick being deny'd entry by the servants, he either from a cunning view of the lucky consequence, or in a passion, d'd what's described.
H 4 Him

б

the k.

Thy

152 An Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE.
Him in while latter-meat was het, He gaw'd fou fair,
Flang in his fiddle o'er the yett, Whilk ne'er did mair.
But profit may arife trae loss, Sae Pase gat comfort by his cross:
Soon as he wan within the closs, He dously drew in
Mair gear frae ilka gentle gols Than bought a new ane. 96
When lying bedtast fick and fair, To parish priest he promis'd tair,
He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair:  But hale and tight,
He prov'd the auld-man to a hair, Strute ilka night.
The hally dad with care effays  To wile him frae his wanton ways,
And tell'd him of his promile twice:  Pate answer'd cliver.
Whatents what people raving fays When in a fever. 108
At Bothwell-Brig he gade to fight, But being wife as he was wight,
He thought it shaw'd a faul but slight, Dauftly to stand,
And let gun-powder wrang his fight, Or fildle-hand.
Right pawkily he left the plain, Nor o'er his shoulder look'd again,
109. Bothwell-brig ) Upon Clyde, where the famous battle was fought, Anno 1679, for the determination of some kittle points. But I dare not affert that it was religion carried my heroe to the field.
mild

But fco

And tal

, Sae I But left Come

For to a

CT

Anes Cu And too He wi She ftarte The bear Flang the Frae th His bow Deel's i't Syne bac Breath Withtran He made Where Be Hetent

And in the He drew ! With a bri Come

	Cupid thrown into the South-Sea. 1	1 3
1	But scour'd o'er moss and moor amain,	
	To Reiky straight,	
ł	And tald how mony whigs were flain	- **
	Before they faught.	20
T	, Sae I've lamented Patie's end;	-
	But left your grief o'er far extend,	
•	Come dight your cheeks, ye'r brows unbend, And lifr ye'r head,	
1	For to a' Britain be it kend	
•	마이트 등 보다 하는 사람들이 불통하는 경향이 되었다. 그는 사람들이 아이들이 되었다면 하는 것이 되었다면 하는 것이 되었다면 하는데 그렇다면 그렇다면 그렇다면 그렇다면 그렇다면 그렇다면 그렇다면 그렇다면	12
	January 25. Mandadison at the way man	
	1721. built alle tillet in besteller	
	As e'er an egg was like anither, Anes Cupid met upon the Mall,	A
1-	And took her for his bonny mither.  He wing'd his way up to her breaft;  She started, he cry'd, mam'tis me;  The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,  Flang the arch-gytling in South-Sea.	A
4.7	He wing'd his way up to her breaft; She started, he cry'd, mam'tis me; The beauty, in o'er rash a jest, Flang the arch-gytling in South-Sea. Frae thence he raise wi' guilded wings,	1日本の社
4.7	He wing'd his way up to her breaft; She started, he cry'd, mam'tis me; The beauty, in o'er rash a jest, Flang the arch-gytling in South-Sea. Frae thence he raise wi' guilded wings, His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd;	1年日本の日本の
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4	He wing'd his way up to her breaft; She started, he cry'd, mam'tis me; The beauty, in o'er rash a jest, Flang the arch-gytling in South-Sea. Frae thence he raise wi' guilded wings, His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd; Deel's i' the sea, quoth he, it dings; Syne back to Mall and park he rang'd. Breathing mischief, the god look'd gurly, With transfers a' his darts were feather'd; He made a horrid hurly burly, Where Beaus and Belles were thickest gather'd. He tentily Myreilla sought,	A OH OALLA TO
	He wing'd his way up to her breaft; She started, he cry'd, mam'tis me; The beauty, in o'er rash a jest, Flang the arch-gytling in South-Sea. Frae thence he raise wi' guilded wings, His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd; Deel's i' the sea, quoth he, it dings; Syne back to Mall and park he rang'd. Breathing mischief, the god look'd gurly, With transfers a' his darts were feather'd; He made a horrid hurly burly, Where Beaus and Belles were thickest gather'd. He tentily Myreilla sought,	A OH OA OH
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4	He wing'd his way up to her breaft; She started, he cry'd, mam'tis me; The beauty, in o'er rash a jest, Flang the arch-gytling in South-Sea. Frae thence he raise wi' guilded wings, His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd; Deel's i' the sea, quoth he, it dings; Syne back to Mall and park he rang'd. Breathing mischief, the god look'd gurly, With transfers a' his darts were feather'd; He made a horrid hurly burly, Where Beaus and Belles were thickest gather'd. He tentily Myreilla sought,	A O A O A O O

0,1 

The SATYR's Comick Project for recovering a young Bankrupt Stock-jobber.

A Song.

N the shore of a low ebbing sea,	
N the share of a low ebbing sea, A sighing young jobber was seen	
Staring wifhfully at an old tree	
Which grew on the neighbouring green.	1
	,
There's a tree that can finish the strite	
And disorder that wars in my breast,	
What need one be pain'd with his life,	
When a halter can purchase him rest?	
Sometimes he would framp and look wild,	
Then roar out a terrible curfe	
On bubbles that had him beguil'd,	
And the major a loss in his proof.	
And left ne'er a doit in his purse.	9
A Satyr that wander'd along,	
With a laugh to his raving reply'd;	
The favage maliciously fung,	
And jock'd while the stock-jobber cry'd.	Š
To mountains and rocks he complain'd,	
His cravat was bath'd with his tears;	
The Satyr drew near like a friend, and has wed at	
And bid him abandon his fears, oup 33 501 1 8 1226	
Said he, have ye been at the fea,	9
And met with a contrary wind,	
That you rail at fair fortune fo free,	. 6.6
Don't blame the poor goddes she's blind.	٥
Topy ( praise the boos Bonnes of the same	

From the beginning to the 20th line, fing to the tune of Colin's complaint.

From the 21st line, where the Satyr begins to speak, to the tune of The Kirk wad let me be.

Come I'll to Observ And Hecatiff Affec Her joy And I Lay fieg Ne'er Extol he And de In wedle And w Make fr And p

E'ER on Rear'd An univer! 'Till daring Difcord and On heartsa The prin

Transposin
Then music
When man
As when

In rolling de Down many The artist di

Come

To the Musick Club.	355
Come hold up thy head foolish wight,	ens mai
I'll teach thee the loss to retrieve;	ive son A
Observe me this project aright,	
	2
Hecatissa conceited and old,	
Affects in her airs to feem young,	
Her joynture yields plenty of gold,	A Buch
And plenty of nonfense her tongue.	39
Lay siege to her for a short space,	While s
NY 2	ogleT
Extol her for beauty and grace,	'n con'I
And doubt not of gaining the day.	36
	of but
	Mile al
Make free with the old woman's coin,	
And purchase a sprightly young W	
Addition of the despite the many the	Morite

### To the MUSTER CLUB.

Lacing the bally in the

E'ER on old Shinar's plain the fortress rose,

Rear'd by those giants who durst heav'n oppose;

An universal language mankind us'd,

Till daring crimes brought accents more consus'd;

Discord and jar for punishment were hurl'd

On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar speech with notes harmonious clear,

Transposing thought, gave pleasure to the ear:

Then musick in its full perfection shin'd,

When man to man melodious spoke his mind.

As when a richly fraughted seet is lost

In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coast,

Down many fathoms of the liquid mass,

The artist dives in ark of oak, or brass,

20

24

ne of

k, to

Come

Snatches

Snatches some ingots of Peruvian ore,
And with his prize rejoicing makes the shore.
Oft this attempt is made, and much they find;
They fwell in wealth, tho' much is left behind.  Amphion's fons, with minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight, 20
And daily gain new stores of pleasing founds
To glad the earth, fixing to spleen its bounds;
While vocal tubes and confort strings engage
To speak the dialect of the golden age.
Then you whose symphony of souls proclaim 25
Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's tame,
And shew that musick may have as good fate
In Albion's glens, as Umbria's green retreat :
And with Corelli's loft Italian fong
Mix Cowdon Knows, and winter nights are long. 30
Nor should the martial Pibrough be despis'd,
Own'd and refin'd by you, thefe fhall the more be priz'd,
Each ravish'd ear extolls your heavenly art,
Which fooths our care, and elevates the heart,
Whilst hoarser sounds the martial ardures move, 35
And liquid notes invite to shades and love.
Hail safe restorer of distemper'd minds,
That with delight the raging paffion binds:
Extatick concord only banish'd hell,
Most perfect where the perfect beings dwell. 40
Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
Long may they relifia thy transporting sweets.
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and the state of the land of the same of the same of will dive to see to distribute On Ont A m

At me That i 'Tisth We ki This t She or Our Seem When Willin And m The cu And w To dar The gr While Tofee For the Thus h Whe Twill

N. B. poems, vin fome

4. Our in Edinb

London.

9. Roll

On the Great Eclipse of the Sun, The 22d April, nine a-clock of the morning, wrote a month before it happened, March 1715.

To tell a great Eclipie in little fong.

At me nor Scheme, nor demonstration ask,

That is our Gregory's, or fam'd Halley's task:

'Tis they who are conversant with each star,

We know how planets planets rays debar.

This to pretend, my muse is not so bold,

She only echoes what she has been told.

25

35

Our rolling globe will scarce have made the sun
Seem half way up Olympus to have run,
When night's pale queen in her oft changed way,
Will intercept in direct line his way,
And make black night usurp the throne of day.
The curious will attend that hour with care,
And wish no clouds may hover in the air,
To dark the medium, and obstruct from sight
The gradual motion and decay of light,
Whilst thoughtless fools will view the water pale,
To see which of the planets will prevail:
For then they think the sun and moon make war,
Thus nurses tales of times the judgment mar.

When this strange darkness overshades the plains, 'Twill give an odd surprise t'unwarned swains,

N. B. The order of time in placing some of my manuscript poems, with regard to them formerly printed, is not observed in some sew of the following, but their dates shall be given.

(4. Our Gregory's.) Mr. Gregory professor of mathematicks in Edinburgh. Famed Halley, fellow of the royal society, London.

9. Rolling Globe. ) According to the Copernican fystem.

Plain

### 158 On the Great Helipse of the Sun

Plain honest hinds, who do not know the cause, Nor know of orbs, their motions or their laws, Will from the half plough'd furrows homeward bend, In dire confusion, judging that the end Of time approacheth; thus possest with fear, They'll think the general conflagration near. The traveller benighted on the road Will turn devout, and supplicate his god. In of Cocks with their careful mates and younger fry, As if't were evening, to their roofts will fly. The horned cattle will forget to teed, and of what all And come home lowing from the graffie mead. 39 Each bird of day will to his nest repair, see and the And leave to bats and owls the dusky air. The lark and little robin's fofter lay Will not be heard till the return of day. Now this will be great part of Europe's cafe, 40 While Phobe's as a mask on Phobbus' face. The unlearn'd clowns who don't our Æra know. From this dark Eriday will their ages thow; As I have often heard old country men Talk of dark Munday, and their ages then. Not long shall last this strange uncommon gloom When light dispels the ploughman's fear of doom; With merry heart he'll life his ravish'd fight Up to the heavens, and welcome back the light. How just's the motions of these whirling spheres! Which ne'er can err while time is met by years. How vaft is little man's capacious foul! \* he svin it will That knows how orbs throw weilds of Ether roll. How great's the power of that omnifick hand! Who gave them motion by his wife command, 55 That they should not, while time had being, stand.

s. Rolling Globe, Phycording to the Coperaions Griena.

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RC Tuft as t Hence 1 And mo Hence 'r Evenin As late t Thefe q First Tip That ge Whose r In whof I being a In this p With thi Ambition Buchana

Easy Cl from the bumour a those which grand real found of a

Pled gen

Him Het

The Cl twelve, an name of fo extraordin our lucubr malloch, B

Said

### The GENTLEMAN'S QUALIFICATY-ONS, as debated by some of the Fellows of the EASY CLUB, April 1715.

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said they to weak a that tide must belong

ROM different ways of thinking comes debate, This we despise, and that we over-rate, Just as the fancy takes, we love or hate. Hence Whig and Tory live in endless jarr, And most of families in civil war: Hence 'mongst the easiest men beneath the skies, Even in their easy dome, debates arise : As late they did with ftrength of judgment fcan These qualities that form a gentleman. First Tippermalloch pled with Spanish grace That gentry only fprung from antient race, Whose names in old records of time were fix'd, In whose rich veins some royal blood was mixt. I being a poet fprung from a Douglas' loin, In this proud thought did with the doctor join; With this addition, if they could speak sense, Ambitious I, ah! had no more pretence. Buchanan, with fliff argument and bold, Pled gentry took its birth from powerful gold. Him Hetior Boece join'd, they argued ftrong. 29

Eafy Club.) A juvenile fociety, of which I am a fellow, from the general antipathy we all feem'd to have at the ill aumour and contradictions which arite from trifles, especially those which constitute Whig and Tory, without having the grand reason for it; this engaged us to take a pleasure in the sound of an Easy Club.

The Club, by one of our special laws, must not exceed twelve, and any gentleman at his admission was to take the name of some Scots author, or one eminent for something extraordinary, for obscuring his real name in the register of our lucubrations, such as are nam'd in this debate, Tippermalloch, Buchanan, Hector Boece, &c.

### 160 The Gentleman's Qualifications.

Said they, to wealth that title must belong; If men are rich, they're gentle, and if not You'll own their birth and sense are soon forgot. Pray fay, faid they, how much respectful grace Demands an old red coat and mangled face, Or one, if he could like an angel preach, If he to no rich benefice can reach? Ey'n progeny of dukes are at a stand How to make out bare gentry without land But still the doctor would not quit the field, But that rich upftarts should to birth-right yield; He grew more stiff, nor would the plea let go, Said he was right, and fwore it should be fo. But happy we, who have such wholsome laws, Which without pleading can decide a caule. To this good law recourse we had at last, That throws off wrath, and makes our friendship fast; In which the legislators laid the plot. To end all controverfy by a vote.

Yet that we more good humour might difplay, We trankly turn'd the vote another way, As in each thing we common topicks fhun, So the great prize, nor birth nor riches won. The vote was carried thus, that easy he Who should three years a focial fellow be, And to our Eafy Club give no offence, After Triennial tryal, should commence A gentleman, which gives as just a claim To that great title, as the blaft of fame Can give to them who trade in human gore, Or those who heap up hoords of coined ore; Since in our focial friendship nought's design'd But what may raise and brighten up the mind; We aiming closs to walk by virtue's rules, To find true honour's felf, and leave her fliade to the h. Suchanan, Rector Locce, &c.

And fine My thou I'll give And her But first That wi

There

Wha cou

Speak wi Yet neve His fathe Which g Hamewa To tell hi At diftan He stood His father Stept out The callar But no ae His dad CI Sing, fing Then foor And fang

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3. Since orator, my happy in prowhich there of the series of the series

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Bright wit apporter in mony a Theyon

Y eafy friends, fince ye think fit This night to lucubrate on wit; And fince ye judge that I compose My thoughts in rhime better than profe, I'll give my judgment in a fang, And here it comes be't right or wrang. But first of a' I'll tell a tale was the bigg to man a street for That with my case runs parallel. There was a manting lad in Fife, make the sale to be a Wha cou'd na for his very life Speak without stammering very lang, Yet never manted when he fang. His father's kiln be anes faw burning, Which gart the lad run breathless mourning; Hameward with cliver ftrides he lap, To tell his dady his mishap. At diffance e'er he reach'd the door, He stood and rais'd a hideous roar. His father when he heard his voice. Stept out and faid, why a' this noise? 20 The calland gap'd and glowr'd about, But no ae word could he lug out. His dad cry'd, kenning his defect, Sing, fing, or I shall break your neck. Then foon he gratifi'd his fire, and was a state of 25 And fang aloud, your kiln's a fire. Now ye'll allow there's wit in that, To tell a tale fac very pat.

3. Since ye judge, &c.) Being but an indifferent fort of an orator, my friends would merrily alledge that I was not to happy in profe as rhime; it was carried in a vote, against which there is no opposition, and the night appointed for ome lessons on wit, I was ordered to give my thoughts in verse.

Bright

Herein

Bright wit appears in mony a shape, Which fome invent and others apo. Some shaw their wit in wearing claiths, And some in coining of new aiths; There's crambo wit in making rhime, And dancing wit in bearing time: There's mettl'd wit in story-telling, In writing grammar, and right fpelling: Wit thines in knowledge of politicks, And wow! what wit's among the criticks. So far my mates excuse me while I play In strains ironic with that heavenly ray, Rays which the human intellects refine. And makes the man with brillant luftre fhine, Marking him forung from origine divine. Yet may a well rig'd thip be full of flaws, So may loofe wits regard no facred laws: 41 That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake, So midft his vices finks the witty rake. But when on first -rate-virtues wit attends, It both itself and virtue recommends, which aid list And challenges respect where e'er its blaze extends. nace acceptions have aboated

### On FRIENDSHIP.

The earth-born clod who hugs his idol pelf,
His only friends are Mammon and himself:
The drunken fots, who want the art to think,
Still cease from friendship when they cease from drink,
The empty sop, who scarce for man will pass,
Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his glass.
Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,

Which to complete the virtues all combine,
And only found mongst men who can espy,
The merits of his triend without envy.

Thus a Whofe

of the

My shee And feer Hark ho The very My neibe His face of Tell, tell of A bang of Colin.

Sp

The cause

Wha unce The warle The bonn Fair was h But now the Leaves us For never to Ay heart for Speak flow Speak flow Or ye fae u Thus all pretending friendship's but a dream, Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

35

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trink,

Thus

KEITHA: APastoral, lamenting the death of the Right Honourable MARY Countes's of Wigtoun.

RINGAN.

O'E R ilka thing a gen'ral fadness hings!
The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings;
My sheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
And feem to think as in a dumpish mood.
Hark how the winds souch mournfu' throu' the broom,
The very lift puts on a heavy gloom:
My neibour Colin too, he bears a part,
His face speaks out the sairness of his heart;
Tell, tell me Colin, for my bodding thought,
Abang of fears into my breast has brought.

Golin. Where hast thou been thou simpleton, wha

The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears?

Wha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith
The warld receives by lovely Keitha's death?
The bonniest sample of what's good and kind;
Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind.
But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain,
Leaves us to sigh, tho' a' our sighs are vain;
For never mair she'll grace the heart some green,
Ay heart some when she deign'd there to be seen.

Speak flow'ry meadows where she us'd to wauk,
Speak flocks and burds wha've heard her sing or tauk.
Did ever you sae meikle beauty bear,
Or ye sae mony heav'nly accents hear:

Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair, on a see see Ring. Ye westlin winds that gently us'd to play On her white breaft, and steal some sweets a way, Whilft herdelicious breath pertum'd your breeze, Which gratefu' Flora took to feed her bees. 30 Bear on your wings, round earth, her spotless fame, Worthy that noble race from whence the came; Resounding braes where e'er she us'd to lean, And view the cristal burn glide o'er the green, Return your echoe's to our mournfu' fang, 35 And let the streams in murmurs bear't alang. Ye unkend powers, wha water haunt or air, Lament, for levely Keitha is nae mair. Col. Ah! wha cou'd tell the beauties of her face, Her mouth that never op'd but wi' a grace; Her een which did with heav nly sparkles low, Her modest cheek flush'd with a rose glow, Herfair brent brow, smooth as the unrunkled deep, When a' the winds are in their caves affeep : Her presence like a simmer's morning ray, Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay. Now twin'd of life, thele charms look cauld and blac, And what before gave joy, now makes us wae. Her goodne's thin'd in ilka pious deed, A lubject, Ringan, for a lofty reed! A shepherd's fang maun sic high thoughts decline, Lest rustick notes should darken what's divine. Youth, beauty, graces, a' that's good and fair Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair. Ring. How tenderly the smooth'd our master's our croffes mind, When round his manly waift her arms fhe twin'd,

32. Worthy that noble race. ) She was daughter to the late Earl Marishal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility. And Ind dinna

And loo While n To him As yieldi Baith faf Gay wer Soon as And wat Whence Beyond e Col. O Ofher, w Dear inne Which h May a'th And a' th Ring. S And a' The fow mon On which Baith hyn And throu

Will mifs

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The laffes

Ha'e by he

Oilka ane Lament, f

Col. OR

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Ring. I'll

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The power

	KEITHA; A Pattoral, 105
25	And look'd a thousand saft things to his heart,
	While native fweetness fought nae help frae art.
	To him her merit still appear'd mair bright, 10 2 20 1 12
	As yielding the own'd his superior right
24	Baith faft and found he flept within her arms,
30	Gay were his dreams, the influence of her charms.
	Soon as the morning described draw the farmer
	Soon as the morning dawn'd he'd draw the fcreen, 65
	And watch the opining of her fairer een; which was whence fweetest rays gusht out in sic a thrang,
	Beyond expression in my rural fang.
35	
	Col. O Clementina! sprouting fair remains
	Ofher, wha was the glory of our plains.
1.011	Dear innocence with infant darkness blest,
	Which hides the happiness that thou hast mist.
40	May a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,
	And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee.
(2.1.6.11 11.78)	Ring. She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,
P,	And a' fhe gae, the geed it wi' good will
MAGN	Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that day On which frae us the's tane (ae foon away,
45	On which frae us the's tane lae loon away,
	Baith hynds and herds, wha's cheeks belpake nae fcant,
f blae,	And throu' the howms could whiftle, fing and rant, 80
	Will miss her fair, till happily they find
10 Jan 14	Anither in her place (ae good and kind.
50	The laties who did at her graces mint,
е,	ha'e by her death their bonnielt pattern tint.
23.0,004	Oilka ane wha did her bounty skair, 85
80 1 600	lament, for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair.
	Col. O Ringan, Ringan! things gang fae uneven,
nafter'	I canna well take up the will of heav'n.
5	Our croiles teughly laft us mony a year,
d,	out unco foon our bleffings difappear.
	Ring. I'll tell thee Colin my last funday's note,
k of no	The state of the s
	ine powers aboon are cautious as they re just,
A	alad dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle trust
	To Aug To

## 166 Address to the Council of Edinburgh.

To this unconftant earth, with what's divine, Left in laigh damps they should their lustre time. Sae let's leave aff our murmuring and tears, And never value life by length of years: But as we can in goodness hemploy, Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy. Come, Colin, dight your cheeks and banish care, Our lady's happy, the with us nae mair.

To the right bonourable, the Town-Council of EDINBURGH, The address of ALLAN RAMSAY. Och tolk close

Wedler filt was the

7 OUR poet humbly means and flaws, That contrairto just rights and laws I've fuffer'd muckle wrang By Lucky Reid, and ballad fingers, Wha thum'd with their coarse dirty fingers Sweet Edie's funeral-lang. They spoil'd my fense, and flaw my call, My mufes pride margully'd, And printing it like their vile trafh, The honest lieges whilly'd. Thus undone, to London

It gade to my diffrace, Sae pimpin and limpin In rags wi bluther d face.

4. Lucky Reid, A printer's relict, who with the hawken re printed my pastoral on Mr. Addison, without my know ledge, on ugly paper, full of errors.

11. To London. One of their uncorrect copies was re printed at London by Bernard Linton, in folio first, before he

printed it a second time from a correct copy of my own, with the hononrable Mr. Burchet's English version of it.

Yet Receiv For. Gart Li And ch Syn But the Sae It blath

A

And

Whe But wif My o And, a Your w Tog Thenc The

Nor fh

Whe

23. B wanting for gars, 32. A

33. Y rity in n pirates.

42. SI who dail

Address to the Council of Edinburgh. 167
Yet gleg eyed friends throw the difguise
Received it as a dainty prize
For a'it was fae hav'ren,
Cart Lined take it to his prefs, og sår do sortenset
And clead it in a braw new drefs, U
[4] IN NOTES IN THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY
Syne took it to the tavern. But tho it was made clean and braw,
Sae fair it had been knoited,
It blather'd buff before them a',
And aftentimes turn'd doited, moled mile adm A.
It griev'd me, and reav'd me
Of kindly fleep and reft, The sound not
By carlings and gorlings
To be fae fair opprest.
Wherefore to you ne'er kend to guide ill,
Rus wifely had the good towns heidle
My case I plainly tell,
And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your word of weight, when now I crave
To guide my gear my fell.
AND THE STREET OF COMMENTS AND ADDRESS OF THE STREET
The paper like the fnaw,
Nor shall our town think shaine wi' me,
When we gang far awa.
Wha's wanted if granted
Beneath your honour'd wing.
Baith hantily and cantily
Your forplicant thall fing.
e translation in a community of
23. Blather'd buff.) Spoke nonfenfe, from words being
wanting, and many wrong spell'd and changed, such as graffor gars, praise for phrase, &c.
32. As your ain. ) A free citizen.
33. Your word of weight.) To interpole their full authority in my favour, and grant me an act to ward off these little
pirates, which I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of.
42. Shall fing. ) There being abundance of their petitioner
who daily oblige themselves to pray.
Incription

100

Hawken y know

Ye

Yet glog et al intendationary and deligning

Inscription on the gold tea-pot, gain'd by Sir JAMES CUNNINGHAM of Miln-craig, Bart.

A FTER the gaining Edinburgh's prize

The day before with running thrice,

Me Milneraig's reck most fairly won,

When thrice again the course he run:

Now for diversion 'tis my share

To run three heats, and please the fair.

Inscription engraven on the piece of plate, which was a punch-bowl and ladle, given by the captains of the train'd-bands of EDINBURGH, and gain'd by captain CH. CROCKAT'S Swallow.

Mes ylainly tell,

CHARGE me with Nants and limpid spring,
Let sowr and sweet be mixt,
Bend round a health syne to the King,
To Edinburgh's captains next,
Wha form'd me in sae blyth a shape,
And gave me lasting honours,
Take up my ladle fill and lape,
And say, takta' the donors.

Toth

Which Between And which Wative Bred

Tho', to

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Then talk
And if
I'll deem
To come

And cla

Whin-Helemen, was a good bottle. A their treat felieved the r. Leadh

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2. Gleng
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Caftle of C

the branch

protes which I destroilly ack newledge the manifest.

There is being about ages or his periodners.

To sally oblice themselves to pary.

Information:

II much serverns of a head

### To the WHIN-BUSHCLUB, The bill of Allan Ramfay.

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Bengd

F Crawford-Moor, both in Leadhill, Where min'ral springs Glengoner fill, Which joins sweet flowing Clyde, Between auld Crawfurd-Lindfay's towers, And where Deneetne rapid pours Histicam thro'Gbur's vide; Ald of office I wh Native of Clydfdale's upper ward, Bred fifteen summers there, Tho', to my lofs I'm no a laird BRIVEGE By birth, my title's tair 10 To bend wit ye and spend wi' ye An evening, and gaffaw. The Manual friend spirit mol strategal I Be found without a flaw. Since doufly ye do noughe at random, no story first 12 Then take my bill to Avifandum; was take a work

And if there's nae objection, who makes and to I'll deem't my honour and be glad a grant and pairle W To come beneath your Whin-buff shade, to anotherna. I And claimen desprotectioning salaring alalman dri be

Whin-Bush. J This club confists of Clydidale-shire gen-tlemen, who frequently meet at a diverting hour, and keep up a good understanding amongst themselves over a friendly bottle. And from a charitable principle, easily collect into their treasurer's box a small fund, which has many a time telieved the distresses of indigent persons of that shire.

1. Leadhill. ) In the parish of Crawfurd Moor, famous for

the lead and gold mines belonging to the Earl of Hoptown.
2. Glengoner. ). The name of a small river, which takes its rise from the Leadhills, and enters Clyde between the Caftle of Crawfurd and the mouth of Dencetne, another of the branches of Clyde and not withattant as a distillation of

### 170 An Epiftle to Mr. AR BUCKLE.

If frae the caverns of a head

That's bois, a fform should blaw,

Etling wi' spite to rive my reed,

And give my muse a fa':

When poring and foaring
O'er Heliconian heights,
She traces these places
Where Cynthius delights.

# An Epistle to Mr. James ARBUCKLE of Belfast, A. M.

EDINBURGH, January 1719.

Serrant knight with sword and pistol, Bestrides his steed with mighty fiftle; Then stands some time in jumbled swither To ride in this road or that ither; At last (purs on, and disna care for on any buch son ! 5 A how, a what way, or a wherefore, and war and and Or like extemporary quaker, the man along the transfer Wafting his lungs, t'enlighten weaker of van imeeble Lanthrons of clay, where light is wanting, ad amoo o'T With formless phrase, and tormal cantings min boato While Facob Behmen's falt does feafon, And faves his thought frae corrupt reason, Gowling aloud with motions queereft, Yerking these words out which ly nearest. Thus I ( no longer to illustrate With fimilies, left I faould frustrate and a distant Delign Laconiok of a letter, wied spaint blog bas bost ont With heap of language and no matter, ) and most shire

11. Jacob Behmen, J A quaker, who wrote volumes of an amintelligible enthuliastick bombast.

Bang'd

Bang's
To for
Witho
Or fer
Three
Then I
Still he
I prim'

As they

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25

(That's Ye're was Lang li Harvell And ay That ye Of bruff Where! And do But never

And fra
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To give
That is t

Wha we

To tell y Ilk verse And trou For there Sae slid,

26. Infr 31. We vifiting h

# An Epiftle to Mr. ARBUCKLE. 171

THE ENTITION AND CHEE 171
Bang'd up my blyth auld-fashion'd whistle,
To fowf ye o'er a short epistle,
Without rule, compasses, or charcoal,
Or ferious study in a dark hole.
Three times I ga'e the muse a rug,
Then bate my nails and claw'd my lug;
Still heavy, at the last my nose
I prim'd with an inspiring dose,
Then did ideas dance, (dear fafe us!)
As they'd been daft. — Here ends the preface.
Good Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir,
(That's merchant's stile, as clean as fir)
Ye're welcome back to Caledonie,
Lang life and thriving light upon ye,
Harvest, winter, spring and summer,
And ay keep up your heartfome humor,
That ye may thro' your lucky task go,
Of brushing up your fister Glasgow;
Where lads are dextrous at improving,
And docile lasses fair and loving:
But never tent these fellows girning,
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning,
And frae pure dullness are malicious,
Terming ilk turn that's witty, vicious.
Now, Jamie, in neift place, Secundo,
To give you what's your due in mundo;
That is to fay in hame-o'er phrases, 45
To tell ye, men of mettle praises
Ilk verse of yours when they can light on't
And trouth I think they're in the right on't;
For there's ay fomething fae auldfarran,
Sae flid, sae unconstrain'd and darrin,
the state of the s
26. Inspiring dose. ) Vide Mr. Arbuckle's poem on fnuff.

26. Inspiring dose.) Vide Mr. Arbuckle's poem on snuff. 31. Welcome back.) Having been in his native Ireland visiting his friends.

Bang'd

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### 172 An Epitleto Mr. ARBUCKIE.

1 17 TH ENIMENEN NA . TREATER.
In ilka fample we have form set ine duld you qub'g and
That little better e'er has been vet and a 12'0 24 tool of
Sae much forthat. My triend Arbuckle, worthist
I ne'er afore roos'd ane fae muckle, may and amorral of
Fause flar'ry nane but tools will tickle,
That gars me hate it like auld Nicol;
But when ane's of his merit confcious,
He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glundes.
Thirdly, not tether'd to connection, to see his hear
But rattling by infpir'd direction, dish and by well to
When ever fame, with voice like thunder, Mano
Sets up a chield a warld's wonder, and and a set a set and a set a
Either for flashing fowk to dead,
Or having wind-mills in his head,
Or poet, or an airy beau,
Or ony twa leg'd rary-show,
They wha have never feen't are biffy.  To speer what like a carle is he.
Imprimis then, for talinets 1
Am hive foot and four inches high;
A black-a-vic d mod dapper fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wir tallow.
Refembling a late man of wit.
Auld-gabbet Spec, wha was fae cunning 75
To be a dummie ten years running.
a new yor the rate of the printing
Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin a.
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than thow diluke by melancholy;
Well judging a fowr heavy face
Is not the trueft mark of grace.
HE NOTE NOTE NOTE NOTE NOTE NOTE NOTE NOT
25. Auld-gabbet (pec. ) The spectator, who gives us a fictious description of his short face and tacitumity, that he
had been efteem'd a dumb man for ten years.
the part of the state of the st

Met ai Great When A heal prefers I ne Of a fai Proud And let I court oz Seco Ye's g To foll Ye ker Wellt Nor cr Tranfu As pray Nor A Nor M Mor ca In Cott Neif Know 103. N advance whimfice they ple and Eli man. prefer a Mugleto See Let 106. C

repetiti minister education

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#### An Epificia Mr. A REUCKEB. I hate a drunkard on a glutton, a room attent gains and Her am nae fae to wine and murrons and the state by Great tables ne'en cheag'd my willres, When crowded which oldermony dishes, A healthfu' flomath florely form quilbank es a samuel prefers a back-fey pipin het will hist time to no much as ? I never cou'd imagin't vicious Of a fair fame to be ambitions: Proud to be thought a comick poet, And let a judge of mimbers know its I court occasion thus to flaore in Second of thirdly, pray take heed, Ye's get a short swatch of my ofeed. To follow method negatively 15 75 75 5 14 5 6 75 16 16 Ye ken takes place of politively. Well then, I'm nowther while nor tory, Nor credit give to purgatory Transub, I, oretta-house, and mactricks As prayers to faints, Karpies and Patricks; Nor Afgilite, nor Befs Clarkfonian Nor Mountaineer, por Mugletonian Mor can believe, and snae great ferly, 105 In Cotmoor fowk, and Andrew Harley. Neift Anti-Toland, Blunt and Wh Know positively I'm a christian. 103. Nor Afgilite. Ji Nir. Afgit a lave member of parliament advanced ( whether in jeft or earnest I know not ) some very whimfical opinions, particularly, that people need not die if they pleas'd, but be translated alive to heaven like Enoch and Elijah. Clerkionian, Beffy Clarkion a Lanerkinire weman. Vide the history of her life and principles. 194. Mountaineer. ) Our wild folks, who always prefer a hill-fide to a church under any civil authority. Mugletonian, a kind of quakers, so called from one Mugleton. See Leslie's Snake in the Grass. 106. Cotmoor Fowl.) A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themselves on using vain repetitions in prayers of 6 or 7 hours long; were pleased with ministers of no kind. Andrew Harlaw a dull fellow of no

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education was head of the party.

### 174 An Epiftleto Mr. ARBUCKLE.

-/4 multipliere inti-trapo of pe
Believing truths and thinking free, bradamb sotal i
Wishing thrawn parties wad agree. O sel sen the Tio
Say, wa'd ye ken my gate of fending, on 20 daland
My income, management, and spending to work and w
Born to nae lairdship, mair's the pity ! ano fi 'aldia sal A
Yet denison of this fair city, ad alara val-daed a arabac
I make what honest shift I can, when the many 115
And in my ain house am good-man, and of some in the season
Which stands on Edinburgh's street the fun-side,
Where I theek th' out, and line the infide what a reliable
Of mony a doufe and winy pash, and account of
And baith ways gather in the cash;
Thus heartily I graze and beau it, rest mod a rog a si
And keep a wife ay great wi' poet. a hodiam wolld of
Contented I have fic a skair,
As does my buliness to a hair, wanted in a modellaw
And fain wa'd prove to ilka Scot
That poortith's no the poets lor Lad attend defined
Fourthly and laftly baith togither, must on any say at.
Pray let us ken when ye come hither; or and se sold
There's mony a canty carle and men would have M TO V.
Wa'd be much comforted to fee ye. a. worked and 1230
But if your outward be refractory in a work work to
Send us your inward manufactory.
That when we're kedgy o'er our claret,
We correspond may with your friest
Accept of my kind wishes, with The same to dons Butler and Smith;
The fame to dons Butler and Smith
Health wit and joy, fauls large and free,
Be a' your fates, - fae god be wi'ye.
evalue on calone than 120. ( Allier hold, set
. None leroment, a kinch of the college of the first une Martillaria.
Live kellie's that a super three lives.
con Capitado Fore I substructiva vita dada partica.  (Chapter State and the vital and the contract of the property of the prop
thing to their actions and the state of the

remainers of no kind. Andrew Mariaw & that fellow of no

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There Some Some And g A' dra The w Might Has m Inclin He's p

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# To the right honourable WILLIAM Earl of DALHOUSEE.

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AD.

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Macenas atavis edite regibus.

HORACB.

Syne

ALHOUS I E of arrauld descent, My chief, my stoup and ornament, For entertainment a wee while, Accept this sonnet with a fmile; Setting great Horace in my view, He to Mecenas, I to your: But that my muse may sing with ease, I'll keep or drap him as I pleafe. How differently are fowk inclin'd, There's hardly twa of the same mind; Some like to study, some to play, Some on the links to win the day, And gar the courfer rin like wood, A' drapin down with sweat and blood: The winter fyne affumes a look Might gain a monarch or a duke. Neist view the man with pauky face Has mounted to a talhous place, Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate, He's pleas'd with his uneafy state: Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw, 'Till frae his kittle post he fa'. The Lothian farmer he likes best. To be of good faugh riggs poffest, And fen upon a frugal stock, Where his forbeers had us'd the yoke: Nor is he fond to leave his wark, And venture in a rotten bark,

### 176 Tothe Earl of DALHOUSEE.

Syne unto far aff countries steer	1
On tumbling waves to gather gear.	2
The merchant wreck'd upon the main	
Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again;	
That he had rather live on cakes,	
And shyrest swats, with landart maiks,	
As rin the risk by forms to have,	
When he is dead, a living grave.	
Dut feas turn forooth, and he grows fain,	
And fairly takes his word again:	
Tho' he shou'd to the bottom sink,	
Of poverty he downarhink.	
Some like to laugh their time away,	
10 dance while pipes or nadles play.	
And have nac sense of ony want	
As lang as they can drink and vant.	
The rating drum and trumper's tout	
Delight yourg Iwankies that are front:	
What his kind trighted mother noe.	
Is musick to the foger's lugs.  The hunter with his bounds and bawks  Bangs up afore his wife awakes.	
The hunter with his bounds and bawks	
Bangs up atote ma wite awares .	
Nor ipeers gin ine has ought to lay	
But Icowers o'er highs and hows a' day,	
Throw moss and moor, nor does he care	
Whither the day be foul or fair,	
If he his trufty hounds can chear	1
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.	
May I be happy in my lays,	
And won a lafting wreath of bays,	
Is a' my with; well pleas'd to fing	
Beneath a tree, or by a laring,	2
While lads and lasses on the mead	
Attend my Caledonian reed,	
And with the sweetest notes rehearle	
My thoughts, and roofe me for my verfe.	ç

Those who of smilling To starns

HORA

Ye stars :
Auspicion
Ling Eol
But boast
Dear ship
At Athen
Syne soon
Bring had
Daring

Wha on Throu'te Nor clin That drin And gars Cou'd e' The man Without

Whated With her

Wha unc

Purk

If you, my lord, class me amang
Those who have sung baith saft and strang,
Of smilling love or daughty deed,
To starns sublime I'll lift my head,

# HORACE to VIRGIL, on his taking a voy-

Sic te diva potens Cypri, -

Cyprian goddels twinkle clear, And Helen's brithers ay appear; Ye ftars wha fhed a lucky light, Auspicious ay keep in a sight; King Eol grant a tydie this aniw dand a weet the below But boaft the blaft that rudely whirl Dear fhip be canny with your care, and aquige ments At Athens land my Virgilfair, hacry asit to be Syne foon and fafe, baith lith and fpaul. Bring hame the tae haft o my faul. Daring and unco' flour He was, and to annive want With heart hool'd in three floughs of brafs, Whateath dhirton the rough fea, With hempen branks and honfe of tree: Wha on the weak machine diremiders to Y Throu' tempelts and a rairing tide and a server ned ? Nor clinty craigs, nor humy canepay and and home That drives the Adriatichemains And gars the ocean gowl and quinke. Cou'd e'er a faul facilitatdy fhaleet before a facilitate de The man wha cou'd fletubowin o'erel over the Without a wink at death might glowen indentified Whaunconcern'd can take his fleep l'ast sigo and Amang the monfere of the deep to a and no bird and 1 . Same tillad er teem me Jove

35

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178	To Mr. W	ILL	MAI	AIKR	LAN.
14	e vainly twi				in such

Jove vainly twin a the lea and eard,	•
Since mariners are not afraid.	
With laws of nature to dispence.	
And impiously treat providence.	
Audacious men at nought will stand	
When vicious pailions have command.	1
Prometheus ventur'd up and flaw	
A lown coal frae heav'ns high ha',	
Unfonfy thift, which feavers brought	
In bikes, which fowk like lybous hought:	
Then death erst slaw began to ling,	
And taft as haps to dart his fling.	•
Neist Dedalus must contradict	
Nature forfooth, and feathers flick	
Upon his back, fyne upwards streek,	
And in at Jove's high winnocks keek,	^
While Hercules, wi's timber mell,	•
Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.	
What is't man winna eitle at ?	
E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat :	
Tho' Jove be very laith to kill,	5
They winna let his bowt ly still.	
To Mr. WILLIAM AIRMAN.	
[12]	
I S granted, fir, pains may be spar'd	
Your merit to fet forth, and above of no ad &	
When there's fae few wha claim regard, by the women	
That difna ken your worth, door agiers vinds to	ŧ
Yet poets give immortal fame	100
To mortals that excel,	

1 Our meinto ser joins
When there's fae few wha claim regard,
That dilna ken your worth, door aging vinda 10.4
yes poets give immortal fame
To mortals that excel,
Which if neglected they're to blame;
But you've done that your fell.
While fractoriginals of yours
Fair copies shall be tane, a lor app hi apparona all
And fix'd on brais to busk our bow'rs, and addition
Your mem'ry hall remain.

Spor To you Or of May be Tofi The last Elfe v Do ye m And h By your To co And by y To ck Had I a For to Then I tl In true But comi

> Spoken would was t

And if in

Whilst Said, Alla Gi'e judge Hard is But added Ladies ye And m

First, like Shaw a' ye Faith I st

To

Spoken to three Young LAI	1E\$. 179
To your ain deeds the maift deny'd,	
Or of a tafte o'er fine,	
May be ye're, but o'er right, afraid	14 116:14
To fink in verse like mine.	16
The last can ne'er the reason prove,	
Elfe wherefore with good will	
Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,	
And help me up the hill?	20
By your assistance unconstrain'd	may accuracy
To courts I can repair,	
And by your are my way I've gain'd	
To closets of the fair.	24
Had I a mule like lotty Pope,	
For touring numbers fit,	
Then I the ingenious mind might hope	
In truest light to hit.	28.
But comick tale and sonnet slee	
Are coosten for my share,	Course alla De
And if in these I bear the gree,  I'll think it very fair:	32
Spoken to three YoungLas would have me to determine we was the Bonniest.	bich of them
M E anesthree beauties did surround And ilka beauty gave a wound, Whilst they with smiling eye,	namen arrold Deimekund T
Raid Allow which think we mailt fair?	g magalig telesia (iz. )
Gi'e judgment frankly, never spare.	REIDSTYPS.
FIAILI 12 LIIV LOOK 1879 A .	
But added, feeing them fae free,	Solvertsol and
I alies we mann lay mair to me	bulliance don't
And my demand right fairls;	country soll
First, like the gay celestial three,	. 10
Shaw a' your charms, and then ha'e wi'	ve.
Faith I shall be your Paris.	To
	TENER OF THE STATE OF THE

\$ 13 To

# To Sir WILLIAM BENNET of Grub-

HILE now in discord giddy changes reel,
And some are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,
You with undaunted stalk, and brow serene,
May trace your groves, and press the dewy green;
No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound,
Or horrid dreams to make your sleep unsound.

To such as you, who can mean care despite,
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt earth and skies.
Not hurried with the thirst of unjust gain,
You can delight your self on hill or plain,
Observing when those render sprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant sweets the youthful year.
Your lovely scenes of Marlefield abound
With as much choice as is in Britain found:
Here fairest plants from nature's bosom start
From soil prolifick, serv'd with curious art:
Here of the headful gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders through an artificial wild,
While native flowry green, and christal strands,

Appear the labours of ingenious hands.

Most happy he who can those sweets enjoy.

With taste refin'd, which does not easy cloy.

Not so Plebeian souls, whom sporting fate.

Thrusts into life upon a large estate.

While spleen their weak imagination sowrs.

They're at a loss how to imploy their hours:

The sweetest plants which fairest gardens show.

Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow.

Such purblind eyes ne'er view the son rous page.

Where saines the raptures of poetick rage, and as a se

Epi Nor three T'obser Nor by These st Bid such Polite ex Moll's m But their And gen They thin

And add: Has feen And can Has fron And drug This man Can be a

An E

Yet all fu

Y To
I now ap
O'er Italy
We trace
The curi
Where al
With pen
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Profiles a

On meda

of Al, like the gay telesial three, Shaw a'your charms, and then ha'e we'ye, faith I hall be your Paris

Epistle to a Friend at FLORENCE. LE

Nor through the microscope can take delight,
T' observe the susks and brissles of a mite;
Nor by the lengthen d sub learn to descry
These shining worlds which roll around the sky.
Bid such read histry to improve their skill,
Polite excuse! their memories are ill.
Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make show,
But their contents they're not oblig d to know,
And gen'rous friendship's out of sight too sine,
They think it only means a glass of wine.

But he whose chearful mind hath higher flown,
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own.
Has seen the world, and read the volume man,
And can the springs and ends of actions scan,
Has fronted deaths in service of his king,
And drunken deep of the Castalian spring;
This man can live, — and happiest life's his due,
Can be a friend, — a virtue known to sew;
Yet all such virtues strongly shine in you,

An Existic to a Friend at Florence, in his way to Rome.

3

35

30

YOUR steady impulse foreign chimes to view.

To study nature, another art can shew.

I now approve, while my water fancy walks
O'er Italy, and with your genius talks,
We trace with glowing breast and piercing look
The curious gall'ry of th' illustrious duke,
Where all those masters of the arts divine,
With pencils, pens, and chizels greatly shine,
Immortalizing the Augustan age,
On medals, canvas, shone, or written page.
Profiles and busts originals express,
And antique scrols, old wer we knew the press.

For's

### 182 The beautiful Rose Tree, Ge.

For's love to science, and each virtuous Seet, May days unnumber'd be great Cofmus' lot. The fweet Hefperian fields you'll next explore, "Twixt Armus' banks and Tiber's fertile shore. Now, now I wish my organs could keep pace, With my fond muse and you these plains to trace, We'd enter Rome with an uncommon taffe, And feed our minds on every famous wafte; Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs, Triumphal arches, ruins of vast domes, Old aerial aqueducts, and ftrong pav'd roads, Which feem to've been not wrought, by men but gods, These view'd, we'd then survey with outmost care What modern Rome produces fine or rare, Where buildings rife with all the ftrength of art, Proclaiming their great architect's defert, Which citron shades surround and jessamin, And all the foul of Raphael thines within: Then we'd regale our ears with founding notes, Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless throats, Toin'd with the vib'rating harmonious ftrings, And breathing tobos, while the foir eunuch fings. Of all those dainties take a hearty meal; But let your resolution ftill prevail, Return before your pleature grow a toil, To longing friends, and your own native foile. Preferve your health, your virtue fill improve, Hence you'll invite protection from above.

## The beautiful Rose TREE enclosed.

Thy lovely roles have their pointed guards,
Yet the the gathers opposition meets,
The fragrant purchase all his pain rewards,
But

But he O plant We view

Ah! And fou All thy to And feat

The rose

WH

Got thro

O'er rock
To these
Throw v
Yonder si
How bly
Her flow
While roc
Hail love
Amidst m
And speak

4. Rock precipices,

Tharto of With fole

Hamilton.

### CLYDE's welcome to his Prince. 18:

But hedg'd about and watch'd with warry eyes,
O plant superior, beautiful and fair,
We view thee like you stars which gem the skies,
But equally to gain we must delpair.

Ah! wert thou growing on some secret plain,
And found by me, how ravisht would I meet
All thy transporting charms to ease my pain,
And feast my raptur'd soul on all that's sweet.

Thus fung poor Symon: Symon was in love,
His too aspiring passion made him smart;
The rose tree was a mistress far above
The shepherd's hope, which broke his tender heart. 16

### CLYDE's welcome to his Prince.

HAT chearful founds from ev'ry fide I hear,
How heauteous on their banks my nymphs appear,

O'er rocks stupendous of my upper course.
O'er rocks stupendous of my upper course.
To these fair plains where I more smoothly move,
Throw verdant vales to meet Evana's love.
Yonder she comes beneath Dodana's shade,
How blyth she looks! how sweet and gaylie clade;
Her slowry bounds bears all the pride of May,
While round her soft meanders shepherd's play.
Hail lovely Naid to my bosom large,
Amidst my stores commit thy chrystal charge,
And speak these joys all thy deportment shews,
That to old ocean I may have good news.
With solemn voice, thus spoke majestick Glyde,
In softer notes lov'd Evan thus reply'd.

4. Rocks stupendous.) The river falls over several high precipices, such as Corray's Lin, Stane-Byre Lin, &c.

S

But

6. Evana.) The small river Evan which joins Clyde near Hamilton.

Great

### 184 CLYDE's welcome to his Prince.

Great Glotta, long have I	had cause to mourn.
While my forfaken fream	rela d from my usa
Since my late Lon m Hisn	ation's just delight
	ndlessight of flare 120
His hopeful STEN our chie	f defire and boaft
	foreign coalt ; head and
Lonely for years; I've man	
Lonely for years, I volum	Little Continue day
When dark I'wepe, and fi	gn a in initing day.
	tions for thy pains, 2017 25
So long to wind involging	many plains spiritus oor sill
Thy lois was mine, Frysh	Addized with thee; along a line of the line they joys with me. of the
Since one our greets, men	if air of the dala
Then hear me, liquid ch	I f tell my tale.
Hulhalt your carracts, 'til	friendly tate,
Then rife and roar, and kin	
And found our joys around	
Yon lordly towers, which	winc rectiful dagain.
Our brave and youthful F	MINCE FERRIT O AGAIN
His welcome echo'd from	
Enough Evana, long may	THE A COULTY
The noble youth lately bett	O'er rocks faperdings of the
From the green mountain With my twin brothers an	where I me my nead,
To those high arches where	two language third well
The pious Mango filh drite	Her flower bounds had a
My fairest nymphs shall on	While rough net lost we want
And make ev'n all the year	While round net lost med to
	distinguis assenced were Oliver A.

39. Green mountain Promine lane hill the rivers Clyde, Tweed and Annan have their rife, potrum to three different feas, viz. the Northern ocean, the German ocean, and the Irish sea.

Trish-sea.

41. High arches ) The bridge of Glasgow, where as its reported, St. Mungo the petron of the ciry, draw up a fish that brought him a ring, which had been dropt; which miracle the gow retains the memory of in their dines.

adr. Ivana.) The finall over from watch joins clyde near

Greet

The Syl Where Shall fro To join Withlof His daw Thefe ea And add A Line a The bray From his Deep in We'll fing To warm Endow'd As fits hir Fixt in an

Above to Guard And teach Long may And flight

account of acchievment page 45. be our monarci

· Now

Shall

In gl

Yea,
Come

CLEDE'S welcome to bis Prince. 185

The Sylvan powers and watches of each hight, Where fleecy flocks and climbing goats delight, Shall from their groves and rocky mountains roam, To join with us, and fing his welcome home. With lafty notes we'll found his high defeeur, His dawning merits and heroick bent, These early rays which fledfally fall fhine ! A H And add new glories to his ancient line. A Line ay loyal, fir'd with gen rous zeal, The bravelt parrons of the common-weal. From him who plung dhis fword (fo mufes fing) Deep in his breath, who durth defame our kings We'll fing the fire, which in his bolom glows a work To warm his friends, and feorth his during foes, woll Endow'd wieh all thefe fweet, yet manly charmes, As fits him for the fields of love, or arms. Fixt in an high and independant flate, Above to act what's little, to be great.

Guard him, fielt power, whole hand directs the fun, And teaches me throw cavens dark to range Long may he or his own fair plains refide, And flight my rival Thrones, and love his Clyde.

ion, add all savar beaut

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55: So mules fing y Vide the ingenious Mr. Patrick Gordon's account of this illustrations family in his poem on the valiant stchievments of our great king Robert, firnam'd the Bruce, page 45. beginning at this Stanza, the prophet speaks to our monarch.

Now in thy time, quoth he, there shall arrive

A worthy knight, that from his native land Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive, In glorious fight, a knight that thall withfrand

Thy praises due, while he doth thee descrive, Yea, even, this knight, shall with victorious hand · Come here, whose name his feed shall eternize,

dans by decide your reliable by thenth.

And fill thy victuous line thall fympathiae.

allsan bus spom to seem a

On the most bonourable the Marquess of BOWMONT's cutting off his bair.

Shall be because streffes mount the skies, and had by the mufe to faining fame arife, and had be find a lock invite the smoothest lays.

Of him whose merit claims the British bays, and not, dear Bowment, beautiful and young, the graceful ringlets of thy head be fung!

How many tender hearts thine eyes hath pain did not many sighing nymphs thy locks have chain'd!

The god of love beheld him with envy, and the god of love beheld him with envy, and the same arises.

And on Cyth'rea's lap began to cry,
All drench'd in tears, O mother help your fon!
Elfe by a mortal rival I'm undone;
With happy charms h'incroaches on my (way.
His beauty disconcerts the plots I lay.
When I've made Clos her humble slave admire,
Straight he appears and kindles new desire;
She sight for him, and all my art beguiles,
Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.
Ah me! these sable circles of his hair,
Which wave around his beauties red and fair,
I cannot bear! Adonis would feem dim,
With all his flaxen locks, if plac'd by him.

Venus reply'd, no more, my dearest boy,
Shall those inchanting curls thy peace destroy;
For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,
Or round his cheek, or on his shoulders slow;
I'll use my slight, and make them quickly see!
Their honour's lost by the invading steel:
I'll turn my self in shape of mode and health,
And gain upon his youthful mind by stealth:

Three tin

To

The p And still! And of r As long's They'll yi To form: And in res His lop'd

Who had be by afferti

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Would to y
I'm fure
From you t
Your beau
And food
Alas I how

We'd fink
No more ou
Were love

Despise b

25

Three Sent back to

## To Some YOUNG LADIES, &c. 187

Three times the fun shall not have rouz'd the morn. E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn.

The promise she perform'd, but labour vain. And still shall prove, while his bright eyes remain; And of revenge blind Cupid must despair, As long's the lovely fex are grac'd with hair; They'll yield the conquering glories of their heads, To form around his beauty, easy shades; And in return, Thalia spaes and fings, Hislop'd off locks shall sparkle in the rings.

### To some Young LADIES

Who had been displeas'd at a gentleman's too imprudently afferting, that to be condemn'd to perpetual virgimuy was the greatest punishment could be inflitted as any of their sex. secondition of a

HETHER condemn'd to virgin state By the fuperior powers,

Would to your fex prove cruel fate, I'm fure it would to ours.

25

25

From you the numerous nations spring

Your breafts our beings lave,

Your beauties make the youthful fing,

And footh the old and grave.

Alas! how foon would every wight Despise both wit and arms,

To primitive old chaos night

We'd fink without your charms.

No more our breath would be our care,

Were love from us exil'd, Sent back to heaven with all the fair,

This world would turn a wild.

Regard-

188 ToM. JOSEPH MITCH	e es
Regardless of these sacred tyes, Wife, husband, father, son. All government we would despise, And like wild tygers run. Then, ladres, pardon the mistake, And with the accused agree, Low bended on my knee. Low bended on my knee. And frankly with what has been said By the audacious youth, Might be your thought, but I'm afraid It will not prove a truth. For often, and you make us groan By your too cold disdain, Then quarrel with us when we and are And rave amidst our pain.	nis aand i' co ad aa' ii pq ad T ii diff. Lu N or lo bu A or lo bu
To Me. JOSEPH METCHEE on cessful representation of a Trage by bim.  BUT jealousie, dear Jos, which ast give To see a native trusty triend of mine, Sae brawly mang our bleezing billies shine. Yes, wherefore no, shaw them the trozen. Can towring minds with heavinly heat bring	dy wrote

Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing.

And frae black heath Tyheaded mountains ling.

As fast as he that haughs Hosperian trades, Or leans beneath the Aromatick shades,

Bred to the love of lit rature and arms,

Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in inaw,

Still fomething great a Scottifh bosom warms:

Honour and liberty eage him to draw

A hero's The mo Welln To thwa The wra That a' w Stupidly And nane Where's Where ca Where ca Than in th If in th We ne'er Of Congre Hill, wha And has fo Iomaun b

With so juy Sic patte Ne'er tash Then spite

Spoken t asked One e the oth

UPON

Heaven 1

10

There's form

Spoken to two Young Ladies.	180
A hero's fword, or an heroick quill,	15
The monft rous faes of right and wit to kill.	
Well may ye further in your leal defige,	
To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine	
The wrang opinion which they lang have had,	^
That a' which mounts the stage - is furely bad.	20
Stupidly dull! but fools ay fools will be,	44 ===
And nane's fae blind as them that winns fee,	15-
Where's vice and wirth for in lufter light?	TWI THE
Where can a glancing genius hine mais bright?	: 47
Where can we humane life review mais plain.	
Than in the happy plot and curious feese ? It at	A DEEL
If in themsells Ge fair de signs were ill, a nad?	7
We ne'er had priev'd the fiveet drammatick skill	
Of Congreve, Addison, Seed, Rows and Hill;	
Hill, wha the highest road to fame doth chuse,	
And has fome upper feraph for his mufe: Y	2112 312
Ismaun be as elehow could be display	
With fo just frength the great tremenduous day.	
Sic patterns, Jajob, always keep in view,	
Ne'er talh if we can please the thinking few,	25
Then spite of malice worth shall have its due.	37
	3
et of a good ellate That can ilk thing afforc.	
Spoken to two Young LADIES	anha
asked if I could fay any Thing on	Taning A
the other in fine Eyes. The other in fine Eyes.	lexion,
the other in fine Eyes. dan to said w	n appra
To the finft de squolq 'al	121000116
I J PON your cheek his blooming youth	
and the state of t	
Heaven spänkless imoponulejte mill	
Of fichacologie, and a fowle	
There's femothing fweet shoutteach mouth,	
Dear ladies let me cry.	

For n

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To Marlu
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He full of Williams
The influence of the second sec

Sha

	The POET'S WISH.	DE
	For me I can be well content	
	To eat my bannock on the bent,	20
ı	And kitchen't wi' fresh air;	
	Of lang-kail I can make a feaft,	
ı	And cantily had up my creft,	
	And laugh at diffies rare.	7 h
		3£.
	But throw a lengthen'd life	
	My outer fabrick firm may stand,	ribat
	And faul clear without strife.	770017
	May he then but gie then	Apd des
	Those blessings for my skair,	the same and the s
	I'll fairly and (quairly	diding
	Quite a' and feek nae mair.	AT BASE
	ly a horo occidente	
	The Response of the ORACLE	PAULU
		areni A
	TO keep thy faul frae puny strife, And heeze thee out of vulgar life,	11 21 2
	And heeze thee out of vulgar life,	730 10 V
	we in a morning dream	4.0
	Whitner'd our will concerning thee	
	To Marlus stretch'd beneath a tree,	itmedi
	Haid by a poping Ricania	f   project
	He full of me shall point the way,	ai and L
5	Where thou a Star shalt see,	oog U
	The influence of whose bright ray, Shall wing thy muse to flee.	Idade D
	Shall wing thy muse to flee.  Mair speer na, and fear na,	tup briA
	But fet thy mind to reft,	rodustá
	A Color and Gill Blobby and	do oa
	And always hope the best.	hebad
25	with the angle of the contraction of the contractio	
	e arcang one prinsavas un car.	en alar
	composit, unmovibus moot.	The
17	one shows at that had one a	b perluz
For	it baich with great and fma;	DOTO SIL
	- Manuala	

for me I can be well content

And kuchen't wi frein'air:

### The Ram and Buck. Bangar 10

And concily had up my coeff, Ram, the father of a flock, lose daugle ba A Wha'd mony winters frood the flock Of northern winds and driving farw, words told .Leading his family in a raw, then mad shinds a student Throw wreaths that clad the laigher field, at bank And drave them frae the lowner bield. To crop contented frozen fare, With honesty on hills blown bare. This ram of upright hardy spirit, Was re'lly a horn'd head of merit. Unlike him was a neighbring goat A mean faul'd, cheating, thieving lot; That the' poffest of rocks the prime, Crown'd with fresh herbs and rowth of thime, Yet flave to piltering; this delight and sman but Was to break gardens ilka night, And round him fteal, and afr deftroy Even things he never could enjoy: The pleasure of a dirty mind gail qoq a yd braH That is fae viciously inclination in le flut all Upon a borrowing-day, when fleet and W Made twinters, and hog-wedders bleet, sansullai en And quake with cauld? Bellind's ruckniw llend Met honelt toop and making buck, Frae chin to tail clad with thick bair, He bad defiance to thin air; But trufty toop his fleece had riven, When he amang the birns was driven: Half naked the brave leader flood, His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood. When thus the goat that had tint a' His credit baith with great and ima',

Shunn'd New tri Ram, fa Of mine Tis yet And ye' Accept,

To clout No, fa

Yet ken, To be ob Toficas I'd have l Cladina Bestow'd Stand but Boons fra Frae misc

Onreceir

Fo Thou to th The fair

HEALT Hon

B E'T mi And fe

Shunn'd

Shunn'd by them as a pest, wad fain
New triendship with this worthy gain.)
Ram, say, shall I give you a part
Of mine, I'll do't with all my heart,
'Tis yet a lang cauld month to Beltan,
And ye've a very raggit kelt on;
Accept, I pray, what I can spare,
To clout your doublet with my hair.

No, fays the ram, tho' my coat's torn,
Yet ken, thou worthless, that I fcorn,
To be oblig'd at any price
To sic as you, whose friendship's vice;
I'd have less favour frae the best,
Clad in a hatefu' hairy vest
Bestow'd by thee, than as I now
Stand but ill drest in native woo.
Boons frae the generous make ane smile,
Frae miscr'ants make receivers vile.

### EPIGRAM.

On receiving a present of an Orange from Mrs. G. L. now Countess of A B O Y N E.

O W, Priam's fon, thou may'ft be mute,
For I can blythly boaft with thee:
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

HEALTH: A Poem. Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Earl of STAIR.

B E'r mine the honour, once again to hear,
And see the best of men for me appear,

1'll

nn'd

Of Health I fing; O Health my portion be, And to old age I'll fing if blefs'd by thee. Bleffing divine! heaven's faireft gift to man! Soul of his joys! and lengthner of his span! His span of life preserv'd with panting breath, Without thy presence proves a ling'ring death.

The victor kings may cause wide nations bow, And half a globe with conquiring force subdue; Bind princes to their axletrees, and make The wondring mob of staring mortals quake: Erect triumphal arches, and obtain The loud huzza from thousands in their train: But if her sweetness balmy health denies, Without delight pillars or energy rife.

Cosmellius may on silky twilts repose,
And have a num'rous change of finest cloaths;
Box'd in his chair, he may be born to dine
On Ortelons, and sip fine Tokay wine.
His liver, if an inflammation seize,
Or wasting lungs shall make him cough and wheeze;
No more he smiles, nor can his richest toys,
Or looking-glass, restore his wonted joys:
The rich brocade becomes a toilsome weight,
The brillant gem offends his weakly sight;
Persumes grow nauseous then, nor can he bear
Loud tuneful notes, that us'd to charm his ear.
To please histaste the cook attempts in vain,
When now each former pleasure gives him pain.

Nor flowing bowls, loud laugh or midnight freik, Nor fmutry tale, delight the roving rake; When health for fakes him, all diversions tire; There's nothing pleases, nothing can inspire Ablith And br If filen His wa He dre Or than Sees, a

The co Him, f And dr Hangs And all

Who's of Who for

From

In oleo

Montan May all Health' Devour Mean ti Appear The ma Soup ve Fowls a The fm Pullets a

With many Wherein

The lare

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Is wholl Of them

A'blithsome smile; he shuns the shine of light,
And broken slumbers make a weary night.
If silent sleep attempts to bring him ease,
His watching fancy teels the whole disease:
He dreams a mountain lies upon his breast,
Or that he slies the fury of some beast;
Sees, at vast distance, gushing from the rocks,
The cooling stream, — while burning thirst provokes
Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy edge,
And drag his limbs through many a thorny hedge;
Hangs o'er a precipice, or sinks in waves:
And all the while he sweats, turns, starts and raves.

How mad's that man, push'd by his passions wild, Who's of his greatest Happiness beguil'd; Who seems, whate're he says, by actions low, To court disease, our pleasure's greatest fee?

From Paris, deeply skill'd in nice ragoos, In oleos, falmongundies and hogoes. Montanus sends for cooks, that his large board May all invented luxury afford: Health's never minded, while the appetite Devours the spicy death with much delight. Mean time king Arthur's fav'ry knighted loyn Appears a clown, and's not allow'd to join The marinated smelt, and sturgeons joles, Soup vermecell, fouc'd turbet, cray and foals, Fowls a la daube, and omelet of eggs, The smother'd coney, and bak'd padocks legs, Pullets a bisk, and orangedo pye, The larded peacock, and the Tarts de Moy, The collard yeal, and pike in cassorole, Pigs a la Braise, the tanfy and brusole; With many a hundred costly mingled dish, Wherein the moiety of flesh or fish Is wholly loft, and vitiate as the tafte Of them who eat the dangerous repafts

e;

ik.

K 2

Until

Until the feeble fromach's over-cram'd. The fibres weaken'd, and the blood enflam'd. What aking heads, what spleen, and drowzy eyes, From undigefted crudities arise? But when Montano's paunch is over cloy'd, The Bagnio, or Emetick wine's employ'd. These he imagines methods the most sure, After a surfeit, to complete à cure : But never dreems how much the balm of life Is wasted by this forc'd unnai'ral strife. Thus peuther vessel must by scouring wear, While plate more free from drofs continues clear. Long unconsum'd the oak can bear the beams, Or lie for ages firm beneath the freams: But when alternately the rain and rays, Now dash, then dry the plank, it soon decays. Luxurious man! altho' thou'rt blest with wealth, Why shouldst thou use it to destroy thy health?

Copy Mellantius, if you'd learn the art,
To feast your friends, and keep their souls alart,
One good substantial British dish or two,
Which sweetly in their natural juices flow,
Only appear. And here no dangers found,
To tempt the appetite beyond its bound;
And you may eat, or not, as you incline;
And, as you please, drink water, beer or wine.
Here hunger's safe, and gratefully appeas'd,
The spleen's forbid, and all the spirits rais'd,
And guests arise regal'd, refresh'd and pleas'd.

Grumaldo views, from rais'd parteres around,
A thousand acres of fat furrow'd ground,
And all his own ;— but these no pleasure yield,
While spleen hangs as a fog o'er every field:
The lovely landskip clad with gilded corn,
The banks and meads which flowers and groves adorn,

No rel Still or Somet Which When Their His end And or Fatigu' With sl Thus t And ta

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Phimos of Him loa Upon his No relish have; his envious sullen mind, Still on the fret, complains his fate's unkind: Something he wants which always flies his reach, Which makes him groan beneath his fpreading beach, When all of nature, filent feem to fhun Their cares, and nod till the returning fun; His envious thoughts forbid refreshing sleep, And on the rack his hopeless wishes keep: Fatigu'd and drumbly from the down he flies, With skinny cheek, pale lips and blood-run eyes. Thus toil'd with lab'ring thoughts he looks agast, And tafteless loaths the nourishing repast. Meager disease an easy passage finds, Where joy's debarr'd, in such corroded minds. Such take no care the fprings of life to fave, Neglect their Health, and quickly fill a grave.

Unlike gay Myrtle, who with chearful air, Less envious, tho' less rich, no flave to care, Thinks what he has enough, and fcorns to fret, While he fees thousands less oblig'd to fate, And oftner from his station casts his eye On those below him, than on them more high : Thus envy finds no access to his breaft, To fow'r his gen'rous joys, or break his rest. He studies to do actions just and kind, Which with the best reflections chear the mind: Which is the first preservative of Health, To be preferr'd to grandeur, pride and wealth. Let all who would pretend to common sense, 'Gainst pride and envy still be on defence, Who love their Health, nor would their joys controul, Let them ne'er nurse such suries in their soul.

Nor wait on strolling Phimos to the stews, Phimos who by his livid colour shews Him load with vile diseases, which are fixt Upon his bones, and with his vitals mixt,

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No

Does that man wear the image of his God, Who drives to death on fuch an ugly road? Behold him clad, like any bright bridegroom, in richest labours of the British loom; Embroider'd o'er with gold, whilst lace or lawn Waves down his breaft, andrufles o'er his hand, Set off with art, which vilely he employs In finks of death, for low dear purchas'd joys. He grasps the blasted shadow of the fair, Whose sickly look, vile breath, and falling hair, The flag'd embrace, and mercenary fqueeze, The twangs of guilt, and terrors of disease, Might warn him to beware, if wild defire Had not fet all his thoughtless foul in fire. O poor mistaken youth! to drain thy purse, To gain the most malignant human curse! Think on thy flannel, and mercurial dole, And future pains, to fave thy nerve and note. Think, heedless wight, how thy infected veins May plague thee many a day with loathsome pains, When the French foe his woeful way has made, And all within has dire detachments laid; There long may lurk, and, with destruction keen. Do horrid havock e'er the symptom's seen. But learn to dread the poisonous difease, When heaviness and spleen thy spirits seize; When feeble limbs to ferve thee will decline, And languid eyes no more with sparkles thine; The roles from thy cheek will blafted fade, And leave a dull complexion like the lead: Then, then expect the terrible attack Upon thy head, thy conduit, note and back; Pains through thy shoulders, arms, and throat and shins, Will threaten death, and damp thee with thy fins. How trightful is the lofs, and the difgrace, When it destroys the beauties of the face! Whon

When And al When And to When Throu Who's Hurrie He ruff The na A mor Areno To let Of the Of mo To hea Urban Who That c A virty Whiel Enjoy Ofjoy His ch Before And v Talpo' He fea He's a

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When the arch'd nose in rotten ruin lies,
And all the venom flames around the eyes;
When th' Uvula has got it's mortal wound,
And tongue and lips form words without a sound;
When hair drops off, and bones corrupt and bare,
Through ulcerated tags of muscles stare.

But vain we fing instruction to his ear, Who's no more flave to reason than to fear; Hurried by passion, and o'ercome with wine, He rushes headlong on his vile design: The nauseous Bolus, and the bitter pill, A month of spitting, and the surgeon's bill, Are now forgot, whilft he : - But here 'tis best To let the curtain drop, and hide the reft Of the coarfe scene, too shocking for the fight Of modest eyes and ears, that take delight To hear with pleasure Urban's praises sung, Urban the kind, the prudent, gay and young, Who moves a man, and wears a rolle imile, That can the fairest of a heart beguile: A virtuous love delights him with it's grace, Which foon he'u nnu in Mara's lov'd cinorace, Enjoying Health with all its lovely train Of joys, free from remorfe, or shame or pain.

But Talpo lighs with matrimonial cares,
His cheeks wear wrinkles, filver grow his hairs;
Before old age, his Health decays apace,
And very rarely smiles clear up his face.
Talpo's a fool, there's hardly help for that,
He scarcely knows himself what he'd be at:
He's avaritious to the last degree,
And thinks his wife and children make too free.
With his dear idol; this creates his pain,
And breeds convulsions in his narrow brain.
He always startled at approaching fate,
And often jealous of his vertuous mate;

ns,

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K 4

Is ever anxious, shuns his friends, to save:
Thus soon he'll fret himself into a grave;
There let him rot; — worthless the muse's lays,
Who never read one poem in his days.

I fing to Marlus, Marlus who regards The well mean'd verse, and generously rewards The poet's care; observe now, if you can, Ought in his carriage, does not speak the man : To him his many a winter wedded wife Appears the greatest solace of his life. He views his offspring with indulgent love, Who his superior conduct all approve. Smooth glide his hours, at fifty he's less old, Than fome who have not half the number told. The chearing glass he with right friends can share, But shuns the deep debauch with cautious care. His fleeps are found, he fees the morning rife, And lifts his face with pleasure to the skies; And quaffs the Health that's born on Zephyr's wings, Or gushes from the rock in limpid springs. From fragrant plains he gains the chearing smell, While ruddy beams all diftant dumps repell. The whole of nature, to a mind thus turn'd, Enjoying Health, with fweetness feems adorn'd. To him the whistling ploughman's artless tune, The bleeting flocks, the oxens hollow crune, The warbling notes of the small chirping throng, Delight him more than the Italian fong. To him the cheapest dish of rural fare, And water cool in place of wine more rare, Shall prove a feast. On straw he'll find more ease Than on the down, even with the least disease.

Whoever's tempted to transgress the line, By moderation fix'd to enlivening wine; View Matro wasted long before his time, Whose head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid crime. As with A confl And lin The go And mand the found To anima Till the

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The purple dye, with ruby pimples mixt,
As witnesses upon his face are fixt.
A constant fever wastes his strength away,
And limbs enervate gradually decay.
The gout and palfy follow in the rear,
And make his being burthensome to bear.
His squeamish stomach loaths the savory sey,
And nought but liquids now can find their way
To animate his strength, which daily slies,
'Till the young drunkard's past all hope, and dies.

To practife what we preach, O goddess born!

Affift thy flave, left Bacchanalians scorn

Thy inspiration, if the tempting grape

Shall form the hollow eye, and idiot gape.

But let no wretched misers, who repine,
And wish there were not such a juice as wine,
Imagine here that we are so profane
To think that heav'n gave plenteous vines in vain.
No; since there's plenty, cups may sparkling flow,
And we may drink 'till our rais'd spirits glow.
They will befriend our Health, while chearful rounds
Incline to mirth, and keep their proper bounds.
Fools should not drink, I own, who still wish more,
And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er.
Dear Britons, let no morning drinks deceive
Your appetites, which else at noon would crave
Such proper aliments, as can support
At even your hearty bottle, Health and sport.

Next view we floth ( too oft the child of wealth )
A feeming friend, but real foe to Health.

Lethargus lolls his lazy hours away,
His eyes are drowly, and his lips are blae;
His foft enfeebl'd hands supinely hing,
And shaking knees unus'd, together cling:
Close by the fire his easy-chair too stands,
In which all day he snotters, nods and yawns.

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Sometimes he'll drone as piquet, hoping gain, But you must deal his cards, that's too much pain. He ipeaks but feldom, puffs at every paufe, Words being a labour to his tongue and jaws. Nor must his friends discourse above their breath, For the least noise stounds through his ears like death. He causes stop each cranny in his room, And heaps on cloaths, to fave him from the rheum: Free air he dreads as his most dangerous foe, And trembles at the fight of ice or fnow. The warming-pan each night glows o'er his fheets, Then he beneath a load of blankets fweats; The which (instead of shutting) ope's the door, And let's in cold at each dilated pore. Thus does the fluggard Health and vigour wafte, With heavy indolence; 'till at the laft, Sciatick, jaundice, dropfie, or the stone, Akernate makes the lazy lubard groan.

But active Hilaris much rather loves, With eager stride to trace the wilds and groves; To ftart the covy, or the bounding roe. Or work destructive Reynard's overthrow: The racedelights him, horses are his care, And a front ambling pad his easiest chair. Sometimes to firm his nerves he'll plunge the deep, And with expanded arms the billows fweep: Then on the links, or in the eftler walls, He drives the gowff, or ftrikes the tennis balls. From ice with pleasure he can brush the snow, And run rejoycing with hiscurling throw; Or fend the whizzing arrow from the ftring, A manly game\*, which by it felt I fing. Thus chearfully he'll walk, ride, dance or game, Nor mind the northern blaft, or fouthern flame.

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<sup>\*</sup> A Poem on feeing the archers playing at the rovers.

East winds may blow, and sullen fogs may fail, But his hale constitution's proof to all. He knows no change of weather by a corn, Nor minds the black, the blew, or ruddy morn.

Here let no youth extravagantly given,
Who values neither gold, nor health, nor heaven,
Think that our fong encourages the crime
Of fetting deep, or wasting too much time
On furious game; which makes the passions boil,
And the fair mean of Health a weakning toil,
By violence excessive, or the pain
Which ruin'd losers ever must sustain.

Our Hilaris despises wealth so won;
Nor does he love to be himself undone,
But from his sport, can with a smile retire,
And warm his genius at Apollo's fire;
Find useful learning in the inspired strains,
And bless the generous poet for his pains.
Thus he by his rature and exercise,
Improves his soul, and wards off each disease.

Health's op'ner foes, we've taken care to show,
Which makes diseases in full torrents flow:
But when these ills intrude, do what we will,
Then hope for Health from Glark's approven skill,
To such well seen in nature's darker laws,
That for disorders can assign a cause:
Who know the virtues of falubrious plants,
And what each different constitution wants,
Apply for health, — But shun the vagrant quack,
Who gulls the crowd with Andrew's comick clack;
Or him that charges gazettes with his bills,
His Anadyens, elixirs, tinctures, pills,
Whorarely ever cures, but often kills.
Nor trust thy life to the old woman's charms,
Who binds with knotted tape thy legs or arms,

Which

Which they pretend will purple fevers cool;
And thus impose on some believing sool.
When agues shake, or severs raise a stame,
Let your physician be a man of fame;
Of well known learning, and in good respect,
For prudence, honour, and a mind erect:
Nor scrimply save from what's to merit due;
He saves your whole estate who succours you.

Be grateful, Britons, for your temp'rate beams, Your tertile plains, green hills, and filver streams, O'erclad with corns, with groves, and many a mead; Where rise green heights, where herds in millions feed:

Here uleful plenty mitigates our care,

And Health with freshest sweets embalms the air.

Upon those shores, where months of circling rays Glance feebly on the snow, and frozen bays; Where, wrapt in fur, the starving Lapland brood Scarce keep the cold from curdling of their blood: Here meager want, in all its pinching forms, Combines with lengthned night and bleakest storms, To combate joyful Health and calm repose, Which from an equal warmth and plenty flows.

Yet rather, O great ruler of the day,
Bear me to Weygate, or to Hudson's bay,
Than scorch me on these dry and blasted plains,
Where rays direct instame the boiling veins
Of gloomy negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe
A thickned air, with pestilential death;
Where range out o'er th' unhospitable wastes,
The hunger edg'd, and fierce devouring beasts;
Where serpents crawl, which sure destruction bring,
Or in the envenom'd tooth or forked sting;
Where fleeting sands ne'er yield t'industrious toil
The golden sheave, or plants for wine and oil:
Health must be here a stranger, where the rage
Of sey'rish beams forbid a lengthen'd age.

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Or read

Ye Dutch, enjoy your dams, your bulwarks boast, And war with Neptune for a sandy coast, Whilst frighted by these deep tumultuous powers, You scarce dare seep in your subaqueous bowers: Raise high your beds, and shun your croaking frogs, And battle with tobacco smoak your fogs; Soak on your stoyes, with spirits charge your veins, To ward off agues and rheumatick pains,

Let the proud Spaniard strut on naked hills,
And vainly trace the plain for christal rills,
Starve on a sallet, or a garlick head,
Pray for his daily roots, not daily bread;
Be sowr, and jealous of his friend and wife,
'Till want and spleen cut short his thread of life.

Whilst we on our auspicious island find
What e'er can please the sense, or chear the mind.
Blest Queen of Isles! with a devout regard,
Allow me to kneel down and kiss thy sward.
Thy slow'ry sward, and offer heaven a vow,
Which gratitude and love to thee makes due:
If e'er I from thy Healthful limits stray,
Or by a wish, or word, a thought betray,
Against thy in t'rest, or thy sair renown;
May never Daphne surnish me a crown,
Nor may the first-rate judges of our isle,
Or read or on my blythsome numbers smile.

Thalis here, sweet as the light, retir'd,
Commanding me to sing what she'd inspir'd;
And never mind the glooming criticks bray;
The song was her's, — she spoke, — and I obey.

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base que la la la remaine Robert,

ROBERT, RICHY, and SANDY; A Pastoral on the death of MATTHEW PRIOR Efq; Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Person defign'd by the Old + SHEPHERD.

OBERT the good, by a' the fwains rever'd, Wife are his words, like filler is his beard: Near faxty thining fimmers he has feen, Tenting his hirse on the Moor-land green : Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind, Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind. But now he droops, ane wad be wae to fee Him fae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he. By break of day he feeks the dowy glen, That he may fcowth to a' his mourning len : Nane but the clinty craigs and fcrogy briers Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears ; Howder'd wi' hills a cryftal burnie ran, Where twa young thepherds fand the good auld man: Kind Richy Spec, a triend to a' diffrest, And Sandy wha of thepherds fings the best; With triendly looks they speer'd wherefore he mourn'd He rais'd his head, and fighing thus return'd.

Rob. O Matt! poor Matt! - My lads, e'en take a skair Of a' my grief; \_\_\_ Sweet finging Matt's nae mair. Ah heavens! did e'er this lyart head of mine Think to have feen the cauldrife mools on thine!

Ri. My heart mifga'e me, when I came this way, His dog its lane fat yowling on a brae; 1 cry'd, Isk isk, - poor Ringwood, - fairy man; He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand:

Robert late Earl of Oxford,

I clap But fo Poor Mair t And p And b Awak' How Likef Flow f Dear f Ye she Sandy, Richy, Sincefi Fast M To fm Waes But wh Yet mo Sing o' Last ye Braid w 1 thoug (Tho' But ae r Torn fr Twin'd Mixing

San.

Rob.

Ri.

\* Secr pastoral,

Sae flow

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#### M Pasteral on the death of M. Prior. 207

I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;
But foon's I gade away, he youl'd again.
Poor kindly beaft. Ah tirs,! how fic should be
Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

San. Last ouk I dream'd my tupe that bears the bell,
And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
And brak his leg. — I started frae my bed,
Awak'd, and leugh. — Ah! now my dream it's red.
How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,
Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!
Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;
Dear sweet-tongu'd Mass, thousands shall greet for thee.

Rob. Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear Ye shed for him; he to us a' was dear: Sandy, I'm eas'd to see thee look sae wan; Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man,

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Ri. But twice the simmer's fun has thaw'd the snaw. Sincefrae our heights \* Eddie was tane awa': Fast Mart has follow'd. - Of sic twa bereft. To smooth our fauls, alake! wha have we left! Waes me! o'er short a tack of sic is given, But wha may contradict the will of heaven? Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale Sing o'er his fangs, and tell his merry tale. Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree, Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me; I thought it might have flowrish'd on the brae, (Tho' past it's prime ) yet twenty years or sae: But ae rough night the blat'ring winds blew inell, Torn frae its roots, adown it fouchan fell; Twin'd of it's nourishment, it lifeless lay, Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay. Sae flowrish'd Matt: but where's the tongue can tell How fair he grew ? how much lamented fell?

<sup>\*</sup> Secretary Addison, whose obsequies are sung in a Scots pastoral, vol. 1. p. 172.

#### 208 A Pastoral on the death of M. Prior.

E'en wi'a canty tale he'd tellaff loof?

How did he warning to the dolen'd fing,
By auld Purganty, and the Dutchman's ring?

And Lucky's Siller Ladle shaws how aft.

Our greatest wishes are but vain and dast.
The wad-be wits, he bade them a' but pap
Their crazy heads into Tam Tinman's shap;
There they wad see a squirrel wi'his bells
Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themsells.
Thousands of things he wittily cou'd say,
With sancy strang, and saul as clear as day;
Smart were his tales: but where's the tongue can tell
How blyth he was? how much lamented fell?

Ri. And as he blythsome was, sae was he wife, Our laird himsell wa'd aft take his advice, E'en cheek for chew he'd feat him 'mang them a', And tak his mind bout kittle points of law. When \* clan Red yards, ve ken, wi'wicked feud, Had skaild of ours, but mair of his ain blood; When I, and mony mae that were right crouse, Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house: Yet lady Anne, a woman meek and kind, A fae to wiers, and of a peacefu' mind; Since mony in the fray had got their dead, To make the peace, our friend was sent wi speed. The very faeshad for him just regard, Tho' fair he jib'd their \*\* foremest finging bard. Careful was Matt: but where's the tongue can tell. How wife he was? how much lamented fell? San. Wha cou'd, like him, in a short sang define The bonny lats, and her young lover's pine

\* Lewis XIV. King of France.

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Rob. M Wha ha'e O Sandy, o As well yo His merit While ew

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<sup>\*\*</sup> Boileau, whose ode on the taking Namure by the french 1692 he burlesqu'd, on its being retaken by the british, 1695.

#### A Pastoral on the death of M. Prior. 209

I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,
Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay;
To gratifie the paughty wench's pride,
The filly shepherd bow'd, obey'd and dyed.
Sic constant lasses as the Nit Brown Maid,
Shall never want just praises duly paid;
Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care
With pleasing words to guide and ruse the fair.
How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,
Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;
Nae word stood wrang: but where's the tongue can tell
How saft he sung? how much lamented tell?

Ri. And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A minister nae better cou'd behave;
Far out of sight of sic he aften flew,
When he of haly wonders took a view.
Well cou'd he praise the power that made us a',
And bids us in return but tent his law;
Wha guides us when we're waking or a sleep,
With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.
While he of pleasure, power and wisdom sang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang:
These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spill,
Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.
He towr'd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

Rob. My bennison, dear lads, light on you baith, Wha ha'e sae true a feeling of our skaith:

O Sandy, draw his likeness in smooth verse,
As well ye can; — then shepherds shall rehearse
His merit, while the sun mets out the day,
While ews shall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

et of Parisposi ales V n topolis Y

I've been a fauter, now three days are past, While I for grief have hardly broke my fast:

rench , 1695

IL.

I'll

. with the cross beautiful to Come

Come to my shiel, there let's forget our care, I dinna want a rowth of country-fare, Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair.

Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip, As good as ever wish a shepherd's lip; We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain, For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain:

Come, help me up; — yon footy cloud shores rain.

#### To Mr. POPE.

The first time pleas'd me well;

New beauties unobserv'd before,

Next pleas'd me better field.

Again I try'd to find a flaw,

Examin'd ilka line;

The third time pleas'd me best of a',

The labour seem'd divine.

Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,

On dazling rays to stare,

Lest I should time dear felt-conceir,

And read and write use mair.

# EPISTLE to the Honourable DUNCAN FORBES, Lord Advocate.

SHUT in a closet six foot square,
No fash'd with meikle wealth or care,
I pass the live lang day,
Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,
Which will attend me to my grave,
Sic busked baits they lay.

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These keep my fancy on the wing, Something that's blyth and fnack to sing,

And smooth the runkled brow :

Thus care I happily beguile,

Moping a plaudit and a fmile,

Frae best of men, like you.

You, wha in kittle casts of state, When property demands debate,

Can right what is dung wrang;

Yet blythly can, when ye think fit, Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit

And flidness of a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unbleft,

Whafe minds gae wandring through a mil,

Proud as the thief in hell,

Pretend, forfooth, they're gentle fowk,

'Caufe chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,
And better cheils the shell?

Pro Con a we're at way it (all

I've seen a we'an aft yex it sell, And greet, because it was not tall:

Heez'd on a board, Othan!

Rejoicing in the artfu height,

How imirky look'd the little wight!

And thought it fell a man.

Sic bairns are some blawn up a wee

With Splendor, wealth and quality,

Upon these kilts grown vain;

They o'er the pows of poor towk stride,

And neither are to had nor bide,

Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd one speer at sic a puff,

What gars thee look fae big and bluff?

Is't an attending menzie?

Or fifty diffes on your table?

Or fifty horses in your stable?

Theid

Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are

Are thefe the things thou ca's thy fell? Come, vain gigantick shadow, tell, If thou layest, yes \_\_\_ I'll shaw Thy picture. \_\_\_ Means thy filly mind, Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind, And love worth nought ava. Accept our praise, ye nobly born, Whom heaven takes pleature to adorn With ilka manly gift; In Courts or Camps to ferve your nation, Warm'd with that generous emulation Which your forbears did lift. In duty, with delight, to you Th' inferior world do justly bow, While you're the maist deny'd; Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd, When struting nathings are despis'd With a'their stinkan pride. This to fet aff as I am able, I'll frae a Frenchman thigg a fable, And busk it in a plaid: And tho' it be a bairn of \* Motte's, no l'and When I have taught it to Speak Scots, I am its fecond dad hall sait fool pl ital ' Twa books, near neighbours in a shop, The tane a guilded Turky fop, and are mined aid The tither's face was weather-beaten, And caf-skin jacket fair worm-eaten. The corky, proud of his braw suit, Curl'd up his nofe, and thus cry'd out, Ah! place me on some fresher binks, Figh! how this mouldy creature stinks!

\* Monf la Motte, who has written lately a curious collection of fables, from which the following is imitated.

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' How can a gentle book like me and your take Endure sic scoundrel company ? What may fowk fay to fee me cling ' Sae close to this auld ugly thing; But that I'm of a simple spirit, And difregard my proper merit? Quoth gray baird, Whisht, fir, with your din, · For a' your meritarious skin, ' I doubt if you be worth within. For as auld fashion'd as I look, May be lam the better book. O heavens! I canna thole the clash Of this impertinent auld hash; ' I winna stay ae moment langer. My lord, please to command your anger; tray only let me tell you that - and he wed and ! What wad this infolent be at! Rot out your tongue \_\_ pray', mafter Symmer, Remove me frae this dinsome Rhimer : If you regard your reputation, 'And us of a distinguish'd station, 'Hence frae this beaft let me be hurried, 'For with his four and flink I'm worried. Scarce had he shook his paughty crap, When in a customer did pap;
He up douse Scanzalifis, and ey's him, Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him: This book, faid he, is good and scarce, The faul of fenfe in fweete ft verfe. But reading title of gilt cleathing, Cries, gods! ruha buys this bonny naithing? Nought duller e'er was put in print: Wow! what a deal of Turky's tint! Now, fir, t'apply what we've invented, You are the buyer represented : white are the bark

And, you're not as to be believe.

· What is to you that he deceived.

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#### The CLOCK and DIAL. 214

And, may your fervant hope My lays shall merit your regard, I'll thank the gods for my reward, And smile at ilka fop.

#### The CLOCK and DIAL.

E day a Clock wad braga Dial, And put his qualities to trial; Spake to him thus, \_ my neighbour, pray, Can'ft tell me what's the time of day? The Dial faid, 'I dinna ken.' \_\_\_\_ Alake! what stand ye there for then? I wait here till the fun fhines bright, For nought I ken but by his light, Wait on, quoth Clock, I forn his help, Baith night and day my lane I skelp ; Wind up my weight s but anes a-week, Without him I can gang and speak : Nor like an useles sumph I fand, But constantly wheel round my band: Hark, hark, I ftrike just now the bour; And I am right, ane, - twa, - three, - four. While thus the Clook was boafting loud, The bleezing fun brak throw a cloud; The Dial, faithfu to his guide,

Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride; Ye fee, faid he, I've dung vou fair, "Tis four hours and three quarters mair,

My friend, he added, countagain, And learn a wee to be lefs vain:

Ne'er brag of constant davering cant,

And that you answers never want;

For you're not ay to be believ'd:

Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd,

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- Be councell'd to behave like me;
- For when I dinna clearly fee,
- · I alwaysown lidinaaken;
- And that's the way of wileft men.'

#### An Ode to the Memory of Lady MAR-GARET ANSTRUTHER.

A L L in her bloom the graceful fair,

LUCINDA, leaves this mortal round;

Her loss a thousand mourners share,

And beauty feels the cruel wound.

Now grief and tears o'er all our joys prevail,

Viewing her rosy cheeks all cold and pale.

Thus some fair star distinguish'd bright,

Which decks the heavens, and guides the main;

When clouds obscure its glorious light,

It leaves the gloomy world in pain.

So sudden death has vail'd LUCIND A's eves.

So sudden death has vail d LUCINDA's eyes, And left us loft in darkness and surprize.

Nortweetness, beauty, youth nor wealth, Nor blood, the nobly high it springs; Not virtue's felf can purchase health,

When death fevere his fummon brings; Else might the fair LUCINDA, young and gay, Have bleft the world with a much longer stay.

But say, sweet shade, was it thy choice To leave this low unconstant globe; Tir'd with its vain, its jangling noise,

Thou wisely dropt thy humane robe:
Or tell us, guardian angels, tell us true,
Did ye not claim her hence as one of you?
Yes, well we know icis your way.

Yes, well we know icis your way,
When here below fach beings thine,
To grudge us even our earthly clay,
Which form'd like her becomes divine,

### 216 Elegy on James Lord Carnegie.

Such you demand, and free from cares and fears, Unmindful of our fruitlessighs and tears.

Yet deign, ye friends to human kind,
The lonely Confort to attend;

O footh the anguish of his mind, And let his killing forrows end.

Tell him, his fighs and mourning to asswage, Each day she dwelt with him was worth an age.

Ye lovely virgins who excel,

Ye fair to whom such strains belong,

In melting notes her beauties tell, And weep her virtues in a fong:

See that ye place her merit in true light; For finging her's, your own will shine more bright.

Let east and west, and south and north, Aloud the mournful musick hear,

How beauty's fallen beyond the Forth;

Let Britain's genius cypress wear.
Yet Britain's happy, who such beauty yields,
As forc'd from her's, will grace Elysum's fields.

Elegy on the Right Honourable JAMES Lord CARNEGIE, who died the 7th of January 1722, the eighth year of his Age.

As poets feign, and painters draw,
Love and the Paphian bride;
Sae we the fair SOUTHESKA faw,
CARNEGIE by her fide.
Now fever'd frae his fweets by death,
Her grief wha can express?
What muse can tell the waefu' skaith,
Or mother's deep distress!

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Elegy on James Lord Carnegic. 217
Sae roses wither in their buds,
Kill'd by an eastlen blast,
And sweetest dawns in May with clouds And storms are soon o'ercast.
Ah chequer'd life! Aeday gives joy,
The nieft our hearts maun bleed:
Heaven caus'd a feraph turn'a boy,
Now gars us trow he's dead.
Wha can reflect on's ilka grace,
The sweetness of his tongue,
His manly looks his lovely face
His manly looks, his lovely face, And judgment ripe fae young;
And yet forbear to make a doubt,
Asdid the Royal Swain
When he with grief of heart cry'd out,
That man was made in vain ? 's roog woll
Mortals the ways of providence rabnew wholed a W
But very ferimply fean san and and y hande at I
The changing scene cludes the fense do sal aw yet dos?
And reasonings of man, care and add and anon and
How mony thousands ilka year.
Ot honetu' children crove
Our love and care, then disappear,  To glut a gaping grave.  What is this grave? a wardrobe poor,  Which hads our rotting duds;
To glut a gaping grave.
What is this grave? a wardrobe poor.
Which hads our rotting duds:
Th' immortal mind, ferene and pure,  Is cleath'd aboon the clouds.
Is cleath'd aboon the clouds.
Then cease to grieve, dejected Fair,  You had him but in trust;
You had him but in trust;
He was your beauteous ion, your heir.
Yet full ae haft was duit.
The other to its native skies
**
With glorious speed and joy he flys,
There blessfully to stray.
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For fair celestial rays:

He mounts up to eternal day.

And, as he parts, he tays,

Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender fate;

These rushing tears are vain, they flow too late.

This said, he hasted hence with pleasing joy;
I saw the gods embrace their darling boy.

# An Ode, sacred to the Memory of the right bonourable Anne Lady Garlies.

How poor, alas! is reason's skill?
We blindly wander here below,
Yet fondly search heaven's secret will.

Each day we fee the young, the great, the small, The good, the bad, without distinction, fall.

Yet fuch as have the reft out shin'd, We should be faulty to neglect;

Each grace of beauteous GARLIA's mind
Deferves the mufe's high respect.

But how shall she such worth and goodness paint?

A loving daughter, virtuous wife and faint?

Some feraph who in endless day
With themes sublime employ the lyre,

Dart in my breaft a fhining ray,

And all my foul with her inspire; Elseting your selves so fair a frame and mind,

As now supplies a place among your kind.

As we the glorious sun admire,

Whose beams make ey'ry joy arise;

Withour much hazarding our eyes:

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So did her beautiesev'ry heart allure, While her bright virtues kill'd each thought impure, She breath'd more (weetness than the east,

While ev'ry sentence was divine; Her smiles could calm each jarring breast; Her soul was a celestial mine,

Where all the precious veins of virtue lay; Too yast a treasure long to lodge in clay.

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So

Tho' fprung from an \* heroick race, Which from the world respect does claim;

Yet wanted the noborrowed grace, Her own demands immortal fame: Worthy as those who shun the vulgar roads,

Start from the crowd, and rile amongst the gods.

Such pains as weaker minds possess, Could in her breast no access find; But lowly meekness did confess

A fleady and superior mind.

Unmov'd she bore these honours due the great, Nor could have been depress'd with a more humble fate.

As to the fields the huntsman hies,

With joyful shouts he wakes the morn; While nature smiles, serene the skies,

Swift fly his hounds, shrill blows his horn:
When suddenly the thundring cloud pours rain,

Thus young BRIG ANTIUS circling arms
Grasp'd all that's lovely to his heart,

Rejoyc'do'er his dear ANNA's charms; But not expecting foon to part:

When rigid fate, for reasons known above, Snatch'd from his breast the object of his love.

<sup>\*</sup> She was daughter of the Earl Marischal of Scotland.

#### 220 The Levely Lass and the Mirror.

Ah GARLIES! once the happiest man,
Than e'er before BR. GANTINE chief,
Now sever'd from your lovely ANNE,
'Tis hard indeed to stem your grief:
Yet mind what you might often from her hear,
What heaven designs, submissive we should bear.
Oh! ne'er forget that tender care,
Those heaven-born thoughts she did employ,
To point those ways how you may share
Above with her immortal joy.
Such a bright pattern of what's good and great,
Eyen angels need not blush to imitate.

### The Lovely Lass and the Mirror.

But lowly measuress Nymph, with ilka beauty grac'd, and grant A Ae morning by her toilet plac'd, too and is venter Where the leal-hearted Looking-glass and a selection of With truths addrest the lovely Lass; To do ve justice, heavenly fair, Amailt in charms ye may compare With Venus fell. But mind amaift: For the you're happily poffeft was a standard med W Of ilka grace which claims respect, the wab soon of Yet I fee faults ye should correct; I own they only trifles are, Yet of importance to the fair. What fignifies that patch o'er braid, With which your rose cheek's o'erlaid? Your natural beauties you beguile, By that too much affected smile: Saften that look, \_\_ move ay with eafe, And you can never fail to please. Those kind advices she approv'd, And mair her monitor the lov'ds

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Till in came visitants a threave : To entertain them, the maun leave Her Looking-glass .- They fleetching praise Her looks, her drefs, and a' fhe fays, Be't right or wrang; she's hale compleat, And fails in naithing fair or sweet. Sae much was faid, the bonny Lass Forgat her faithfu' Looking-glas. CLARINDA, this dear beauty's You, The Mirror is, ane good and wife, Wha, by his counsels just, can shew How nobles may to greatness rife. God bless the wark : -- if you're opprest By paralites with faule delign, Then will fic faithfu' Mirrors best These underplotters countermine.

### LUPITER'S Lottery.

Bullion or later of the could brize, A NES Jove, by ac great act of grace, Mad gratify his humane race, And order'd Hermes, in his name, With tout of trumpet to proclaim. A royal lott'ry frae the skies, Where ilka ticket was a prize. Nor was there need for Ten per Cent, To pay advance for mony lent: Nor brokers nor stock-jobbers here Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear. The first-rate benefits were, Health, Pleasures, Honours, Empire and Wealth: But happy he to whom wad fa' Wisdom, the highest prize of a': Hopes of attaining things the best, Made up the maift feck of the reft. L 3.

Till

Now

Now ilka ticket fald with eafe, At alters for a facrifice; Jove a' receiv'd, ky, gates and ews, Moor-cocks, lambs, dows or bawby-rows; doct sold Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll, Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his parol. Sae kind was he no to exclude Poor wights for want of wealth or blood; Even whiles the gods, as record tells, Bought several tickets for themsells. When fou and lots put in the wheel, Aft were they turn'd, to mix them well; Blind chance to draw Jove order'd fyne, That nane with reason might repine: He drew, and Mercury was clark, The number, prize and name to mark. Now hopes by millions fast came forth, But feldom prizes of mair worth, Sic as dominion, wealth and state, True friends, and lovers fortunate. Wisdom, at last, the greatest prize, Comes up : \_\_\_ aloud clark Hermes crys,\_\_\_ Number ten thousand, - come, let's see The person bleft. \_\_ Quoth Patlas, Me.\_\_\_ Then a' the gods for blythness fang, Throw heaven glad acclamations rang; While mankind grumbling laid the wyte On them, and ca'd the hale a byte. Yes! cry'd ilk ane, with fobing heart, Kind Fove has play'd a parent's part, which was Wha did this prize to Pallas fend, wash or washing While we're (neg'd off at the wob end. Soon to their clamours Fove took tent,

To punish which, to wark he went, He straight with Follies fill'd the wheel, In Wildom's place they did as well,

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For ilka ane who Folly drew,
In their conceit, a' Sages grew :
Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,
And ilka fool himfelf admir'd.

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### The MISER and MINOS.

CHORT fyne there was a wretched mifer, With pinching had fcrap'd up a treasure; Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take As much wou'd buy a mutton-stake, Or take a glais to comfort nature; But (crimply fed on crumbs and water : In short, he famish'd 'midst his plenty; Which made furviving kindred canty, Wha scarcely for him pat on black, And only in his loof a plack, Orient name the wicks Which even they grudg'd: fic is the way; Of them wha ta' upon the prey; They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet, Sae scrimp they make his winding-sheet, Tho' he shou'd leave a vast estare, And heaps of gowd like Arthur's feat.

Well, down the staying ghaist did sink,
'Till it fell on the stayian brink;
Where auld Van Charon stood and raught
His wither'd loof out for his fraught;
But them that wanted wherewitha',
He dang them back to stand and blaw.
The Miser lang being us'd to save,
Fand this, and wadna passage crave,
But shaw'd the Ferry-man a knack,
Jumpt in, — swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.
Charon might damn, and sink and toar;
But a' in vain, — he gain'd the shore, ——

Arriv'd

#### 224 The APE and the LEOPARD.

Arriv'd: — the three pow'd dog of hell
Gowl'd terrible a treeple yell,
Which rouz'd the snaky Sistens three,
Wha furious on this wight did flie,
Wha'd play'd the smuggler on their coast,
By which Pluso his dues had lost:
Then brought him for this trick sae hainous.
Afore the bench of justice Mines.

The case was new, and very kittle, Which puzzl'da' the Court nae little; Thought after thought with unco' fpeed Fiew round within the Judge's head, who will be To find what punishment was due Shou'd he the plague of Tantal feel, no bet vignitialist follow, he family Or frented be on lawn's wheel. Or flung wi' bauld Prometheus pain, Or help Syliph to row his stane, Or fent among the wicked rout
To fill the tub that my rins out?
No, no, continues Mines, no, Whicheventherena Of them whata about The vill (carcevor) Weak are our punishments below, For fic a crime; he maun be hurl'd Straight back again into the world. I sentence him to fee and hear, What use his friends make of his gear.

## The APE and the LEOPARD

THE Ape and Leopard, beafts for show,

The first a wit, the last a beau;

To make a penny at a fair,

Advertis'd a' their parts sae rare.

The tane gae out with meikle wind,

His beauty 'boon the brutal kind;

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Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,
Even kings are pleas'd when I appear:
And when I yield my vital puff,
Queens of my skin will make a muff;
My fur fae delicate and fine,
With various spots does sleekly shine.—

Now lads and lasses fast did rin To see the beast with bonny skin: His keeper shaw'd him round about; They saw him soon, and soon came out.

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But mafter Monky with an air Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair; Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny, I'll give ye pastime for your money: I can perform, to raise your wonder, Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder. My cousin Spottie, true he's braw, He has a curious fuit to fhaw, And naithing mair. - But frae my mind Ye shall blyth satisfaction find. Sometimes I'll act a cheil that's dull, Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull, Then mimick a light-headed rake, When on a tow my houghs I shake : Sometime, like modern monks, I'll feem To make a speech, and naithing mean. But comeaway, yeneedna speer What ye're to pay; I'se no be dear: And if ye grudge for want of sport, I'll give it back t' ye at the port. The Ape succeeded, in fowk went, -Sray'd long, \_\_\_ and came out well content, Sae much will wit and spirit please, Beyond our shape, and brawest claiths. How mony, ah! of our fine gallants Are only Leopard in their talents!

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Said he. I'm keste beier for and near

### The Ass and Brock.

T PON a time a folemn As Was dand'ring throw a narrow pals, Where he forgether'd with a Brock, Wha him faluted frae a rock : Speer'd how he did, \_ how markets gade, \_\_\_ What's a' ye'r news, - and how is trade, -How does Fock Stot and Lucky Yad. Tam Tup, and Bucky honest lad? Reply'd the Ass, and made a heel, E'en a' the better that ye'r weel. But Fackanapes and Inarling Fit ty Are grown sae wicked, (some ca's't witty) That we wha folid are and grave, Nae peace on our ain howms can have; While we are biffy gathering gear, Upon a brae they'll fit and Ineer. If ane shou'd chance to breathe behin', Or ha'e some flaver at his chin. Or 'gainst a tree shou'd rub his arles That's subject for a winsome Farce: There draw they me, as void of thinking, And you, my dear, famous for flinking; And the bauld birfy Bair your frien, A glutton dirty to the een, By laughing Dogs and Apes abus'd, Wha is't can thole to be fae us'd! Dear me! heh! wow! \_\_\_ and fay ye fae,-

Dear me! heh! wow! — and fay ye fae,—
Return'd the Brock,— I'm unko wae
To fee this flood of wit break in,
O fcour about, and ca't a fin;
Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud;
And ought will pass upon the crowd.

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The As thought this advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his might;
Stood on a know amang the cattle,
And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle:
Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases,
While Dogs and Apes leugh, and made faces.
Thus a' the angry As held forth,
Serv'd only to augment their mirth.

# The Fox and RAT.

The Lyon and the Tyger lang maintain'd
A bloody weir; — at last the Lyon gain'd.
The royal victor strak the earth with aw,
And the four-footed world obey'd his law:
Frae ilka species Deputies were sent,
To pay their homage due, and compliment
Their sovereign Leige, wha'd gart the Rebels cour,
And own his royal right, and princely power.
After dispute, the moniest votes agree,
That Reynard should address his majesty,
Ulysses like, in name of a' the lave;
What hus went on, — 'O Prince! allow thy slave

- To roofe thy brave atchievments and renown;
- ' Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown.
- Wha art like Jove, whale thunderbowt can make
- The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake;
- Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,
- · Commands a peace, and flegs th' inferior gods,
- Thus thou, great king, haft by thy conqu'ring paw,
- Gi'en earth a shog, and made thy will a law to
- Thee a' the animals with fear adore, and and and and

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be

- And tremble if thou with displeasure roar,
- O'er a' thou canst us eith thy sceptre Iway,
- As Badrans can with cheeping Rottans play.

This

#### 228 The Caterpillar and the Ant.

This sentence yex'd the Envoy Rotton fair; He threw his gab, and girn'd; but durst nae mair. The Monarch pleas'd with Lowry, wha durft gloom? A warrant's order'd for a good round fum, Which Dragon, Lord Chief Treasurer, must pay To fly-tongu'd Fleechy on a certain day; Which secretary Ape in form wrote down, Sign'd Lyon, and a wee beneath, Baboon. "Tis given the Fox. - Now Bobtail tap o' kin, Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bind; He dreams of nought, but pleasure, joy and peace, Now blest with wealth, to purchase hens and geese. Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd, And yet the Rottan's breast with anger glow'd; He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day, He took the tid, when Lowry was away, And throw a hole into his closet flips, There chews the warrant a' in little nips. Thus what the Fox had for his flatt'ry gotten, Ev'n frae a Lyon, was made nought by an offended Rotten . on the selve bits I don lavor and nive be A

#### logist and classics blue for the properties The Caterpillar and the Ant.

Ac Bachus Lan with Story of Ferrar play.

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Penfy Am, right trig and clean, will so of Came ae day whiding o'er the green; Where to advance her pride, the faw A Caterpillar moving flaw: Good-e'en t'ye, mistress Ant said he, How's a' at hame? I'm blyth to s'ye. The fawcy Ant view'd him with fcorn, Nor wad civilities return ; William gold a since no 100 But gecking up her head, quoth the, interest a rent ' Foor animal, T pity thee, with the liet man bet silwers the cantiles sith sin looper lway,

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But f Andt For n With And o Frae Can f And f Whic 'Till But la To ft: A cree Not v Thea And I The C And n The h Thus The V Trans Whic Upon And t Thus Pray, And n Inferi For fo

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#### The Caterpillar and the Ant. 229

Wha scarce can claim to be a creature, But some experiment of nature, Whase silly shape displeas'd her eye, And thus unfinish'd was flung by. For me, I'm made with better grace, With active limbs, and lively face; And cleverly can move with eafe Frae place to place where-e'er I please: Can foot a minuet or jig, And snoov't like ony whirly-gig; Which gars my Jo aft grip my hand Till his heart pitty-pattys, and But laigh my qualities I bring, To fland up clashing with a Thing, A creeping Thing, the like of thee, Not worthy of a farewel t'ye. : was tacked hor de was? And left him with a proud gaffa. The addition of the The Caterpillar was ftruck dumb, to a sing a opinion And never answer'd her a mum : i al o'mag) al spous A The humble Reptile fand fome pain Thus to be banter'd with disdain. But tent neift time the Ant came by The Worm was grown a Butterfly; Transparent were his wings and tair, house the wings !-Which bare him flightering throw the air : Upon a flower he ftapt his flight, in al bed slieng sli And thinking on his former flight, which have the Thus to the Ant himsell addrest, Pray, madam, will ye please to rest, And notice what I now advise, Inferiors ne'er too much despile; For fortune may gi'e sic a turn, To raise aboon ye what ye scorn: To raise aboon ye what ye scorn:
For instance, now I spread my wing In air, while you're a creeping Thing.

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# The twa CATS and the CHEESE.

What caree can claim so be a creature;

i'm one, i'm mode with botter grace, W A Cass anes on a Cheefe did light, To which baith had an equal right; But disputes, sic as aft arile, Fell our a sharing of the prize. Fair play, faid ane, ye bite o'er thick, Thae teeth of your's gang wonder quick: Let's part it, else langer the moon Be chang'd, the Kebuck will be done. But wha's to do't; \_\_they're parties baith And ane may do the other skaith. Sae with confent away they trudge, a to work to keep And laid the Gheefe before a judge and and with the A Monkey with a camplho face, to the state of the Clerk to a justice of the peace, A judge he feem'd in justice skill'd, baying a soon he A When he his mafter's chair had fill'd, was all mod and Now umpire choien for division, by mand 50 or all it Baith sware to stand by his decision. Demure he looks .- The Cheefe he pales He prives it good, \_\_ Ca'es for the scales ; and ground His knite whopsthrow't, in twait fell; a said and W He puts ilk haff in either hell: 1164 of 10 woll a 2000 Said he, we'll truly weigh the case, and an gouland but And ftricteft juftice fall have place; id tale salt of and a Then litting up the scales, he fand The tane bang up, the other frand : A lauve 101.06 bgA Syne out he took the heaviest haff, And atea knooft o't quickly aff, And try'd it fyne; — it now prov'd light:
Friend Cats, faid he, we'll do ye right.
Then to the ither haff he fell. Then to the ither haff he fell, And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,

Till v The ju Still v Tille And to Cry'd Yefor Maun Thus Till b Poor . Of ga And b To gi To wh The du Now Will That's And th

(Sie the To fay Says and Four-fa little And mo Of coll Reply)

For we

If ane

'Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd. The judge wha this I west process lov'd, Still weigh'd the case, and Rillate on, "Till clients baith were weary grown, and and wear! And tenting how the matter went, Cry'd, come, come, fir, we're baith content. Ye fools, quoth he, and Justice too, Maun be content as well as you. Thus grumbled they, thus he went on, Till baith the haves were near hand done: Poor Pouses now the daffine saw Of gawn for nignyes to the law; And bill'd the judge, that he wad pleafe To give them the remaining Cheefe : To which his worship grave reply'd, The dues of court mann first be paid. Now justice pleas'd : \_\_ what's to the fore Will but right scrimply clear your score; That's our decreet ; \_\_ gae hame and fleep, And thank us ye're win aff fae cheap.

#### The CHAMABLEON.

W A travellers, as they were wa'king,

'Bout the Chamaeleon tell a ta'king,

(Sic think it shaws them mettl'd met.,

To say I've seen, and ought to ken;)

Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed.

Four-footed, with a fish's head;

A little bowk, with a lang tail,

And moves far slawer than a shail;

Of colour like a blawart blue;

Reply'd his nibour, that's no true;

For well I wat his colour's green,

If ane may true his ain twa een;

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For I in Sun-Shine fair bim fair, al in the said and When he was dining on the air Excuse me, says the ither blade, sales and his grave line I faw him better in the shade, was well as a state in And he is blue. — He's green I'm fure. Ye lied, \_\_\_ And ye're the fon of a whore. \_\_ Frae words there had been cuff and kick, Had not a third come in the nicky as the board his Wha tenting them in this rough mood, Cry'd, gentlemen, what! are ye wood? What's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be speer't? Truth, fays the tane, fir, ye fhall hear's The Chamaeleon, I fay, he's blue; He threeps he's green Now, what fay you? Ne'er fash ye'r fells about the matter, Says the fagacious arbitrator, if the many years to make the He's black. Sae sane of you are right, word I view'd him well with candle-light; And have it in my pocket here, Row'd in my napkin hale and feer. Fy! faid ae cangler, what d'ye mean? I'll lay my lugs on't, that he's green. Said th' ither, were I gawn to death, I'd fwear he's blue with my last breath, He's black, the judge maintain'd ay stout; And to copyince them, whop'd him out and A W But to furprife of ane and a' salamond of 1 1008' The Animal was white as fnawer ser award in anide sell And thus reprov'd them, Shallow boys as I val of · Away, away, make nae mair noise; is sit , one week. . Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right, borook woll But learn to own your nibours fight wood sink A As good as yours. Your judgment speak, on the But never be fae daftly weak a wald a alil molos 10 T' imagine ithers will by force , raodin zid b'elge A . Submit their sentiments to yours

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 $\mathbf{B}_{\mathsf{o}}^{\mathsf{E}}$ Beekir Then o Waes How n Benea Regar Webr But for On ear Curft f Forby. In Nil Ca'd C Of fic : Then : Honor And M Syne li Ahf What I

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# The twa Lizards.

Off I returns the ambinous beath, now weak a me now warter thy breath?

RENEAT Ha tree, ae shining day, On a burn-bank twa Lizards lay Beeking themsells now in the beams, Witter Collins Then drinking of the cauller streams. Waes me, says ane of them to the ither, How mean and filly live we, brither? Beneath the moon is ought fae poor.
Regarded less or mair obscure We breathe indeed, and that's just at just bead ad and E But forc'd by deftiny's hard law a sales and a low and law a sales and low and law a sales and On earth like worms to creep and (prawl: Curft fate to ane that has a faul! The diss upon the vict Forby, gin we may trow report, In Nilus giant Lizards Sport, des de des as god al Ca'd Crocodiles : \_\_ ah! had I been ... Of fic a fize, upon the green, at no wead a sew tuo 10 Then might I had my skair of fame, standelid # Honour, respect, and a great name, Master Lawrell And Man with gaping jaws have shor'd, Syne like a pa-god been ador'd. Ah friend! replies the ither Lizard, was also rest. What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard; What cause have yet obe uneasy? Cannot the fweets of freedom please ye ? We free frae trouble, toil orica re, and staring ned, is W Enjoy the fun, the earth and signal at any vens were los The crystal spring, and green-wood shaw, And beildy holes, when tempests blaw; 180 2 58 1.48 Why shou'd we fret, look blae or wan, The we're contemn'd by paughty man?

If fae, let's in return be wife, and that proud animal despite,

Oty! returns th' ambitious beaff. How weak a fire now warms thy breaft? It breaks my heart to live fae mean; I'd like t'attract the gazer's een, And be admir'd. What flately horns TARVECE The Deer's majestick brow adorn! He claims our wonder and our dread, Where e'er he heaves his haughty head. What envy a'my fpirit fires, and and are son of When he in clearest pools admires will have a som well His various beauties with delyte; person ods disparti I'm like to drown my fell with fpite. The state belowed Thus he held forth, when ftraight a pack and W Of Hounds and Hunters at their back, hab ve borred in Ran downa Deer before their face, Breathless and wearied with the chace. The dogs upon the victim feife, an want a many yand And bougles found his obfequies. But neither Men nor dogstook tent Of our wee Lizards on the bent, an noon, sait o sit? While hungry Barry, Buff, and Tray, had I migim non F Devour'd the paunches of the prey. Brain acoust Soon as the bloody deed was past,

Soon as the bloody deed was past,

The Lizard wise the proud addrest,

Dear cousin, now pray let me hear.

How wad ye like to be a Deer?

Wha wad have thought it ares a day have a day

Villy those a we been took aftern wan,

To mer
Thus for
Stood to
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Juno co
Venus co
E'en co
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What p Maun to What, Till ma Hey

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# MERCURY in Quest of Peace.

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Tout,

User's explasary me nation and well

HE gods coof out, as flory gaes, on -- wall all Some being friends, fome being faes, To men in a befreged city; bart of mysent of our toll Thus some frae spite, and some frae pity, Stood to their point with canker'd ftrictness, And lefna ither in dogs likeness. June ca'd Venus whore and bawd, Venus ca'd Juno scauldin jad, in or Assil onboi all to T E'en cripple Vulcan blew the low, and to no issue to not Apollo ran to bend his bow, at all a chaired his or but Dis shook his fork, Pallas her shield, Neptune his grape began to wield. What plague, crys Tupiter, hey hoy! Maun this town prove anither Troy? What, will you ever be at odds, Till mankind think us foolish gods? Hey! mistris Peace, make haste, \_\_\_\_\_ appear. \_\_\_\_\_
it madam was na there to hear: But madam was na there to hear: Come, Hermes, wing thy heels and head, And find her out with a thy speed : Trowth this is bonny wark indeed. Hermes obeys, and staptna short, But flys directly to the Court & Bus motions on the For fure, thought he, the will be found On that fair complimenting ground, Where praises and embraces ran gons a lib a to the Like current coin 'tween man and man. Daw one well But foon, alake! he was beguil'd, And fand that courtiers only fmil'd, And with a formal flatt'ry treat ye,

That they mair fickerly might cheat ye

#### 236 MERCURY in Quest of Peace.

Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell, Where hidden envy makes a hell. Nieft to the ha', where justice stands , I I M With fword and ballance in her hands,. He flew; \_\_ no that he thought to find her . 3 11 Between th'accuferiand defenders il prood amod But fure he thought to find the wench and a minor of Amang the fowk that fill the bench sigt sort smol and T Sae muckle gravity and grace in which medical blook Appear'd in ilka judge's face: Allegon and and hafe Even here he was deceiv'd again, ronw wars b'as and For ilka judge flack to his ain inteless? has want Interpretation of the law, say wold make slogin as' And vex'd themsells with Hadand Draw. Frae thence he flew fraight to the Kirk in a contract In this he prov'd as dafta flick and again aid swart W To look for peace, where never three In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree; Ane his ain gate explain'd a text, green worldward W Quite contrair to his peighbour pexts eid: baixasea fir And teughly toolied day and night and sinfim ! geld To gar believers trow them right.

Then fair he figh'd, — where can the be! Well thought, - the university, ive month bart bo Science is ane thefe maun agree. There did he bend his ftrides right clever, But is as fair mistane as ever: For here contention and ill nature Had runkl'd ilka learned feature; Ae party stood for ancient rules, Anither ca'd the ancients fools; Here ane wad fet his fhanks afpar, And roofe the Man wha lang Troy war, Anither ca's him Robin Kar. Well, she's no here; - away he flies. To leek her amanget families. The sand state yout the Tout,

France

Tout, we Dwells Where Content This fa

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Wea How be But here Some p While b And wi

> Has! Cry'd H

> Well, Il

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FED b A thousa Flourish'

#### The SPRING and the SYKE. Tout, what shou'd she do there I wonder? at of the M. Dwells the with matrimonial thunders and a wall of Where mates, some greedy, some deep drinkers, Contend with thriftlefs mates or jinkers? This fays, 'tis black; and that, wi' fpite. Stiffy maintains and threeps tis white. Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's fee How branches with their flocks agree : 100 and 100 all But here he fand still his mistake; the name and nor both Some parents cruel were, fome weak, of wod salbird While bairns ungratefu' did behave, and sed a daw sed And wish'd their parents in the grave, hand worth all w Has Jove then sent me amang thir fowk, Cry'd Hermes, here to hunt the gowk? Well, I have made a waly round, which was a second To feek what is na to be found. We have you want and Just on the wing, \_\_\_ towards a burn and a wan said A wee piece aff his looks did turn; There miftris Peace he chanc'd to fee, Sitting beneath a willow tree: And have I found ye at the last? He cry'd aloud, and held her faft. Here I reside, quoth she, and smil'd, With an auld Hermite in this wild. Well, madam, faid he, I perceive, di sous dans quiviell That ane may long your presence crave, And miss ye still; - but this feems plain that done To have ye, ane maun be alane, jegih madi pe l'av ent Of Crazzmy, I that address of all ....

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# The SPRING and the SYKE.

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## 238 The DATE BARGAINET

Whilk was in fimmer aften dry, water days and allaw C And no er recovered life again as an account assess and V But after foaking showers of rain; Then wad he swell, look big and sprush, And o'er his margine proudly gush. Ae day, after great waughts of weet, He with the chrystal current met, And ran him down with unco din, Said he, how poorly does thou rin? James at a said ome? See with what state I dash the brae, Whilst thou canst hardly make thy way. The Spring with a fuperior air, Said, fir, your brag gives me nae care; For foon's ye want your toreign aid, Your paughty cracks will foon be laid.

Frae my ain head I have supply,

1207

The DAFT BARGAIN. A Tale.

But you must borrow, else rin dry. and fin posity and A

Pacre mik ns Perce necessare'd collect

THE TENEDRAL AND HOSE

A T market anes, I watna how,
Twa herds between them coft a cow:
Driving her hame, the needful Hacky
But ceremony chancid to k
Quoth Rab right ravingly to Raff;
Gin ye'll eat that digested draff
Of Crummy, I shall quat my part.

A bargain be't, with a' my heart,
Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
To gorble't up without a gloom:
Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap
His mealtith quickly up to gawpaha them.

Haff done
But lootn:
Wha fear
At his daf
Well, wel
I'll fcorn
Come fa'
And eat t
Ye's fave
And flerg
Now who
Is eithly for
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And no Baith lads
To glowr,
And lay of
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And on the The tane, Unbidden And pat he Throw he Now a' the Cry'd out They gloring the Throw gloring the tane of tane

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Thefe !

Haff done, his heart began to scunner,
But lootna on 'till Rab strak under;
Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,
At his dast bargain did repine.
Well, well, quoth Raff; tho' ye was rash,
I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash;
Come sa' to wark, as I ha'e done,
And eat the ither haff as soon,
Ye's save ye'r part.— Content, quoth Rab,
And slerg'd the rest o't in his gab:
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly seen.— My story's done.—
Yet frae this tale consed rate states may learn
To save their cow, and yet no eat her sharn.

## The twa CUT-PURSES. A Tale.

I N borrows town there was a fair of the offine And mony a landart coof was there, Baith lads and laffes busked brawly, To glowr at ilka bonny-waly, And lay out ony ora bodles show and him wared W . A. On Ima' gimcracks that pleas'd their nodles, on am of Sic as a jocktaleg, ortheers, and re'o gair'orrum rab is Confeckit ginger, plums or pears, i elas ylanging and W Thefe gaping gowks twa rogues furvey and fright And on their cash this plot they lays and bas a ord dil The tane, less like a knave than fool, way and not at Unbidden clam the high cockstool, and to paigled And pat his head and baith his hands or stong ou moiso. I Throw holes where the ill-doer franch trade to all slid W Now a' the crowd with mouth and cen driw as adoed T. Cry'd out, what does the idiot mean?
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a trick,

## Epifile to Robert Yarde, E/4;

"Till he beneath had done his job, ad mand aid, anou had By tooming poutches of the mob and the no acted me Wha now possess of rowth of gear, to make white the Scour'd aff as lang's the cost was clear

But wow ? the ferly quickly chang'd, When throw their empty tobs they rang'd; Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief, While some cry'd out, Fy had the thief: But ne'erathief or rogue was there, Or cou'd be found in a'the fair. at to fler our b'grall ball The jip wha foud aboon them a' and and work His innocence began to haw sait yet ... . neet y'die al Said he, my friends, I'm very forry To hear your melancholy ftory; But fure whate'er your tinfel be, Ye cannalay the wyte on me.

## Epistle to ROBERT YARDE of Devonfhire, Efquire.

to The star of the second

R A E northern mountains clad with fnaw, I Where whiftling winds inceffant blaw, who was hard In time now when the curling-stane about it and ac Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain, What sprightly tale in verse can Tarde and in balance Expect frae a cauld Scottiff bard, and a straight and With brose and bannocks poorly fed, In hoden gray right halhly cled, Skelping o'r frozen hags with pingle, Picking up peets to beet his ingle, While fleet that freezes as it fa's, Theeks as with glass the divor waws Enda , Mo by Of a leigh hut, where fax thegither, Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather?

Thus, By our n But let th While w For we, 1 N'er war Have tab And can Be ferv'd As you in You, fir, Own'd th To make

This po Cocks up And fcorn With f's, She pukes Throu're Frae fanc That you

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Were hun E'er party By cleathi Then Poe That lead In thefe d Divini Val It was, an W hile the Tho' rarel

Believe To happin

Thus,

Yet nane o

Thus, fir, of us the story gaes,
By our mair dull and scornfu' faes:
But let them tauk, and gowks believe,
While we laugh at them in our sleeve;
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
N'er want good wine to warm our blood,
Have tables crown'd, — and heartsome biels,
And can in Cumin's, Don's or Steil's,
Be serv'd as plenteously and civil,
As you in London at the devil.
You, sir, your self wha came and saw,
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',
To make us as content a nation,
As any is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muse Cocks up her crest without excuse, And scorns to screen her natural slaws, With f's, and But's, and dull Because; She pukes her pens, and aims a flight Throu' regions of internal light, Frae fancy's field, these truths to bring That you shou'd hear, and she shou'd sing.

Langfyne, when love and innocence
Were humane nature's best desence,
E'er party-jars made laterh less,
By cleathing't in a monkish dress;
Then Poets shaw'd these evenly roads,
That lead to dwellings of the gods.
In these dear days, well ken'd to fame,
Divini Vates was their name:
It was, and is, and shall be ay,
While they move in fair vertue's way.
Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, sir, the nearest way To happiness, is to be gay;

#### Epifile to Robert Yarde, Efg; 242

For spleen indulg'd will banish rest Far frae the bosoms of the best; Thousands a-year's no worth a prin, When e'er this fashous guest gets in: But a fair competent estate Can keep a man frae looking blate, Sae eithly it lays to his hand What his just appetites demand. Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow! How smoothly may his minutes flow ? A youth thus bleft with manly frame, Enliven'd with a lively flame, Will ne'er with fordid pinch controul The fatisfaction of his foul. Poor is that mind, ay discontent, That canna use what God has lent; But envious girns ata' he fees, That are a crown richerthan he's; Which gars him pitifully hane, And hell's afe-middings rake for gain; Yet never kens a blythfome hour, Is ever wanting, ever fowr.

Yet ae extreme shou'd never make A man the gowden mien torfake. It shaws as much a shallow mind, And ane extravagantly blind, If careless of his future fate, He dastly waste a good estate, And never thinks 'till thoughts are vain, And can afford him nought but pain. Thus will a joiner's shavings bleez, Their low will for some leconds please; to it cat say makes foot? But foon the glaring leam is past, And cauldrife darkness follows fast While flaw the fagots large expire, And warm us with a lasting fire.

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Then neither, as I ken ye will, With idle fears your pleasures spill, Nor with neglecting prudent care, Do skaith to your succeeding heir. Thus steering cannily throw life, Your joys shall lasting be and rife : Give a' your passions room to reel, As long as reason guides the wheel. Defires, tho' ardent, are nae crime, When they harmoniously keep time: But when they spang o'er reason's sence, We imart for't at our ain expence. To recreate us we're allow'd, But gaming deep boils up the blood, And gars ane at groomporters ban The being that made him a man, When his fair gardens, house and lands, Are fa'n amongst the sharpers hands. A chearfu' bottle fooths the mind, Gars carles grow canty, free and kind: Defeats our care, and hales our strife, And brawly oyls the wheels of life: But when just quantums we transgress, Our bleffing turns the quite reverse.

To love the bonny smiling fair,
Nane can their passions better ware;
Yet love is kittle and unruly,
And shou'd move tentily and hooly:
For if it get o'er meikle head,
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:
O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,
And grazes on forbidden grounds;
Where constantly, like furies, range,
Poortith, diseases, death, revenge:
To toom anes pouch to dunty clever,
Or have wrang'd husband prob ane's liver,

## 244 Thelaft Speech of a wretched Miler.

Or void ane's faul out throw a fhanker;

Then wale a virgin worthy you.
Worthy your love and nuptial vow:
Syne frankly range o'era' her charms,
Drink deep of joy within her arms;
Be still delighted with her breast,
And on her love with rapture feast.

May she be blooming, fast and young,
With graces melting from her tongue;
Prudent and yielding to maintain
Your love, as well as you her ain.

Thus with your leave, fir, I've made free
To give advice to ane can gi'e
As good again. — But as mels John
Said, when the fand tald time was done,

Ha'e patience, my dear friends a wee,

And take ae ither glass frae me;
And if ye think there's doublets due,

I shanna bauk the like frae you.

## The last Speech of a wretched Miser.

O Dool! and am I forc'd to die, And nae mair my dear filler fee, That glanc'd fae fweetly in my eye!

It breaks my heart;

My gowd! my bands! alackanie!

That we shou'd part.

For you I labour'd night and day, For you I did my friends betray, For youon stinking cast I lay,

And blankets thin; mony a flea

And for your take fed mony a flea Upon my skin. 1

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## The last Speech of a wretched Miser: 245

Like Tantalus I lang have stood Chin deep into a filler flood; Yet ne'er was able for my blood, But pain and ftrife,

To ware ae drap on claiths or food,

To cherifh life.

Or like the wiffen'd beardlefs wights. Wha herd the wives of eastern knights, Yet ne'er enjoy the faft delights

Of lasses bony;

Thus did I watch lang days and nights My lovely money.

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed Thrice forty fowk that flood in needs I grudg'd my fell my daily bread:

And if trae hame, .

My pouch produc'd an ingan head,

To please my wame. .

To keep you cosie in a hoord, This hunger I with ease endur'd; And never dought a doit afford

To ane of skill,

Wha for a doller might have cur'd

Me of this ill.

I never wore my claiths with brushing, Nor wrung away my farks with washing; Nor ever fat in taverns dashing

Away my coin,

To find out wit or mirth by clashing

O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare, I wore nae frizl'd limmer's hair, Which takes of flower to keep it fair Frae reefting free,

As meikle as wad dine and mair The like of me.

Some

## 246 The last Speech of a wretched Miler.

Nor kept I fervants, tales to tell, But toom'd my coodies a' my fell; To hane in candle I had a spell

Baith cheap and bright,

A fish-head, when it gins to fmell,

Gives curious light.

What reason can I shaw, quo'ye, To fave and starve, to chear and lie, To live a beggar, and to die

Sae rich in coin?

That's mair than can be gi'en by me, Tho' Belvie join :

Some faid my looks were groff and fowr, Fretfu', drumbly, dall and dowr: I own it was na in my power,

My fears to ding;

Wherefore I never cou'd endure

To laugh or fing.

I ever hated bookish reading, And musical or dancing breeding, And what's in either face or cleading,

Of painted things;

I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,

Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure, I never rhimers cou'd endure, They're sic a sneering pack, and poor, I hate to ken 'em ;

For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure To fpit their venom.

But waster wifes, the warst of a's
Without a youk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw When wickedly they bid us draw

Our filler fpungs,

For this and that, to make them braw, And lay their tongues. TO ME

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## The last Speech of a wretched Miser. 247

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,
Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,
Some loo to woo beneath the birks,

Their lemans bony;

For me, I took them a' for flirks

That loo'd na money.

They ca'd me slave to usury,
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flee,
Clek, flae the flint, and penury,

And fauless wretch;
But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,
Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent, And mony thousands have I lent, But sickerly I took good tent,

That double pawns,

With a cudeigh, and ten per Cent

Lay in my hands.

When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug.
Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug.
I fald them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug
With girns or curses,

The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
My fwelling purses.

Sometimes I'd figh, and ape a faint, And with a lang rat-rhime of cant, Wad make a mane for them in want, But for ought mair,

I never was the fool to grant

Them ony skair.

I thought ane freely might pronounce
That chiel a very filly dunce,
That cou'd not honesty renounce,
With ease and joys,

At ony time, to win an ounce

Of yellow boys.

M 4

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## 248 The last Speech of a wretched Miser.

When young I fome remorfe did feel, And liv'd in terror of the deel, His furnace, whips, and racking wheel; But by degrees,

My conscience grown as hard as steel,

Gave me some ease.

But fears of want, and carking care
To fave my stock, — and thirst for mair,
By night and day oppress me fair,

And turn'd my head;

While friends appear'd like harpies gare, That wish'd me dead.

The live lang night till day was breaking.

Syne throu' my fleep, with heart fair aking,

I've aften flarted,

Thinking I heard my windows cracking, When El/pa f \_\_\_

O gear! I held ye lang thegither; For you I starv'd my good and mither, And to Virginia sald my brither,

And crush'd my wife;

I falc toem a

Oh!

But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,

To leave my life.

My life! my god! my spirit earns.

My life! my god! my spirit earns, Not on my kindred, wife or bairns, Sic are but very laigh concerns,

When now this mortal rottle warns

men now this mortal rottle warns

It to my heart gaes like a gun, To fee my kin and graceless son, Like rooks already are begun

To thumb my gear,

And cash that has not seen the sun This fifty year. Oh! Wha c And li

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Oh! oh! that spendthrift son of mine,
Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,
And like dub-water skink the wine,
And dance and sing;
He'll soon gar my dear dwarlings dwine,

Down to nathing.

To that same place, where e'er I gang,
O cou'd I bear my wealth alang!
Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing tang,
That thus carouses,

Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,

For breaking houses,

Perdition! Sathan! is that you!

I fink! — am dizzy! — Candle blue.

Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,

But with a rair,

Away his wretched spirit flew,

It maksna where.

# TIT for TAT.

B E-SOUTH our channel, where 'tis common
To be priest-ridden, man and woman;
A father, anes in grave procession,
Went to receive a wight's confession
Whase sins, lang-gather'd, now began
To burden sair his inner man.
But happy they that can with ease
Sling aff sic laids when e'er they please.
Lug out your sins, and eke your purses,
And soon your kind spiritual nurses
Will ease you of these heavy turses.

Cries Hodge, and sighs, ab ' father shoftly.

Cries Hodge, and fighs, ah! father ghostly,
I lang'd anes for some jewels costly,

Epille

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And

And staw them frae a sneaking miser,
Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,
And much had me and others wrang'd,
For which I aften wish'd him hang'd.
The father says, I own, my son,
To rob or pilser is ill done;
But I can eith forgive the saut,
Since it is only Tit for Tat.

The fighing penitent gade furder,
And own'd hisanes defigning murder;
That he had lent ane's guts a skreed,
Wha had gi'en him a broken head.
Replies the prieft, my fon, 'tis plain
That's only Tit for Tat again.

But still the sinner sighs and sobs,
And cries, ah! these are venial jobs
To the black crime that yet behind
Lyes like Auld Nick upon my mind:
I dare na name't; I'd lure be strung
Up by the neck, or by the tongue,
As speak it out to you: believe me,
The faut you never wad forgive me.
The haly man, with pious care,
Intreated, pray'd, and spake him sair,
Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,
To tell his crime, and be forgiven.
Well then, says Hodge, if it man be,

Prepare to hear a tale frae me,
That when 'tis tald, I'm unko feard
Ye'll wish it never had been heard.
Ah me! your reverence's Sifter,
Ten times I carnally have — kift her.
All's fair, returns the reverend Brother,
I've done the famen with your Mother
Three times as aft; and sae for that
We're on a level, Tit for Tat.

Epiftle

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Epistle from Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT Teacher of Mathematicks at Straban in Ireland.

A E windy day last owk I'll ne'er forget,
I think I hear the hailstanes rattling yet;
On Croehan buss my hirdsell took the lee,
As ane wad wish, just a' beneath my Ee;
I in the beild of yon auld birk-tree side,
Poor cauldrife Coly whing'd aneath my plaid,
Right tozylie was set to ease my stumps,
Well hap'd with bountith-hose and twa soll'd pumps;
Syne on my four-hours luntion chew'd my cude,
Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood:
My whistle frae my blanket-nook I drew,
And litted owre thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my my heart-strings ye Pierian quines, That ga'e the Grecian bards their bony rhimes, And learn'd the Latin lowns sic springs to play, As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

In vain I feek your help; 'tis bootless toil
With sic dead ase to muck a moorland soil,
Give me the muse that calls past ages back,
And shaws proud southern sangsters their mistake,
That frae their Thames can fetch the laurel north,
And big Parnassus on the frith of Forth,

Thy breast alane this gladsome guest does fill With strains, that warm our hearts like cannel gill, And learns thee in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue, The blythest like that e'er my lugs heard sung.

RAMSAY! for ever live; for wha like you In deathless sang sic life-like pictures drew?

Not he wha whilome with his harp cou'd ca'
The dancing stanes to big the Theban wa';

## 252 Epiftle from Mr. STARRAT.

Nor he (shametas' fool head) as stories tell Could whistle back an auld dead wife frae hell; Nor e'en the loyal brooker of Bell-trees, Whasang with hungry wame his want of fees; Nor Haby's dron cou'd with thy wind-pipe please, When in his well kend clink thou manes the death Of Lucky Wood and Spence (a matchless skaith To Canigate) sae gash thy gab-trees gang. The carlines live for ever in thy sang.

Or, when the country bridal thou pursues, To redd the regal tulzie sets thy muse, Thy soothing sangs bring canker'd carles to ease, Some lowps to Lutter's pipe, some birls bawbies.

But gin to graver notes, thou tunes thy breath, And fings poor Sandy's grief for Edie's death, Or Matthew's loss; the lambs in confort mae, And lanesome Ringwood youles upon the brae.

Good God! what tuneless heart-strings wadna twang, When love and beauty animates thy sang?

Skies echoe back, when thou blaws up thy reed, In Burchet's praise, for clapping of thy head:

And when thou bids the paughty Czar stand yon, The wandought seems beneath thee on his throne. Now, be my saul, and I have nought behin, And weil I wat sause swearing is a sin.

I'd rather have thy pipe, and twa three sheep, Than a' the gold the monarchs coffers keep.

This fe'nteen owks I have not play'd fae lang;
Ha, Crummy, ha —— trowth I maun quat my fang,
But, lad, niest mirk we'll to the haining drive,
When in fresh lizar they get spleet and rive;
The royts will rest, and gin ye like my play,
I'll whistle to thee all the live lang day.

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### To Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT, onreceiving the above Epistle.

FRAE fertile fields, where nae curs'd ethers creep; To stang the herds that in rash-busses sleep; Frae where faint Patrick's bleffings freed the bogs Frae taids, and asks, and ugly creeping frogs; Welcome to me's the found of STARRAT's pipe. Welcome, as westlen winds, or berries ripe, When speeling up the hill, the Dog-days heat Gars a young thirsty shepherd pant and sweat : Thus while I climb the muses mount with care. Sic friendly praises give refreshing air. O! may the lasses loo thee for thy pains, And may thou lang breathe healfome o'er the plains: Lang mayft thou teach, with round and nooked lines. Substantial skill, that's worth rich siller mines; To thaw how wheels can gang with greatest cafe, And what kind barks fails smoothest o'er the seas ; How wind-mills shou'd be made, -- and how they work The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk: How wedges rive the aik : - How pullieles Can lift on highest roofs the greatest trees; Rug frae its roots the craig of Edinburgh caftle, As cafily as I cou'd break my whiftle .-What pleughs fics a wet foil, and whilk the dry; And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to fing,
When round ane's lugs the blattran hailstanes ring;
But feckfu' folk can front the bauldest wind,
And slonk thro' moors, and never tash their mind.
Aft have I wid throu' glens with chorking feet,
When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weet;

## 254 ODE on the E. of Wemyls.

Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the brae,
And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.
Then let's to lairds and ladies leave the spleen,
While we can dance and whistle o'er the green.
Mankind's account of good and ill's a jest,
Fancy's the rudder, and content's a feast.

Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle roofe
The lawly mints of my poor moorland muse,
Wha looks but blate, when even'd to either twa,
Tharlull'd the deel, or bigg'd the Theban wa';
But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wink
At our ain fauts, and praises frankly drink:
Fair sa' ye then, and may your slocks grow rise,
And may nae elf twin Crummy of her life.

The fun shines sweetly, a' the lift looks blue,
O'er glens hing hovering clouds of rising dew;
Maggy, the bonniest lass of a' our town,
Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
I have a tryst with her, and maun away,
Then ye'll excuse me 'till anither day,
When I've mair time; for shortly I'm to sing
Some dainty sangs, that fall round Crochan ring.

An ODE, With a Pastoral Recitative on the Marriage of the Right Honourable, JAMES Earl of WEMYSS and Mrs. JANET CHARTERIS.

#### RECITATIVE.

L AST morn young Rosalind, with laughing een,
Met with the singing shepherd on the green;
Armyar height, wha us'd with tunefu' lay
To please the ear, when he began to play:
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## ODE on the E. of Wemyls. 255

Him with a smile the blooming lass addrest; Her chearfu'look her inward joy confest.

ROSALIND.

Dear shepherd, now exert your wonted fire, I'll tell you news that shall your thoughts inspire.

ARMYAS.

Out wi'them, bonny lass, and if they'll bear, But ceremony you a Sang shall hear.

ROSALIND.

They'll bear, and do invite the blythest strains,
The beauteous CHARTERISSA of these plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us sae wae,
When we heard tell she was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartsome fields, her native land,
Now's ta'en in time, and fix'd by Hymen's band.

ARMYAS.

To whom? speak fast; \_\_ I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear, 'tistrue, as we stand here.
The Thane of FIFE, wha lately wi' his Flane,
And Vizy leel, made the BEYTH Bown his ain:
He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,
Wha's bright beginning spae his sonsy fate,
Has gain'd her heart; and now their mutual slame
Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

ARMYAS.

Now Rofalind, may never forrow twine Sae near your heart, as joys arife in mine. Come kiss me, lassie, and you's hear me sing. A bridal Sang that thro' the woods shall ring.

ROSALIND.

Her innere worth's atteature;
ease forceroef at a our cases will looth

Ye'r ay sae daft, come take it, and hae done; Let a' the lines be saft, and sweet the tune,

## ARMYAS Sings.

Deschooled, dowestiven worked fire.

Ome, shepherds, a'your whistles join, And shaw your blythest faces; The Nymph that we were like to tine, At hame her pleasure places. Lilt up your notes both loud and gay, Yet sweet as Philomella's, And yearly folemnize the day When this good luck befell us. Hail to the THANE descended frae MACDUFF renown'd in story, Wha Albion, frae tyrannick Iway, Restor'd to antient glory: His early bloffoms loud proclaim, That frae this stem he rifes, Whafe merits gives him right to fame, And to the highest prizes, His lovely Counters fing, ye fwains, Nae subject can be sweeter; The best of blood flows in her veins, Which makes ilk grace compleater: Bright are the beauties of her mind Which frae her dawn of reason, With a' the rays of wit hath shin'd, Which virtue still did season, Straight as the plane her features fair, And bonny to a wonder; Were Fove rampaging in the air. Her smiles might stap his thunder. Rejoice in her then, Happy Youth; and and a red Her innate worth's a treasure; Her sweetness a' your cares will sooth, - And furnish endless pleasure.

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## On feeing the ARCHERS, &c. 257

Lang may ye live t'enjoy her charms,
And lang lang may they bloffom,
Securely screen'd within your arms,
And lodged in your bosom.
Thrice happy Parents, justly may
Your breasts with joy be fired,
When you the darling Pair survey,
By a' the warld admired.

On seeing the Archers diverting themselves at the Buts and Rovers, &c.

At the desire of Sir William Bennet.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

APOLLO aft flings by his bows,

And plays the Broom of Cowden-knows;

He sometimes drinks,———

## His DEMAND.

- THE Rovers and the Buts you faw,
  And him who gives despotick law;
- ' In numbers fing what you have feen
- Both in the garden and the green.
- And how with wine they clos'd the day
- In harmless toasts, both blyth and gay:
- This to remember be't thy care, I wole a mais lon'W
- How they did justice to the fair.

## The Answer.

SIR, I with much delight beheld
The royal Archers on the field;

Their

## 258 On feeing the ARCHERS, &c.

Their garb, their manner, and their game, Wakes in the mind a martial flame, To fee them draw the bended yew, Brings bygane ages to our view, When burnish'd swords and whizzing flanes Forbade the Norwegens and Danes, Romans and Saxons, to invade A nation of nae foes afraid; Whose virtue and true valour sav'd Them bravely from their b'ing enflay'd: Esteeming't greater not to be, Than lofe their darling Liberty. How much unlike! But mum for that, Some beaus may fnarl if we should prat. When av'rice, luxury and eafe, A tea-fac'd generation please, Whafe pithless limbs in filks o'erclad. Scarce bear the lady-handed lad Frae's looking-glass into the chair, Which bears him to blaffum the fair, Wha by their actions come to ken Sic are but in appearance men. Thefe ill cou'd bruik, without a beild, To fleep in boots upon the field; Yet rife as glorious as the fun, To end what greatly they begun. Nor cou'd it suit their taste and pride To eat an ox boil'd in his hide; Or quaff pure element, ah me! Withour ream, fugar and bohee, Hail noble ghofts of each brave Sire! Whole fauls glow'd with a god-like fire! If you're to guardian posts affign'd, And can with greatness warm the mind; Breathe manly ardours in your race, Communicate that martial grace,

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Me I R. Level annuch delight beheld The roll and one as it on all

The Tha She If I For We Und Of \* And Him Whic Nae Whil Wha 'Till t But, Hefp Beft g To fir But To pa From Streng Where Permi Here, Wha ca Draw

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## On Seeing the ARCHERS, &c. 259

By which through Ages you maintain'd
The Caledonian rights unstain'd;
That when our nation makes demands,
She may ne'er want brave hearts and hands.

Here, fir, I must your pardon ask,

If I have started from my task;

For when the fancy takes a slight,

We seldom ken where it will light,

But we return to view the band,
Under the regular command
Of \* ane who arbitrarly sways,
And makes it law whate'er he tays:
Him honour and true reason rule,
Which makes submittion to his will
Nae slav'ry, but a just delight,
Whiles he takes care to keep them right;
Who never lets a cause depend
'Till the pursuer's power's at end;
But, like a minister of fate,
He speaks, and there's no more debate:
Best government, were subjects sure
To find a prince sit for sie pow'r.

But drop we cases not desir'd,
To paint the Archers now retir'd
From healthsu's sport, to chearsu' wine,
Strength to recruit, and wit refine;
Where innocent and blythsome tale
Permits nae sourness to prevail:
Here, sir, you never fail to please,
Wha can in phrase adapt with ease,
Draw to the life a' kind of sowks,
Proud shaups, dull coots, and gabbling gowks,
Gielaingers, and each greedy wight,
You place them in their proper light;

Mr. David Drummond prefident of the council.

## 260 On seeing the ARCHERS, &c.

And when true merit comes in view, You fully pay them what's their due. While circling wheels the hearty glass, Well flavour'd with fome lovely lass, Or with the bonny fruitfu' dame, Wha brightens in the nuptial flame, a barried stand left My lord, your toalt, the præfes crys: To lady Charlotte, he replys Now, fir, let's hear your beauty bright: To lady Jean, returns the knight, To Hamilton a health gaes round, And one to Eglinton is crown'd sand were head and had How sweet they taste! \_\_\_ Now, fir, you say: Then drink to her that's far away, ilegent rodans forder The lov'd Southesk. Neift, fir, you name: I give you Bast's handsome dame. Is't come to me ? then toast the fair. That's fawn, O Cockburn, to thy skair. How hearty went these healths about How blythly were they waughted out! To a' the flately, fair and young tow december hell Frac Haddington and Hoptown forung, sales and of To Lithgow's daughter in her bloom, and and and To dear Mackay, and comely Home, To Creightons every way divine, To Haldane straight as any pine. O how delicious was the glass and and and and and and and Which was perfum'd with lovely Best! And fae thefe rounds were flowing gi'en, To fifters Nisbet, Nell and Jean, State and Managed Vi To lweet Monegomery thining fair; a still and on what To Prieffield twins, delightfu' pair. 19 ,2611511 31101 To Katies four of beauteous fame,
Stuart and Cochran lady claim, Third Hamilton, fourth Ardress name. Take the intermedial present of the council.

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## On feeing the ARCHERS, &c. 261

To Peggies Pentland, Bang and Bell, To Minto's mate, and lively Nett: To Gordons ravishingly (weet, we said to the said to t To Maule in whom the graces meet, To Hepburn wha has charms in store, To Pringle harmony all o'er, To the polite Kinloch and Hay, To Wallace beautifu' and gay, beat was the same of the To Campbell, Skeen and Rutherfoord, To Maitland fair the much ador'd, To Lockhart with the sparkling een, · To bonny Crawford ever green, To Stuarts mony a dazling bairn, Of Invernytie and Denairn. To gracefu' Sleigh, and Oliphant, To Nasmith, Baird, Scot, Grier and Grant, To Clerk, Anstruther, Frank and Graham, To Deans agreeing with her name. Where are we now \_\_\_ Come, to the best In Christendom, and a' the rest. (Dear nymphs unnam'd, lay not the blame On us, or on your want of fame, That in this lift you do not fand; For heads gave way: - But there's my hand, The neift time we have fic a night, We'll not neglect to do ye right.) Thus beauties rare, and virgins fine, With blooming belles enlivened our wine,

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'Till a' our noses gan to shine.

Then down we look'd upon the Great, Who're plagu'd with guiding of the state, And pity'd each flegmatick wight, Whose creeping sauls ken nae delight, But keep them themselves ay on the gloom, Startled with tears of what's to come.

Poor

### 262 Wrote on Lady Somervile's Book.

Poor passion! sure by fate design'd

The mark of an inferior mind.

To heaven a filial fear we awe,
But fears nane else a man shou'd shaw.

Lads, cock your bonnets, bend your bows,
And, or in earnest, or in mows,
Be still successful, ever glad,
In Mars's or in Venus' bed;
Sae bards aloud shall chant your praise,
And ladies shall your spirits raise.

Thus, fir, I've fung what you requir'd,
As Mars and Venus have inspir'd.
While they inspire, and you approve,
I'll sing brave deeds, and safter love;
'Till great Apollo say well done,
And own me for his native son.

# Wrote on Lady Somervile's Book of Scots Sangs.

to Dam of teing and I manage was of

GAE, canty book, and win a name;

Nae lyricks e'er shall ding thee;

Hope large esteem, and lasting same,

If SOMERVILLA sing thee.

If she thy sinles saults forgive,

Which her sweet voice can cover,

Thou shalt in spite of criticks live

Still grateful to each lover.

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# The NUPTIALS, A Masque \* on the Marriage of his Grace James Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, &c.

Calliope, playing upon a Violencello, fings,

JOY to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde, Lang may his blifs and greatness bloffom; Joy to his virtuous charming bride, Who gains this day his grace's bosom.

Ap.

\* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London Edition of this Masque; and being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here.

The present Poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion once is agreeable, and so long interrapted, or dissed. The original of Masques seems to be an imitation of the Interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble samily. The actors in this kind of Half-Dramatick poetry have formerly been even kings, Princes, and the first personages of the Kingdom; and in private samilies, the noblest and nearest branches. The Machinery was of the greatest magnificence; very shewy, costly, and not uncommonly contrived by the ablest Architects, as well as the best Poets. Thus we see in Ben. Johnson the name of Inigo Jones, and the same in Carew; whether as the modeller only, or as poet in conjunction with them, seems to be doubtful, there being nothing of our English Virravius less (that I know of) that places him in the class of writers. These shews we trace backwards as far as Henry VIII. from thence to Q. Elizabeth, and her successor K. James, who was both a great encourager and admirer of them. The last Masque, and the best ever written, was that of Milton, presented at Ludlow Castle, in the praise of which no words can be too many; and I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr. Addison agree with me in that opinion. Coronations, Princely Nuptials, Publick Feafts, the Entertainment of foreign Quality, were the

Appear, great genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by powers divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain choosing.
Forsake a while the Cyprian Scene,
Fair queen of smiles and saft embraces,
And hither come, with a' your train
Of beauties, loves, and sports, and graces.
Come, Hymen, bless their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inspire.
Descend, Minerva, for 'tis you
With virtue beets the haly fire.

At the close of this song, enters the Genius of the family, clad in a scarlet robe, with a duke's coronet on his head, a shield on his lest arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.

Genius. Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear Thy invitation gratefu' to the ear;
Of a' the Gods, who from the Olympian height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight,
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th'invited Guests am come.

Enter Venus, attended by three Graces, with Minerva and Hymen, all in their proper dreffes.

Calliope. Welcome, ye bright Divinities, that guard The braye and fair, and faithfu' love reward; All hail, immortal progeny of Jeve, Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

usual occasions of this performance, and the best Poet of the age was courted to be the Author. Mr. Ramsay has made a noble and successful attempt to revive this kind of poesy, on a late celebrated account. And tho' he is often to be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in this present composition. A particular friend gave it a second edition in England, which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deserved.'

And You To HE Kind Rou And Into

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Mine That lin Genius. Be still auspicious to th'united pair, And let their purest pleasures be your care; Your stores of genial blessings here employ, To crown th' Illustrious Youth and Fair-ane's joy.

Venus. I'll breathe eternal fweets in ev'ry air, He shall look always great, She ever fair; Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye, Round her the loves in smiling crowds shall fly, And bear frae ilka glance, on downy wings, Into his ravish'd heart the saftest things:

And soon as Hymen has perform'd his rites, I'll shower on them my hale Idalian sweets;

They shall possess, In each carefs, Delights shall tire The muses fire,

In highest numbers to express.

Hymen. I'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown; (down, The gloomy nights shall ne er unwelcome prove, That leads them to the silent scenes of love.

The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
To chear and animate each dear embrace:
Fond of the Fair, he salds her in his arms;
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.

Rejoice, brave Youth, In tic a fouth

Of joys the gods tor thee provide;
The rolydawn,

The flow'ry lawn,

That fpring has drefs'd in a' its pride,

Claim nae regard

When they're compar'd

With blooming beauties of thy Bride.

Minerva. Fairest of a the goddesses, and thou

That links the lovers to be ever true,

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The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,
But 'tis not you can make their sweets secure:
That be my task, to make a friendship rise,
Shall raise their loves aboon the vulgar size.
Those near related to the brutal kind,
Ken naething of the wedlock of the mind;
'Tis I can make a life a hinny moon,
And mould a love shall last like that aboon.
A' these sma' springs, whence cauld reserve and spleen
Take their first rise, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I shall discover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new.
Nor icalous, nor envious mouth.

Nor jealoufy, nor envious mouth, Shall dare to blast their love; But wisdom, constancy and truth, Shall ev'ry bliss improve.

Genius. Thrice happy chief, fae much the care
Of a' the family of Jove,

A thousand bleffings wait the fair iw grignal ash any?

Who is found worthy of his love.

Lang may the fair attractions of her mind

Make her still lovelier, him for ever kind.

Minerva. The ancestors of mightiest chief and kings,
Nae higher can derive than human springs;
Yet trae the common soil each wondrous root,
Alost to heaven their spreading branches shoot:
Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate,
Fam'd for unbounded thought or stern debate,
Born high upon an undertaking mind,
Superior raise, and left the crowd behind.

Genius. Frae these descending, laurel'd with renown, My Charge throw ages draws his lineage down.

The paths of sic Forbers lang may he trace,
And she be Mother to as fam'd a race.

When blew difeates fill the drumly air, and and red het bowts throw flaughts of lightning rair,

And Awa Let r Be hi And Shine

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Her lip, Excel th Thefe le As bars to Steal fram

As frae i

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Or madning faction shakes the sanguine sword,
With watchfu'eye I'll tent my darling lord,
And his lov'd mate, — the furies shou'd break loose,
Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

I.Grace. While gods keep haly-day, and mortals finile,
Let nature with delights adorn the ifle:
Be hush, bauld north, Favonius only blaw,
And cease, bleak clouds, to shed or weet or snaw;
Shine bright, thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. Grace. Thy month, great queen of goddesses, make

Which gains new honours frae this marriage day.
On Glotta's banks, ye healthfu' hynds, refort,
And with the landart lasses blythly sport.

III. Grace. Wear your best faces and your Sunday's weeds.

And rouse the dance with your main tunefu' reeds; Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound, And wake responsive echo all around.

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VII.

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I. Grace, Sing your great master, Scotia's eldest son,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won;
Come, sisters, let's frae arts hale stores collect
Whatever can ber native beauties deck,
That in the day she may eclipse the light,
And ding the constellations of the night.

Venus. Ceale, buly maids, your artfu' buskings raife, "But small addition to her gentine rays;
Tho ilka plain and ilka sca combine
To make her with their richest product shine,
Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen a
These lesser ornaments, illustrious bride,
As bars to safter blessings, sling aside,
Steal fracthem sweetly to your nuptial bed,
As trac its body slides the sainted shade;

N 2

Frae

Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above, and a minima Where all is harmony, and allustove: Hafte to thefe bleffings, - kifs the night away, and hah And make it ten times pleasanter than day, sell to sale at

Hymen. The whilper and carels shall shorten hours, While kindly as the beams on dewy flowers; Thy Sun, like him who the fresh bevrage sips, Shall feast upon the sweetness of thy lips : 1 1 2 2 2 3 bal My haly hand mann chaftly now unloofe That Zone which a' thy virgin charms enclose : That Zone shou'd be less grateful to the fair Than easy bands of safter wedlock are. That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing, The langer These are bound, they mair of honour bring.

Minerva. Yes, happy pair, what e'er the gods inspire, Pursue, and gratify each just desire: Enjoy your passions, with full transports mixt; 197 bit A

But fill observe the bounds by virtue fixt? 107 21 and 12

Enter B A C C H U S.

What brings Minerva here this rantin night? She's good for nacthing but to preach or fight: Is this a time for either! - fwith away, Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay

Minerva. Peace, Theban Roarer, while the milder powers Give entertainment, there's nac need of yours; The pure reflection of our calmer joys

Has mair of heaven than a'thy flashy noise; has flamed a

Bacchus. Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear Anes at a bridal but in twenty year: A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see; But where was e'er a wedding without me?

Blew Een, remember, I'm baith hap and faul To Venus there, but me fhe'd ftarve o' caul:

Venus. We'awn the truth Minerva; ceale to check Our jolly brother with your difrespect; He's

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He's never absent at the treats of Jove, And shou'd be present at this feast of love.

Genius. Maift welcome power, that chears the vital

When Pallas guards thee frae thy wild extremes; Thy rofy vifage at thefe folemn rites,

My generous charge with open fmiling greets.

Bacchus. I'm nae great dab at speeches that mann But there's my paw I shall fou tightly drink (clink, A hearty health to thir same lovely Twa, That are sae meikle dauted by you a'; Then with my juice a reeming bicquor crown, I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly round.

Enter Ganymed, with a flagon in one hand, and a glass in the other, --- speaks.

To you, blyth beings, the benign director

Of gods and men, - to keep your fauls in tift, -

Has sent you here a present of his nectar,

As good as e'er was brown aboon the lift.

Bacchus. Ha, Gany, come, my dainty boy,

Skink't up, and let us prive;

Without it life wad be a toy:

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Here, gi'e me't in my nive.

Good health to Hamilton, and his

(Takes the Lov'd mate: - Q father Jove, we crave

Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of bliss,.

And rowth of bonny bairns and brave.

Pour on them, frae thy endless flore,

A' bennisons that are divine,

With as good will as I waught o'er This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

(Drinks, and causes all the company to drink round.)

Come fee't about, and syne let's all advance, Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance;

N 3

Minerva

Minerva mim, for a' your morals stoor,
Ye shall with billy Baechus sit the stoor:
Play up there, lassie, some blyth Scottish tune,
Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

The health about, musick and dancing begin. — The dancing over before her grace retires with the ladies to be undress'd; Calliope sings the

#### EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love, and all and a Which thining fauls impart; the words were it It to perfection mounts above. And glows about the heart. It is the flame gives lafting worth, To greatness, beauty, wealth and birth, -On you, illustrious youthfu' pair, Who are high heavens delight and care; The blisfu' beam darts warm and fair, And shall improve the rest Of a'thefe gifts baith great and rare Of which ye are possest. BACCHUS, bear off your dinfome gang, Hark, frae you howms the rural thrang Invite you now away; While ilka hynd, And maiden kind. Dance in a ring, While shepherds sing
In honour of the day; Gae drink and dance 'Till morn advance, and and And fet the twinkling fires, While we prepare To lead the fair Las successes care.

And brave to their defires. add to be for the M. Gae,

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## On the Marriage of the L. Ramfay. 271

Gae, loves and graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide;
Fair Venus heighten each embrace,
And smoothly make their minutes slide.
Gae, Hymen, put the couch in case,
Minerva thither lead the bride;
Neist, all attend his youthfu' grace;
And lay him sweetly by her side.

ODE on the Marriage of the Right Honourable GBORGE Lord RAMSAY and Lady JEAN MAULE.

AIL to the brave apparent chief, Boast of the RAMS AYS Clanish name, Whose ancestors stood the relief Of SCOTLAND, ages known to fame. Hail to the lovely free whose charms, Complete in graces, meets his love; Adorn'd with all that greatness warms, And makes him grateful bow to Jove: Both from a line of patriots rife, Chiefs of DALHOUSIE and PANMURE, Whose loyal fames shall stains despife, While ocean flows and orbs endure. The RAMSAYS! Caledonia's prop; The MAULES! Aruck fill her foes with dread : Now join'd; we, from the union, hope A race of heroes shall succeed. Let meaner souls transgreisthe rules That's fix'd by honour, love and truth, While little views proclaim them fools, Unworthy beauty, fense and youth.

N 4

Whila

272 On the Marriage of the L. Ramfay.
Whilst you, blest pair, beloy'd by all
The powers above, and best below,
Shall have delights attend your call,
And lasting pleasures on you flow.
What fate has fix'd, and love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finish what's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.
We wish'd, — when straight a heavenly voice Inspir'd, — we heard the blew-ey'd maid
Inspir'd, we heard the blew-ey'd maid
Cry, Who dare quarrel with the choice?
The choice is mine, be mine their aid.
Be thine their aid, O wifest power,
Their plains return, splendid their tower,
And blottom broad the Eage-well-Tree.
Whilft he with manly merits for'd,
Shall rife the glory of his clan to the moffeene and w
She for celestial sweets ador'd
Shall ever charm the graceful man. favoi sits outlies
Soon may their & Royal Bird extend on a stella coo
His fable plumes, and lordships claim, bin balon A
Which to his valiant Sires pertain'd, and see an ach
E'er earls in Albion were a name.
Ye parents of the happy pair, which to the said
With gen'rous smiles consenting, own
That they deserve your kindest care all cases allaw
Thus with the gods their pleasure crown.
Hafte, ev'ry Grace, each Love and Smile, U.
From fragrant Cyprus (pread the wing; White woll
To deck their couch, exhault your ifle and lo sand A
Of all the beauties of the spring.
T'sat's fix'd by home age, age and yd b'a d age.
* See note, vol. 1. p. 276. * The spread Eagle sable, on a field argent, is the arms of the Earl of Dalhousie.
the Earl of Dalhousie? the same visited visitional
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# On the Birth of the M. of Dumlanrig. 273

On them attend with homage due.

In him are Mars and Phæbus seen;
And in the noble Nymph you'll view
The sage Minerva and your Queen.

### Ode on the Birth of the most Honourable Marquis of DUMLANRIG.

HELP me, some god, withfic a muse As Pope and Granvile aft employ, That I may flowing numbers chule, To hail the welcome Princely Boy, But, bred up far frae shining courts, In moorland glens, where nought I fee, But now and then some landart lass, What founds polite can flow frae me? Yet my blyth lass, among the lave, With honest heart her homage pays; Tho' no fae nice she can behave, Yet always as the thinks the fays. Arise, ye nymphs, on Nytha's plains, And gar the craigs and mountains ring; Rouse up the sauls of a' the swains, While you the lovely Infant fing. Keep haly-day on ilka howm, With gowan garlands gird your brows; Out o'er the dales in dances roam, And shout around the jovial news. By the good bennison of heaven, To free you frae the future fright Of foreign lords, a Babe is given, To guard your int'rest and your right, With pleasure view your Prince, who late Up to the state of manhood run, Now, to complete his happy fate, Sees his ain image in a Son.

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274 On the Birth of the M. of Dumlanrig.
A Son, for whom be this your pray'r, has the man a C
Ilk morning foon as dawn appears, a are mid al
God grant him an unmeasur'd skair alloca all mate
Of a' that grac'd his great forbeers:
That his great Sire may live to fee,
Frae his delightfu' infant spring,
A wife and stalwart progeny,
To fence their country and their king.
Still bless her Grace frae whom he sprung,
With blythsome heal her strength renew.
That throw langlife the may be young, And bring forth cautioners enew.
Watch well, ye tenants of the air, gained you had T
Wha hover round our heads unfeen;
Or when he lifts or steeks his een.
Ye hardy Heroes, whale brave pains
Deteated ay th'invading rout,
Forfake a weeth' Elifian plains, some saled divide and to Y
View, fmile and blefs your lovely Sprout.
Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love, sould be of the
And glow with chearfu' heal and youth,
Sic as of auld might nurse a Jove,
Or lay the breat t' Alcide's mouth;
The best and bonniest of ye a' la salas an gu shoul
Take the fweet babie in your arms; and not shid W
May he nought frae your bosoms draw, as glad good
But nectar to nurse up his charms. It hawag daw
Harmoniously the notes express, all all all all all all all all all al
When finging you his dumps debar, was word ba A
That discord never may impress
Upon his blooming mind a jar.
Sound a' the Poet in his ears,
E'en while he's hanging at the breaft:
Thus moulded, when he comes to years,
With an exalted guff he'll feaft
See hisain untee in a Son.

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On lays immortal, which forbid beriw s you and we The death of DOUGLAS' doughty name, Or in oblivion let ly hid and was walabrus a way to at A. The HYDES their beauty and their fame.

Epistle to Mr. JOHN GAY, Author of the Shepherd's Week, on hearing her Grace Dutchess of Queensberry commend some of his Poems.

E A R lad, wha linkan o'er the lee, Sang Blowzalind and Bowzybee, And, like the lavrock, merrily

Wak'd up the morn, When thou didst tune, with heartsome glee,

Thy bog-reed-horn.

To thee, frae edge of Pentland height, Where fawns and fairies take delight, who of the selection And revel a' the live lang night,

O'er glens and braes,

A bard that has the fecond fight

Thy fortune spaes.

Now, lend thy lug, and tentane, GAT, ... will of !! Thy fate appears like flow'rs in Mayad daw brugered Fresh flowrishing, and lafting ay,

Firm as the aikal a sails and 15 H

Which envious winds, when criticks bray, Shall never shake:

Come, flaw your loof, Ay, there's the line Fortells thy verse shall ever thine, on w sanite so, good! Dawted whilst living by the nine,

fled Anda'shebell, id source slod W

And be, when past the monat line,

of fame poffeft. AD TOO O

Immortal Pope, and skilfu' \* John The learned Leach trae Callidon,

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Epiftle to Mr. Gar. 0 277
Looks not upon thy lays with feoras
Then bend thy knees.
And blefs the day that ye was born to hand and
Witharts to please.
She fays, thy fonnet smoothly fings,
Sae ye may craw and clap your wings,
And fmile at Ether-capite ftings
With careless pride, and and
When fae much wir and beauty brings and to any back
Strength to your fide.
Lilt up your pipes, and rife aboon
Your Trivia and your moorland tune,
And fing Clarinda late and foon,
In touring strains
Well average and any out wall done
.vaC spairer And praise thy pains.
Exalt thy voice, that all around,
May echo back the lovely found,
May echo back the lovely found, Frae Dover cliffs, with famphire crown'd,
To Thule's shore,
To Thule's shore, Where north ward no more Britains found,
But leas that rore.
Thus fing, - whill I trae Arthur's height,
O'er Chiviot glowr with tyr'd fight,
And langing wish, like raving wight,
ministration To be fet down,
Frae coach and fax, baith trim and tight,
In London town, Wand had
But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee, and record world
Before, alake! that fight lifee; and down world
Then, best relief, I'll strive to be 10,0182 001 00 100 100 100
The store In L Quiet and content, say on W
And streek my limbs down easy lie and and and and
The control of the bent of the control of the contr
There
Vice the property work making the safe and

# 278 Ode to the Countest of A BOYN.

There fing the gowans, broom and trees, The crystal burn and westlin breez, The bleeting flocks, and biffy bees, Valadalala and elicale of And blythfome fwains, Wha rant and dance, with kiltir dees, O'er molly plains.

Farewell; - but, e'er we part, let's pray, Go D fave Clarinda night and day, And grant her a' she'd wish to ha'e, with the

while view of Withoutten end !-

Nae mair at prefent l'se to faye and quinty quittel But am your friend.

### Ode to the Right Honourable GRACE Countes. of ABOYN, on her Marriage Day.

N martial fields the heroe toils, And wades throw blood to purchase fame O'er dreadtul waves, from diftant foils, The merchant brings his treasures hame.

But fame and wealth no joys bestow.

If plac'd alane they cyphers frand; "Tis to the figure Love they owe

The real joys that they command.

Bleft He who love and beauty gains, and w gnightal bal Gains what contesting kings might claim,

Might bring brave armies to the plains, bas above and

And loudly swell the blast of fame. How happy then is young ABOYN!

Of how much heaven is he poffeft ! i fale . and all How much the care of powers divine, Joseph fled, field

Who lyes indovely LOCKHART's breaft!

Gazing in raptures on thy charms, educat ven does land

Thy sparkling beauty, shape and youth'

He grasps all softness in his arms,

And fips the nectar from thy mouth.

If fy . 1 Eac -- И Om .Wh Here By ev Stilli Her p Be ba Basi Of acc Her May g Thy Be all t And

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Reveng Your b She feer Love le

Each you Immedia 1-11

If sympathetick likeness crave printy and and and local Indulgent parents to be kind, ( here a read ) landell Each pow'r shall guard the charm they gave, Venus thy face, Pallas thy mind. O muse, we cou'd, - but stay thy flight; The field is facred as 'tis fweet; .Who dares to paint the ardent night, When ravish'd youth and beauty meet? Here we must draw a veil between, And shade those joys too dazling clear, By ev'ry eye not to be feen, Not to be heard by ev ry ear. Still in her smiles, ye Cupids, play; Still in her eyes your revels keep; Her pleasure be your care by day, And whisper sweetness in her sleep. Be banish'd, each ill natur'd care, Bale offspring offantastick spleen Of accels here you must despair, and all the Her breaft for you is too ferene. 16 13 112 30 110 11 11 May guardian angels hover round Thy head, and ward aff all annoy; Be all thy days with raptures crown'd, And all thy nights be bleft with joy.

# W. Mork was his a land of the state of the s

of realth august that bends

MINERVA wandiring in a myrtle grove,

Accosted thus the smiling queen of love,

Revenge your self, you've cause to be asraid,

Your boasted pow'r yields to a British maid:

She seems a goddess, all her graces shine;

Love leads her beauty, which eclipses thine;

Each youth, I know (fays Vanus) thinks she's me;

Immediately she speaks, they think she's thee:

Good

r.A.

H

Good Pallas, thus you're foil'd as well as I san agmy? Ha, ha! (crys Cupid) that's my MALTSLEIGH.

On the Marriage of ALEXANDER BRODIE of Brodie, Lord Lyon King of Arms, and Mrs. MARY SLEIGH.

HELE BARKE LULE WILL

With tender love govern'd this round,

No mean design to give offence based add of to A

To constancy and truth was founds and milling All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry sward, milling Lovers carest with fond and chast regard.

From easy labours of the day own as que w bak

Each pair to leafy howers retirid to ballingo at

While kind connubial weets confoir d. 2228 10

With smiling quiet and balony health throp' life.
To make the happy husband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wildom lefe, and been vel

With spirits weak, and wavering minds

Void of refolve, poorly confess to a visit hank

They cannot relish aught that binds.

Letlibertines of tafte fac wond'rous nice,

Despise to be confin'd in Paradise.

While BRODIE with his beauteous SLEIGH,

On pureft love can fafely feaft,

Quaffraptures from her spackling eye, A AVII

And judge of heaven within her breatte

No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy.

Possessing of what's good can never cloy, bolled and

Her beauty might for ever warm, thog sames land

Althorner foul were lets divine; d and abast avoil
The brightness of her mind could chaim, so y should

Didtels her graceful beauties ffine; ylonaibamal

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#### LORDLION King of Arms. 281

But both united, with full force in pire.

The warmest wish, and the most lasting fire.

In your accomplish'd mate, young Thane,
Without reserve ye may rejoice;

The heavens your happiness sustain,

And all that think, admire your choice.

Around your treasure circling arms entwine,
Be all thy pleasure her's, and her's be thine.

Rejoice, dear MART, in thy youth,
The first of his brave ancient clan,
Whose soul delights in love and truth,
And view'd in every light a man,

To whom the fates with liberal hand have given Good fense, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reason thus unite

An equal pair in sacred ties,

They gain the humane blifs complete,
And approbation from the skies.

Since you approve, kind heaven, upon them pour
The best of blessings to their latest hour.

To you who fly in fluid air.

We leave to finish what's begun,
Still to reward and watch the Pair.

Thus far the muse, who did an answer wait, And heard the gods name happiness their fate.

To Josiah Burchet, Esq; On bis being chosen Member of Parliament.

The General Mistare: A Solvie

MY BURCHET's name! well pleas'd, I faw
Amang the chofen leet,
Wha are to give Britannia law,
And keep her rights complete.

But

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#### 282 To Josian Burchet, Efq; O may the rest wha fill the bouse it was an diori self Be of ac mind with thee, dibe dive benneve and And British liberty espoule; Dangaran moval We glorious days may fee! Syther Books U The name of Patriot is mair great (200 /490 od ) Than heaps of ill win gear: What boots an opulent effare, subles is too a super A Without a conscience clear? 12 21016312 (03 12 05 While fneaking fauls for cash wad troke Their Country, Go D and King, With pleasure we the villain mock. And hate the worthless thing. With a your pith, the like of you Good fenie, mue honor Superior to what's mean, Shou'd gar the truckling rogues look blew, And cow them laigh and clean. They isupe cA Down with them, down with a' that dare Oppose the nation's right; was adding a link Sae may your fame like a fair ftar 2 9 vorega ne v souis Throu future times thine bright. mindle to hed out? Sae may kind heaven prophious prove, And grant what e'er ye crave; od wood of And him a corner in your love, mich or synd all Wha is your humble flave. Thus tapene mule, who did an aufwer wait,

Aad neard the cois name tappieus their The GENERAL MISTAKE: A Satyre. Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Lord -STERISKING TEN OSIAD BUR

the content Memberson HE finish'd mind in all its movements bright, Surveys the felf-made lumph in proper light, Allows for native weakness, but disdains Him who the character with labour gainse Permit me then, my Lord ( fince you arife and lake With a clear faul aboon the common fize )

To

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P

To place the following sketches in your view; The warld will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.

Is there a fool, frae Senator to Swain?

Take ilk ane's verdict for himsell,—there's nane. A thousand other wants make thousands fret, But nane for want of Wisdom quarrels tate.

Alas! how gen'ral proves the great mistake, When others throu' their neighbours failings rake? Detraction then, by spite, is born too far, And represents men warfe than what they are.

Come then, Impartial Satyre, fill the stage With sools of ilka station, sex and age;

Point out the folly, hide the person's name, Since obduration follows publick shame:

Silent conviction calmly can reform,

While open scandal rages to a storm:

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Proceed, but in the lift, poor things forbear, Who only in the humane form appear, Scarce animated with that heavenly fire Which makes the foul with boundless thoughts afpire; Such move our pity, \_\_\_\_ nature is to blame \_\_\_\_ Tis fools, in fome things wife, that Satyre claim; Such as Nugator, mark his folemn mien, did dame of I' Stay'd are his features, scarcely move his een, Which deep beneath his knoted eye-brows link, And he appears as ane wad guels to think; E'en fae he does, and can exactly shaw How mony beans make five, take three awa! Deep read in Latin Folio's, four inch thick, He probs your crabit points into the quicks Delights in dubious things to give advice; o show the Admires your judgment, if you think him wife: And flifly flands by what he ares thought right, Altho' oppos'd with reason's clearest light. On him ilk argument is thrown away, Speak what ye will, he tents not what you lay :

#### 284 The GENERAL MISTAKE

He hears himsell, and currently runs o'er
All on the subject he has said before:
'Till glad to ease his jaws and tired tongue,
Th' opponent rests, — Nugator thinks him dung.
Thou solemn trifler, — ken thou art despis'd.
Thy stiff pretence to wildom, naething priz'd
By sic as can their notions saule decline,
When truth darts on them with convicting shine.
How hateful's dull opinion! prop'd with words,
That nought to any ane of sense affords,
But tiresome jargon. — Learn to laugh, at least.
That part of what thou says may pass for jest.

Now turn your eye to Imooth Chicander next, In whom good fense feems with good humour mist; But only feems: for envy, malice, guile, and And fic bate vices, crowd behind his smile. Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend, He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end, A crime! no, 'eshis brags, he names it Wit, its sorted And triumphs o'or albetter man he' as bit. Think hame Chicander of your creeping flighten the True wildowin lincerity delights ; 1100 mach all The fumphilh mob of penetration shawl, May gape and ferly at your cunning faul, the days of the And make ye fancy that there is defert In thus employing a your meaking art. Bur do not think that men of clearer fente Will e'er admit of fic a vile pretence, and good world To rhat which dignifies the human mind, And acts in honour with the bright and blind, Reverle of this faule face, obferve you youth,

Reverse of this fause face, observe you youth,
A strict plain dealer, aft o'er stretching truth;
Severely fowr, he's ready to reprove

The least wrang step in those who have his love:
Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates;
But much they re to be pitted whom he hates;
Here

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Mak Why d How People But ah That a Straigh A vile a Stawk

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# The GENERAL MISTAKE.

Here his mistake, his weakest side appears, When he a character in pieces tears He gives nae quarter, nor to great or fma', Even beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'. This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds. Too deeply mony a reputation wounds; For which he's hated by the fuffering crowd. Who jointly gree to rail at him aloud. And as much shun his fight and bitter tongue. As they wad do a wafp that had them flung. Censorious learn fometimes at faults to wink, The wifest ever speak less than they think ; Tho' thus superior judgment you may vaunt, Yet this proud worm-wood flow o't, fpeaks a want : A want in which your folly will be feen, 'Till you increase in wit, and have less spleen.

Make way there, - when a mortal god appears Why do ye laugh? King Midas wore fic ears \_\_\_ How wife he looks? Well, wad he never fpeak, People wad think him neither dull nor weak: But ah! he fancies, 'caufe he's chos'n a tool, That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool; Straight he, with paughty mien, and fordly glooms, A vile affected air, not his, assumes; Stawks fliffy by, when better men falure, word sid in T Discovering less of senator than brute.

Yet, is there e'er a wifer man than he? Speer at himfell; and, if he will be free, He'll tell you, Nane. - Will judges tell a lie?

But let him pass, and with a smile observe Yon tatter'd shadow, almaist like to starve; And yet he ftruts, proud of his vaft ingine, He is an author, writes exquifite fine: Sae fine, in faith! that every vulgar head Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.

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He hates the world for this; with bitter rage in the He damns the Rupid dulness of the age. 51800 gen and W The printer is unpaid. Book fellers fwear, 1250 313 Ten copies will not fell in ten lang year ; un viured nov ? And wad northat fair fret a learned mind, To fee those shou'd be patrons prove sae blind, Notto approve of what cost meikle pains, Neglect of bus'ness, fleep, and waste of brains? And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd, and described A As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd. Ah! fellow lab'rers for the prefs, take heed, Mankind mult be ( we have nae other ) judge, And if they are displeas'd, why should we grudge? If happily you gain them to your fide, with hittery A Then bauldly mount your Pegafus, and ride: Value your fell only what they defire; What does not rake, commit it to fire. Next him a peaman with a bluffer air, Stands tween his twa best friends that full his care, Nam'd Money in bajth Pouches - with three lines Yclipt a bill, he digs the Indian mines. Jobs, changes, lends, extorfes, cheats and grips, And no acturn of gainfu' us'ry flips, And no acturn organitu us ry mps,
'Till he has won, by wife presence and fnell, As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell, His ain lang hame, \_\_ This fucker thinks nane wife, But him who can to immense riches rise : Lear, honour, vertie, and fic heavenly beams, To him appear but idle uiry dreams, Nor fit for men of bufiness to mind, That are for great and golden ends dengn'd. Send for him, deel! \_\_\_ till then, good men, take care To keep at distance trae his hook and snare; . Sat nice, in He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play, He'll draw, indorfe, and horn to death his prey.

Poor sky Blyth of With loo To give t Accuston They ker When he Which te Tho ofte Makesth Fy! fat ' To jeer ' This m ' That ra Hang hin To cherif Whole pe

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# The GENERAL MISTARE. 287:

Not thus Massome pushes after praise, law adags var
He treats, and is admired in all he fays; and bilo atte T
Cash well bestowid, which helpsa man to pass
For wife in his ainthinking, that's an afs:
Poor skybalds, curs'd with lets of wealth than wit,
Blyth of a grasis Gaudeamus, fit will marine and minimize
With look attentive, ready all about, a medianion vi
To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out;
Accustom'd with his convertation bright,
They ken as by a watch the time of night, which had
When he's at fic a point of fic a tale,
Which to these paralites grows never stale, and the state of
Tho often tald Like Leshe's ftream, his wine
Makes them forget! that he again may shine.
Fy! fatyre hald thy tongue, thou art too rude
To jeer a character that feems fae good :
This man may beet the poet bare and clung.
This man may beet the poet bare and clung. That rarely has a shilling in his spung.
nang him! there's parrons of good lente enew
To cherifh and support the tuneful few.
Whole penetration's never at a lois
in right diffingulating of gold frae drois:
Employ me freely, if thou diaurels wear,
Experience may teach thee not to fear.
But see anither gives mair cause for dread, and an anita
He thraws his gab, and aft he shakes his head;
A flave to felf-conceit, and a that's fowr, and well
T' acknowledge merit, is not in his power est rea over !! I
He reads, - but ne'er the author's beauties minds,
And has nae pleasure where nae faults he finds.
Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,
To be a wirry-kow to writing fools,
Thy fell the greatest, only learn'd in words,
Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.
Dar'ft thou of a' thy betters flighting I peak,
That have na grutten fac meikle, learning Greek:
Lacius, with fanding of mind,
tenent reducential tantage

Yet.

#### 288 The PHOENIX and the OWL.

Thy depths well kend, and a' thy filly vaunts, and to To ilka folid thinker thaw thy wants mba a bus answer Thus cowards deave us with a thouland lies find low all a Of dangerous vict ries they have won in pleas, wall was Sae shallow upffare ftrive with care to hide abis a vicino Their mean descent (which inly gaws their pride) By counting kin, and making endless taird, and and If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird. Scar-crows, hen-hearted, and ye meanly born, months Appear just what ye are, and dread nae fcorn and won Labour in words, - keep hale your skins : why nor? Do well, and name your laigh extract will quote; But to your praise. Walk aff, till we remark and

You little coxy wight, that makes fic wark With tongue and gare : how croufly does he stand? Histaes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand; The right bears time a hundred various ways, And points the Parker our in a he fars. Wow! but he's proud! when almailt our of breath, At ony time he clarters a than to death, at her allies of Wha is oblig'd sometime t'attend the fot, To fave the captiv'd buttons of his coar. Thou dinsome jack-daw, ken 'tis a disease This palfy in thy tongue that ne'er can please;

To think this way the name of Sage to gain. ... awards and Now, left I mon'd be thought too much like thee, I'll give my readers leave to breathe a week al well ba It they allow my pictur's like the life, and --- show Mae shall be drawn; originalsare rife. I solu sed and bak

Of a' minkind, thou are the mail millane the and and

#### The PHOENIX and the OW L.

which hashing but the easild and dry after DHOEN IX the first, th' Arabian lord, to not him And chief of all the feather'd kind, A bundred ages had ador'd The fun, with fanctity of mind.

Yet, And A Ho Lay Said I To Learn Believ Pre When But For yo Nea Naefe Ye' It shou As I Nae te For t And w Have Ae day 'tis a Come, Bow Repent And Thou w

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#### The PHOENIX and the OWL. 289

Yet, mortal, he maun yield to fate, He heard the summons with a smile, And unalarm'd, without regret, He form'd himfell a fun'ral pile. A Howlet, bird of mean degree, Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld, Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree, Curfing the fun loot him be cauld. Said Phanix, brother, why fo griev'd, To ban the being gives thee breath? Learn to die better than thou'ft liv'd; Believe me, there's nae ill in death. Believe ye that? the Owl reply'd, Preach as ye will, death is an ill: When young I ilka pleafure try'd, But now I die against my will. For you, a species by your sell, Near eeldins with the fun your god, Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell, Ye're tired, and incline to nod. It shou'd be sae; for had I been As lang upon the warld as ye, Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een, For tinfel of my hollow tree. And what, return'd the Arabian fage, Have yet' observe ye have not seen? Ae day's the picture of an age, 'tis ay the same thing o'er again. Come, let us baith togither die : Bow to the fun that gave thee life; Repent thou frae his beams did flee, And end thy poortith, pain and strife. Thou wha in darkness took delight, Frae twangs of guilt could'ft ne'er be free : What won thou by thy shunning light? -

But time flees on; \_\_ I hafte to die.

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Ye'r fervant, fir, reply'd the Owl, I likena in the dark to lowp: The byword ca's that cheil a fool, That flips a certainty for hope. Then straight the zealous feather'd king To's aromatick nest retir'd. Collected fun-beams with his wing, And in a spicy flame expir'd. Mean time there blew a westlingale. Which to the Howlet bore a coal; The faint departed on his pile, But the blasphemer in his hole. He died for ever, - fair and bright; The Phanix frae his afhes fprang. Thus wicked men fink down to night, While just men join the glorious thrang.

To the Honourable Sir JOHN CLERK of PEN-NYCUIK Baronet, one of the Barons of Exchequer, on the Death of his most accomplished Son JOHN CLERK Efq; who died the 20th Year of his Age.

F tears can ever be a duty found, 'Tis when the deaths of dear relations wound; Then you must weep, you have too just a ground. A fon whom all the good and wife admir'd, Shining with ev'ry grace to be defir'd; Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd. Nature must yield, when such a weighty load Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod: But who may contradid the will of Go D! By his great Author, man was fent below, Some things to learn, great pains to undergo, To fit him for what further he's to know.

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This end obtain'd, without regarding time, He calls the foul home to its native clime, To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus some in youth like eagles mount the steep, Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep; Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand, In muddy pools they long unactive stand, 'Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

But down its flinty channel, without stain, The mountain rill flows eagerly to gain, With a full tide, its origine the main.

Thus your lov'd Youth, whose bright aspiring mind Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the Rream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, fo well, so soon, He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noon, And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to rore, And e'er his broken vessel was no more, His soul serenely view'd the heavenly shore.

Bravely refign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding feraphs reach'd him out the hand.
SOUTHESKA's fmiling cherub \* first appear'd,
With GARILES' confort \* who vast pleasures shar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of sprits, with how much joy His fender Mother would receive her boy,

Where fate no more their union can destroy.

His good Grandsire, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would be grasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest!

From

<sup>\*</sup> James Lord Carnegie, See p. 46. † Lady Garlies, p. 49. both his near Relations.

# 292 On receiving a LETTER, &c.

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone, Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan; The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus failors with a crazy vessel croft, Expecting every minute to be lost,

With weeping eyes behold a funny coaft.

Where hap py land-men fafely breathe the air, Bask in the fun, or to cool shades repair,

They longing figh and wish themselves were there.

But who would after death to blifs lay claim, Must, like your Son, each vicious passion tame, Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

Then grieve no more, nor vex your felt in vain, To latest age the character maintain You now possess, you'll find your Son again.

On receiving a Letter to be present at the Burial of Mr. ROBERT ALEXANDER of Blackhouse.

THOU fable border'd sheet be gone,
Harbour to thee I must refuse;
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,
Who carries such ungrateful news.
Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his soul from piercing wee?

And ward his foul from piercing woe? In viewing thee, grief must prevail,

And tears from gushing eyes o'erslow.
From eyes of all that knew the man,

And in his friendinip had a thare;
Who all the world's affections won,

By vertues that all natural were.
His merits dazzle, while we view,

His goodness is a theme so full,

The muse wants strength to pay what's due,

While estimation prompts the will

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But she endeavours to make known.

To farest down posterity,

That good BLACKHOUSE was such an one
As every one should wish to be.

#### The FAIR ASSEMBLY: A Poem.

WAKE, Thalia, and defend, With chearfu' carroling, Thy bonny care, - thy wings extend, · And bear me to your spring; That harmony full force may lend To reasons that I bring: Now Caledonian nymphsattend; For 'tis to you I fing. As lang as minds maun organs wear, Compos'd of flesh and blood, We ought to keep hale and clear, \* With exercise and food. Then, bus debate, it will appear That dancing must be good, It ftagnant humours fets a fteer, And fines the purple blood. Difeases, heaviness and spleen, And ill things mony mae, That gar the lazy fret and grane, With visage dull and blae.
Tis dancing can do mair alane, ara see propositi Than drugs frae far away,
To ward affithele, make nightly pain, And fowr the fhining day.

Go p never made his works for man to mend.

Dryd.

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In dancing we may find; It adds a luftre to the fair,

And, when the fates unkind submit sub views A

Cloud with a blate and aukward sir

A genius right refin'd,

\* The sprightly art helps to repair
This blemish on the mind.

How mony do we daily fee,

† Right scrimp of wit and fense,

Wha gain their aims aft eafily:

Then what e'er helps to qualifie and to consider and?

A rustick negligence, Maun without doubt a duty be,

And shou'd give nae offence.

Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs

Together join their hands,

And vow to footh ilk other's cares, the sale of signe all

In haly wedlock bands: out beathlester da N \*

And fluth'd with iweetness stands, a parallel and age if it

And yields to heaven's commands,

\* Since nothing apears to me to give children fo much becoming confidence and behaviour, and so raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing; I think they should be taught to dance assoon as they are capable of learning it. For the this confists only in outward gracefulness of motion; yet I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing. Lock.

and carriage more than any thing. Lock.

† It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which should have been learned when young, the publick loses many a man of exquisite intellectuals and unbyass'd probity, purely for want of that so necessary accomplishment, assurance; while the pressing knave or fool shoulders him out, and gets the prize. Mr. Weaver.

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The first command \* he foon obeys, While love inspires ilk notion; His wishing look his heart displays,

While his lov'd mate's in motion :

He views her with a blyth amaze, And drinks with deep devotion

That happy draught, that throu' our days

Is own'd a cordial potion.

The cordial which conferves our life,

And makes it smooth and easy:

Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife.

E'er eild and humdrums feize ye,

Whale charms can filence dumps or strife,

And frae the rake release ye,

Atrend :h' Affembly, where there's rife

Of vertuous maids to please ye. These modest maids inspire the muse,

In flowing strains to shaw

Their beauties, which she likes to roofe,

And let the envious blaw:

That task she canna well refuse,

Wha finle fays them na. -

To paint Bellinta first we chuse,

With breafts like driven inaw.

Like lilly-banks fee how they rife,

With a fair glen between,

Where living streams, blew as the skies,

Are branched upward feen,

To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes, .

And smiles, that banish spleen,

Wha strikes with love and faft surprise,

Where e'er she turns her een.

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Dixit eis Deus, foetificate, augescite & implete terram.

SABELLA gracefully complete. Straight as the mountain pine, Like pearl and rubies set in jet, Her lovely features shine: In her the gay and folid meet, And blended are fae fine, That when the moves her lips or feet, She seems some power divine. O Daphne! fweeter than the dawn, When rays glance on the height, Diffuling glad ness o'er the lawn, With strakes of rising light. The dewy flowers when newly blawn, Come short of that delight, Which thy far fresher beauties can Afford our joyfu' fight. How easy fits sweet Celia's dress, Her gate how gently free; Her steps, throu'out the dance, express The justest harmony: And when the fings, all must confeis, Wha're bleft to hear and fee, They'd deem't their greatest happiness T' enjoy her company. And wha can ca' his heart his ain. That hears Aminta Speak? Against love's arrows, shields are vain, When he aims frae her cheek; Her cheek, where roles free from stain, In glows of youdith beek : Unmingl'd fweets her lips retain; These lips she ne'er shou'd steek, Unless when fervent kisses close That av'new of her mind. Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,

As speak the nymph defign'd:

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The brag and toast of wits and beaus, And wonder of mankind:

Whale breast will prove a blest repose

To him with whom she'll bind. See with what gaiety, yet grave, Serena fwims alang;

She moves a goddess' mang the lave, Distinguish'd in the thrang.

Ye fourocks, hafflines fool, haf knave,

To fee this flately maid behave,

'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang.

Your hearts! faid I, trowth I'm to blame, I had amaist forgotten,

That ye to nae fic organ claim;

Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.

A faul with fic a thowless flame, Is fure a filly fot ane:

Ye scandalize the humane frame,

When in our shape begotten. These lurdanes came just in my light,

As I was tenting Chloe,

With jet black een that fparkle bright, She's all o'er form'dtor joy;

With neck and waift, and limbs as right

As her's wha drew the boy, attended to the

Frae feeding flocks upon the height, And fled with him to Troy, sign bond and start lift

Now Myra dances; mark her mien, Sae disengag'd and gay,

Mix'd with that innocence that's feen

In bonny ew-bught May,

Wha wins the garland on the green Upon some bridal-day;

Yet the has graces fon a queen And might a scepter sway.

What lays, Califta, can command The beauties of thy face! and the beauties of the A Whase fancy can sae rouring stend, Thy merits a' to trace! I sat month die to the b'? Frae 'boon the starns, some bard, descend, And fing her ev'ry grace, Whafe wondrous worth may recommend. Her to a god's embrace. A leraph wad our Aikman paint, Or draw a lively wit; the same a soul saw The features of a happy faint, had a had a features Say, art thou fond to hit? Or a Madona compliment, With lineaments maist fit? Fair copies thou need'st never want, If bright Califta fit. MELLA the heavest heart can heez, And fowrest thoughts expell; and solville sullat Her station grants her rowth and eale, Yet is the sprightly Belle to god bettell sue minut W As active as the evdent bees, Wha rear the waxen cell; And, place her in what light you please, She still appears hersell, Beauties on beauties come in view Sae thick, that I'm afraid I shall not pay to ilk their due, "Till Pheebus lend mair aid: But this in gen'ral will had true, And may be fafely faid, There's ay a fomething thining new In ilk delicious maid. Sic as against th' Assembly speak, Upon Come Crimin-134, The rudest fauls betray, When Matrons noble, wife and meek, 

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Where they appear, nae vice dare keek,
But to what's good gives way,
Like night, foon as the morning creek
Has usher'd in the day.
Dear Ed'nburgh, shaw thy gratitude,
And of sic triends make sure,
Wha strive to make our minds less rude,
And help our wants to cure;
Acting a gen'rous part and good,
In bounty to the poor:
Sic vertues, if right understood,
Shou'd ev'ry heart allure.

On the Royal Company of Archers, shooting for the Bowl, July 6th, 1724. On which Day his Grace James Duke of Hamilton was chosen their Captain General; and Mr. David Drummond their Præses won the Prize.

GAIN the year returns the day, A That's dedicate to joy and play, To Bonnets, Bows and Wine. Let all who wear a fullen face, This day meet with a due difgrace, And in their lowrness pine; Be shun'd as serpents, that wad stang The hand that gi'es them food: Sic we debar frae lafting fang, And all their grumbling brood, While, to gain sport and hale some air, The blythsome spirit draps dull care, And starts frae bus'ness free: Now to the fields the Archers bend, With friendly minds the day to fpend, In manly game and glee;

First !

First striving wha shall win the Bowl, And then gar't flow with wine:

Sic manly spore refresh'd the soul Of stalwart men lang syne.

E'er parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,

Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,

And made ev'n brethren faes:

Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd.

And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,

And led them in a maze

Of politicks; — with cunning craft,

The Iffachars of state,

Frae haly drums first dang us dast, Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleasing thought, dear muse;

Come, view the men thou likes to roofe;

To Bruntsfield green let's hy, And fee the royal Bowmen strive,

Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,

All foughing thro' the sky;

Ilk ettling with his utmoft skill,

With artfu' draught and ftark,

Extending nerves with hearty will,

In hopes to hit the mark.
See HAMILTON, wha moves with grace,

Chief of the Galedonian race

Of peers; to whom is due

All honours, and a' fair renown;

Wha lays afide his ducal crown,

Sometime to shade his brow

Beneath St. Andrew's bonnet blew,

And joins to gain the prize

And joins to gain the prize:
Which shaws true merit match'd by few,

Great, affable and wife.

This day, with universal voice,

The Archers him their chieftain chose;

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Confenting

Confenting powers divine They bleft the day with general joy, By giving him a princely boy,

To beautify his line;

Whose birth-day, in immortal lang Shall stand in fair record.

While bended ftrings the Archers twang.

And beauty is ador'd. Next DRUMMOND view, who gives their law;

It glads our hearts to fee him draw The bow, and guide the Band;

He, like the faul of a' the lave,

Does with sie honour still behave,

As merits to command.

Blyth be his hours, heal be his heart,

And lang may he prefide:

Lang the just fame of his defert Shall unborn Archers read.

How on this fair propitious day.

With conquest leal he bore away

The Bowl victoriously;

Alle redentil Dr. With following shafts in number four,

Success the like ne'er kend before,

The prize to dignify.

Hafte to the garden then bedeen,

The rofe and laurel pow,

And plet a wreath of white and green AND I THE LOW HEAD

To busk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,

In spring of youth and am'rous glow,

Just fifty years finfyne,

The filver arrow made his prize,

Yet ceases not in fame to rile,

ing

And with new feats to thine.

ills icy crowling a sibrary as May entel frivald hasters abstricted the large of

May every Archer strive to fill

His bonnet, and observe

The pattern he has set with skill,

And praise like him deserve.

On the Royal Company of Archers, marching under the Command of his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON, in their proper Habits, to shoot for the Arrow at Mussel Burgh, August 4, 1724.

APOLLO, Patron of the Lyre,

And of the valiant Archers Bow,

Me with sic Sentiments inspire,

As may appear from thee they slow,

When, by thy special Will, and high Command,

I sing the Merits of the ROYAL BAND.

TOW like themsells again the Arthers raise The Bow, in brave aray, and claim our lays. Phæbus well pleas'd, thines from the blew ferene, Glents on the stream, and guilds the checquer'd green. The winds ly hulh in their removest caves, when shall And Forth with gentle twell his margin leaves. See to his shore, the gathering thousands roll, As if one gen'ral sp'rit inform'd the whole. The bonnieft fair of a' Great Britain's ifte, To Bir From chariots and the crowded cafements imiles Whilft horse and foot promiseuous form a lane. Extending far along the deftin'd plain, Where, like Bellona's troops, or guards of love, The Archers in their proper habits move. Their guardian faint, from yon etherial height, Displays th' auspicious cross of blazing light; While While The And No me Well And Li And Shine

Shine So fe Whil Their Who To no And l Than That This 1 A mo And p Whilf Those But ov When Which With The A In all Thefe In hift See, fr How

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While on his care he chearfully looks down,
The pointed thiftle wears his ruby crown,
And feems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,
No man unpunish'd shall provoke my rage.
Well pleas'd the rampant Lyon smooths his mane,
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the fun, when wintry clouds are past, And fragrant gales fucceed the formy blaft, Shines on the earth, the fields look fresh and gay; So feem the Archers on this joyful day : Whilst with his graceful mien, and aspect kind, Their Leader raises every follower's mind. Who love the conduct of a youth, whose birth To nothing yields but his superior worth; And happier is with his felected train, Than Philip's fon who strove a world to gain. That Prince whole nations to destruction drove. This PRINCE delights his country to improve. A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod, And pass amongst the vulgar for a god; Whilst men of penetration justly blame Those who hang on their ancestors for fame But own the dignity of high defcent, When the fuccessor's spirit keeps the bent, Which through revolving ages grac'd the line, With all those qualities that brightest shine: The Archers chiftain thus with active mind, In all that's worthy never falls behind. Thefe noble characters, from whom he fprung. In hift ry fam'd: whom ancient bards have lung. See, from his steady hand, and aiming eye, How ftraight in equal lengths the arrows fly: Both at one end close by the mark they stand, Which points him worthy of his brave command; That as they to his num rous merits bow, This victory makes homage fully due.

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A

Sage

# 304 To the Society of British Antiquarians.

Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave: So Pallas teem'd, who Mentor's form put on, To make a heroe of Ulysses ton.

Each officer his character maintains,
While love and honour gratify their pains.
No view inferior brings them to the field,
To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield,

No hidden murmur (wells the Archer's heart, While each with gladness acts his proper part. No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states, Give birth to jealousies or dire debates: Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay, Good order to preserve, asthose who sway. O smiling mule, full well thou knows the fair; Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share Their love with him that's generous and brave, And can with manly dignity behave; Then hafte to warn thy tender care with speed, Left by fome random-shaft their hearts may bleed, Yon dangerous youths both Mars and Venus arm, While with their double darts they threat and charm; Those at their side forbid invading fees, With vain attempt true courage to oppose; While shafts mair subtile, darred from their eye, Thro' fofter hearts with filent conquest fly.

To the Right Honourable Earl of HART-FORD, Lord PEIRCY, President, and the rest of the Honourable Members of the Society of British Antiquarians. A SCOTS Ode.

TO HARTFORD and his learned friends, Whale fame for science far extends,

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# To the Society of British Antiquarians. 305

A Scottish muse her duty fends

From Pictish towers:

Health, length of days, and happy ends, Be ever yours,

Your generous cares make light arise From things obscure to vulgar eyes, Finding where hidden knowledge lies,

T' improve the mind;

And most delightfully surprise,

With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,
Or amongst antique ruins tread,
And view remains of princes dead,
In funeral piles,

Your penetration feems decreed

To blefs thefe ifles,

Where Romans form'd their camps of old, Their gods and urns of curious mold, Their medals struck of brass or gold, 'Tis you can show,

And truth of what's in story told,

To you we owe.

How beneficial is the care,
That brightens up the classick lear!
When you the documents compare,
With authors old,

You ravish, when we can so fair Your light behold.

T-

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the

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Without your comments, each old book

By all the world would be for fook:

For who of thought wou'd deign to look,

On doubtful works,

ovices Princycult, Large

'Till by your skilful hands they're struck
With sterling marks?

By this your learning men are fir'd .
With love of glory, and inspir'd

Like

306 To the Society of British Antiquarians.
Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd
To win a name .
And, by their god-like acts, afpir'd
T' immortal fame.
Your waful bakane thallending
True marie (hall water fame lective
And will posterity allare,
To fearch about
For truth, by demonstration sure,
Which leaves no doubt.
The muse forsees brave HARTFORD's name
Shall to all writers be a theme,
10 lait while arts and greathers claim
Th' historian's skill, in was and it of
Or the chief instrument of tame,
Store ag The poet's quill, The Book or and W.
PEMBROKE's a name to Britain dear,
For learning and brave deeds of wier;
The genius still contines clear
In him whole are to he had bad
In your rare fellowship can bear
So great a partail is hanged wolf
Bards yet unborn fhall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raile
To WINCHELSE A and DEVON's praise,
Whose high desert,
And virtues bright, like genial rays,
Nor want we Caledonian's fage,
Who read the painted vellum page
No firangers to each antique flage.
And Druids cells,
And facred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.
Amongst all those of the first rate.
Our learned * CLERK bleft with the fate
Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Baronet.

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Turn' Gowd fi Piece The pict By an

Which bear the marks of ancient date, Be-north the wall.

The wall which Hadrian first begun,
And bold Severus carried on,
From rising to the setting sun,
On Britain's coast.

Our ancestors fierce arms to shun,

Which gall'd them most,

But now no need of walls or towers,
Ag'd enmity no more endures,
Brave Britain joins her warlike powers,
That always dare,

To open and to faut the doors and add and so he

10

Of

Of peace and war, al the boy bal

Advance, great men, your wife design,
And prosper in the task divine;
Draw from antiquity's deep mine,
The precious ore,
And in the British Annals shine,
"Till time's no more.

had to keep in our Harthe ander

On the Marquess of Annandale's conveying me a Present of Guineas in my Snuff-mill, after be had taken all the Snuff.

THE Chief requir'd my Snifhing-mill,
And well it was bestow'd;
The Patron, by the rarest skill,
Turn'd all the Snuff to gowd.
Gowd stampt with royal Anna's face,
Piece after piece came forth;
The pictures smil'd, gi'en with such a grace,
By ane of so much worth,

Sure

#### 308 The Monk and the Miller's Wife.

Sure thus the patronizing Roman

Made Horace spread the wing;

Thus Dorset, by kind deeds uncommon,
Rais'd Prior up to sing.

That there are patrons yet for me,
Here's a convincing proof,

Since ANNANDALE gives gowd as free,
As I can part with Snuff.

#### The Monk and the Miller's Wife. A Tale.

TOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine, Wha ken the benefit of wine; il of brit it que And you wha laughing feud brown ale, Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale. An honest Miller wond in Fife, That had a young and wanton wife, Wha sometimes thol'd the parish priest To mak her man a twa-horn'd beaft: He paid right mony vifits till her; And to keep in with Hab the miller, He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy, Where e'er he kend the ale was nappy. Sic condescension in a pastor, Knit Halber:'s love to him the faster; And by his converse, troth 'tis true, Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou. Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd, The wife well ferv'd, the men well eas'd. This ground his corns, and that did cheriff Himsell with dining round the parish. Best the good-wife thought it nae skaith, Since the was fit to ferve them baith, When equal is the night and day, And Ceres gives the schools the play.

A youth Bred at Ae day And his To ly w He could But, cla Whilk I To tak This min Not left The feh Now Smooth Aslane

Smooth Aslang Aslang In er And off With fie Baith fo The fch And ga Quoth I As yet; A bow-Gae wa Till I fa Shall ta Fames, O'er lar Out of Which

Arriv'd,

Straigh

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A youth sprung frae a gentle Pater,
Bred at saint Andro's Alma Mater,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate:
To ly without, pit-mirk did shore him;
He coudna see his thumb before him:
But, clack,—clack,—clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him be the lugs theretill.
To tak the threed of tale alang,
This mill to Halbert did belang.
Not less this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was master James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past, Smoothly relate a tale shall last As lang as Alps and Grampian hills, As lang as wind or water-mills.

e.

In enter'd James, Hab faw and kend him, And offer'd kindly to befriend him With fic good chear as he cou'd make, Baith for his ain and father's fake. The scholar thought himsell right sped, And gave him thanks in terms well bred. Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill As yet; - but step ye west the kill A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame: Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame, 'Till I fet aff the mill; fyne we Shall tak what Beffy has to gi'e. James, in return, what's handsome said, O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade. O'er lang to tell; and aff ne gade.
Out of the house some light did shine, Which led him till't as with a line: Arriv'd, he knock'd; for doors were steekit; Straight throw a window Beffy keekir, And cries, Wha's that gi'es fowk a tright Lactic a heard At fic untimous time of night?

Fames

James with good humour, maift discreetly, Tald her his circumstance completely.

I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,

· And up and down the thieves are rife :

Within my lane, I'm but a woman;

Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man.

But fince 'tis very like, my dow,

. That all ye're telling may be true,

Hae there's a key, gang in your way

At the neift door, there's braw ait strae;

Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn,

They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn.'

Thus after meikle clitter-clatter,

James fand he coudna mend the matter;

And fince it might not better be,

With refignation took the key,

Unlockt the barn, - clam up the mou,

Where was an opening near the hou,

Throw whilk he faw a glent of light,

That gave diversion to his fight:

By this he quickly cou'd difcern

A thin wa' feparate house and barn,

And throw this rive was in the wa's

All done within the house he saw: 37 33 1100 --- 114

He faw (what ought not to be feen, was took was

And (carce gave credit to his een)

The parish priest of reverend same

In active courtship with the dame. --

To lengthen out description here, Wou'd but offend the modelt ear,

And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,

That we by fatyre frive to tame.

Suppose the wicked action o'er, the from an blanch

And James continuing still to glowres, worth deleted

Wha faw the wife, as fast as able, Spread a clean fervite on the table, and sugar tou sit a

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And fy A pypi And tv Ane of

But Shot in Th' un Cry'd, With th

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Speer'd I come,

To crack Whilk I

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And fyne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben A pyping het young roafted hen, And twa good bottles frout and clear, Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest Shot in his fork in chucky's breaft. Th' unwelcome Miller ga'e a roar, Cry'd, Bessy, haste ye, ope the door. With that the haly letcher fled, And darn'd himfeltbehind a bed; While Beffy huddl'd a' things by, That nought the cuckold might efpy Syne loot him in; \_\_ but out of tune, Speer'd why he left the mill fae foon, I come, faid he, as manners claims, To crack and wait on mafter James, Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er fae bissy, I fent him here, goodwife, where is he?

- ' Ye fent him here! (quoth Beffy, grumbling;)
- ' Kend I this James! a chiel came rumbling:
- But how was I affur'd, when dark,
- 'That he had been nae thievish spark,
- Or some rude wencher, gotten a dose,
- That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?

And what came of him? speake nae langer,

Crys Halbert in a highland anger.

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buch.

And

I fent him to the barn, quoth fhe.

Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.

7 AMES was brought in; - the Wife was bawked: The Priest stood close; \_\_ the Miller cracked: \_ Then ask'd his funkan gloomy tpouse, What supper had she in the house, That might be suitable to gi'e,
Ane of their lodger's qualitie? Quoth she, 'Ye may well ken, goodman, Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :

The stov'd or roasted we afford,
Are aft great strangers on our board.
Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseles sampie!
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy;
And that his gentle stamock's master
To worry up a pint of plaister,
Like our mill knaves that life the laiding,
Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.
Swith roast a ben, or fry some chickens,
And send for ale frae Maggy Pickens.

Hout I, quoth she, we may well ken,

"Tis ill brought but that's no there ben;

When but last owk, nae farder gane,

The laird got a' to pay his kain.'

Then James, who had as good a guess
Of what was in the house as Bess,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himsell, and ease his friend,
First open'd with a slee oration
His wond'rous skill in conjuration.
Said he, 'By this fell art I'm able

To whop aff any great man's table
 What e'er I like, to make a mail of,

Either in part, or yet the haill off;

And if ye please, I'll shaw my art. —'
Crys Halbert, faith with a' my heart!

Best sain'd herself, — cry'd, LORD be here!

And near hand sell a swoon for fear.

James leugh, and bade her naething dread,
Syne to his conjuring went with speed;

And first he draws a circle round,

Then urters mony a magick sound,
Of words part Latin, Greek and Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch:

That done, he says, Now, now tis come,

And in the boal beside the lum:

Nou Bring She v And It fn And, He v Syne Thus Left g They Decla Naem The fo Sae be They · N But ! · I'db · And · Tof " But t Said 7 The bas The With k That d Said, N

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Now fet the board; goodwife, gae ben, Bring frae you boal a roafted ben. She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd; And foon as he the ambrie enter'd, It smell'd sae well, he short time sought it, And, wondring, 'tween his hands he brought it. He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it. Syne with a gentle touch he felt it. Thus ilka sense he did conveen, Left glamour had beguil'd his een : They all, in an united body, Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy. Naemair about it, quoth the Miller, The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her. Sae be't, fays James; and in a doup, They fnapt her up baith ftoup and roup.

Neift, O! crys Halbert, cou'd your skill.

But help us to a waught of ale,

· I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,

· And offer to the deel my wife,

. To see if he'll discreeter make her,

But that I'm fleed he winna take her.

Said fames, ye offer very fair; The bargain's hadden, fae nae mair.

Then thrice he shook a willow wand, With kittle words thrice gave command; That done, with look baith learn'd and grave, Said, Now ye'll get what ye mad have; Twa bottles of as nappy liquor, As ever ream'd in horn or bicquor, Behind the Ark that hads your meal, Ye'll find twa standing corkit well. He said, and fast the Miller flew, And frae their nest the bottles drew; Then first the scholar's health he toasted, Whale art had gart him feed on roalted;

Now

His father's neift,—and a' the rest.

Of his good friends that wish'd him best,

Which were o'er langsome at the time.

On a short tale to put in rhime.

Thus while the Miller and the Youth,
Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,
Bess fretting scarcely held frae greeting.
The Priest enclos'd stood vex'd and sweating.

O wow! said Hab, if ane might speer, Dear master James, who brought our chear? Sic laits appear to us sae awfu', We hardly think your learning lawfu'.

. To bring your doubts to a conclusion,

· Says James, ken I'm a Rosiecrucian,

Ane of the fet that never carries

On traffick with black deels or fairies:

There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,

That constantly around us wheel.

There was a fage call'd Albumazor,

Whafe wit was gleg as ony razor.

Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,

. To bring thefe gentry to our will;

· And they appear when we've a mind,

In ony shape of human kind:

Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,

I'll gar my Pacolet appear.

HAB fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew.

Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view:

At last his courage wan the day.

He to the scholar's will gave way.

BESSY be this began to smell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell:
She pray'd like Howdy in her drink,
But mean time tipt young James a wink.
Fames frae his eye an answer sent,
Which made the wife sight well content.

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## Advice to Mr. --- on his Marriage. 315

Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd,

- What e'er ye fee, be nought furpriz'd;
- But for your faul move not your tongue,
- · And ready stand with a great rung;
- ' Syne as the fp'rit gangs marching out,
- Befure to lend him a found rout.
- I bidna this be way of mocking;
- For nought delytes him mair than knocking.,

  HAB got a kent,—flood by the hallan;

  And straight the wild mischievous callan,
- Cries, ' Radamanthus Husky Mingo,
- Monk-horner, Hipoth, Jinko, Jingo,
- · Appear in likeness of a Priest,
- No like a deel in shape of beast,
- With gaping chafts to fleg us a'.
  Wauk forth; the door stands to the wa'.'

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
The Priest approach'd right well content,
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
'Till he was drawing near the door;
Then, to escape the cudgel, ran;
But was not miss'd by the goodman,
Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold sounder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight;
Ben slew the Miller in a fright:

I trow, quoth he, I laid well on;
But wow be's like our ain Mess John!

## Advice to Mr. - on his Marriage.

A L L joy to you and your Amelie,
May ne'er your purse nor vigour fail ye;
But have a care how you employ
Them baith; and tutor well your joy;

Then

P :

### 316 Advice to Mr . --- on his Marriage.

Frae me an auld dab tak advice,
And hane them baith, if ye be wife;
For warld's wafters, like poor cripples,
Look blunt with poverty and ripples:
There an auld faw to ilk ane notum,
Better to fave at braird than bottom;
Which means, your purfe and perfon ufe
As canny poets do their muse;
For whip and spurring never prove
Effectual, or in verse or love.

Sae far, my friend, in merry strain, I've given a douse advice and plain, And honeftly discharg'd my conscience In lines (tho' hamely) far frae nonfente. Some other chief may daftly fing, That kens but little of the thing, And blaw yeup with windy fancies That he has thigh frae romances, Of endless raptures, constant glee, That never was, or ne'er will be. Alake! poor mortals are not gods, And therefore often fall at odds: But little quarrels now and than Are nae great faults'tween wife and man: Thele help right aften to improve His understanding and her love, a man Man has her Your rib and you, 'bout hours of drinking, in ..... May chance to differ in your thinking; But that's just like a shower in May, That gars the fun-blink feem mair gay. If e'er the tak the pet, or fret, Be calm, and yet maintain your flate; And smiling, ca' her little foolie, Syne with a kils evite a toolie. This method's ever thought the braver, Than either cuffs, or elifh-ma-claver to end delth, and curer well vourior. It fit
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It shaws a spirit low and common,
That with ill nature treats a woman:
They're of a make sae nice and sair,
They must be manag'd with some care:
Respect them, they'll be kind and civil,
But disregarded, prove the devil,

## To Mrs. M. M. on her painting.

To paint his Venus, audd Apelles
Wal'd a' the bonny maids of Greece:
Thou needs nae mair, but paint thy fell, lass,
To ding the Painter and his Piece.

#### The LURE : A Tale.

HE fun just o'er the hills was peeping, The hynds arising, gentry sleeping, The dogs were barking, cocks were crawing, Night-drinking fots counting their lawing; Clean were the roads, and clear the day, When forth a falconer took his way, Nane with him but his she knight errant, That acts in air the bloody tyrant; While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws, She breaks divine and human laws; Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers ;. Yet is she much esteem'd and dandl'd, Clean lodg'd, well fed, and fattly handl'd. Reason for this need be nae wonder, Her parasites share in the plunder. Thus fneaking rooks about a court, That make oppression but their sport,

10/11

.

Will

Will praise a paughty bloody king, And hire mean hackney-poets to fing Mis glories; while the deel belicket He e'er attempt but what he fticket.

So, fir, as I was gawn to fay, This falconer had tane his way O'er Calder-moor; and gawn the moss up, He there forgather'd with a goffip: And wha was't, trow ye, but the deel, That had difguis'd himfell fae weel In human shape, sae snug and wylie; Jude took him for a burrlie-baillie: His cloven cloots were hid with shoon, A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon: Nor spat he fire, or brimstone rifted, Nor awsome glowr'd; but cawmly lifted His een and voice, and thus began, Good morning t'ye, honest man, Tere early out: \_\_ How far gaeye This gate ? \_\_ I'm blyth of company \_\_\_ What fowl is that, may ane demand, That stands fae trigly on your band?

Wow man! quoth Juden, where won ye?

The like was never speer'd at me!

Man, 'tis a Hawk, and e'en as good

As ever flew, or wore a hood.

Friend, I'm a franger, quoth auld Symmie,

I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me;

The ignorant mann ay be speering

Questions, 'till they come to a clearing. Then tell me mair - What do ye wi't?

Is't good to fing? or good to eat?

For neither, answer'd simple Juden;

But helps to bring my lord his food in:

When fowls frart up that I wad bae, and and I

Straight frae my hand I let her gae;

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· Herhooe tane aff, she is not langsome

· In taking captives, which I ransome

With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg.'
Trowth, quoth the deel, that's nice! I beg.
Te'll be sae kind, as let me see

How this same bird of yours can flee.

Syne loos'd the Falcon frae his hand.
Unhooded, up the sprang with birr,
While baith stood staring after her.
But how d'ye get her back? said Nick.

· For that, quoth Jude, I have a trick.

Ye fee this Lure, \_\_\_ it shall command

' Her upon fight down to my hand.'

Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieuAnd straight upon't the Falcon flew.

As I'm a finner! crys the deel,

I like this pastime wonder weel;

And fince ye've been sae kindly free,

To let ber at my bidding flee,

I'll entertain ye in my gate. \_\_\_\_. Mean time it was the will of fate.

A hooded friar (ane of that clan

Ye have descriv'd by father \* Gawin,

In Master-keys) came up; good faul!

Him Satan cleek'd up by the spaul,

Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair.

Ga'e him a tofs up in the air.

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es

High flew the fon of faint Loyola.

While startled Juden gave a Hola!

Bumbaz'd with wonder, still he stood,

The ferly had 'maift crudled his blood,

man Catholick Prieft, now an Irish Protestant Minister, who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the priests and nuns; which books he names Masterkeys to Popery.

P 4

To .

#### 320 An Anacreontique on Love.

To fee a monk mount like a facon, He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin: Thrice did he rub his een to clear; And having master'd part o's fear,

· His presence be about us a'!

· He cries, the like I never faw :

· See, fee! he like a lavrock tours \_\_\_

He'll reek the starns in twa'r three hours!

Is't possible to bring him back?'
For that, quoth nick, I have a knack;
To train my Birds, I want na Lures,
Can manage them as ye do your's:
And there's ane coming, hie gate, hither,
Shall soon bring down the haly brither.

This was a fresh young landwart Lass,
With cheeks like cherries, een like glass;
Few coats she wore, and they were kilted,
And (fohn come kiss me now) she listed,
As she skift o'er the benty knows,
Gawn to the bught to milk the ews;
Her in his hand slee Belzie hint up,
As eith as ye wad do a pint-stoup,
Inverted, wav'd her round his head;
Whien, whien, he whistled, and with speed
Down, quick as shooting starns, the priest
Came souse upon the lass's breast.

The moral of this tale shews plainly
That carnal minds attempt but vainly
Aboon this laigher warld to mount,

While flaves to Satan.

## An ANACREONTIQUE ON Love.

WHEN a' the warld had clos'd their een, Fatigu'd with labour, care and din,

And Enjo The Wit Surp Quo Oh! Else For a I too Tole And For a His He f Iled And Digh "Till But f Let's Has And With In or Mov Faft 1 That He le Cry'd

> That Did

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And

And quietly ilka weary wight Enjoy'd the filence of the night: Then Cupid, that ill-deedy get, With a' his pith rapt at my yet. Surpriz'd, throw sleep, I cry'd, wha's that? Quoth he, Apooryoung wean a' wet; Oh! haste ye apen, - fear nae skaith, Else soon this storm will be my death. With his complaint my faul grew wae, For as he faid I thought it fae; I took a light, and fast did rin To let the chittering infant in: And he appear'd to be nae kow, For a' his quiver, wings and bow. His bairnly smiles and looks gave joy, He seem'd sae innocent aboy: I led him ben but any pingle, And beekt him brawly at my ingle 3. Dighted his face, his handies thow'd, "Till his young cheeks, like roses, glow'd. But foon as he grew warm and fain, Let's try, quoth he, if that the rain Has wrang'dought of my sporting gear, And if my bow-fring's hale and fier. With that his arch'ry graith he put In order, and made me his butt;

Mov'd back apiece, \_\_ his bow he drew; Fast throw my breast his arrow flew. That done, as if he'd found a nest, He leugh, and with unfonfy jest, Cry'd, Nibour, I'm right blythin mind, That in good tift my bow I find: Did not my arrow flie right (mart ? Yell find it sticking in your heart.

ıđ

On Mr. DRUMMOND's being chosen one of the Honourable Commissioners of the Customs; An Epigram.

The good are glad, when merit meets reward;
And thus they share the pleasure of another,
While little minds, who only self regard,
Will sicken at the success of a brother.
Hence I am pleas'd to find my self right class'd,
Even by this mark, that's worthy of observing;
It gives me joy, the patent lately pass'd
In favour of dear DRUMMOND, most deserving.

The Address of the Muse, to the Right Honourable George Drummond Esq; Lord Provost; and Council of Edinburgh.

Whose every act of generous care
The patriot shews, and trusty friend;
While savours by your thoughts refin'd,
Both publick and the private share.
To you the muse her duteous homage pays,
While Edinburgh's interest animates her lays.
Nor will the best some hints refuse:
The narrow soul, that least brings forth,
To an advice the rarest bows;
Which the extensive mind allows,
Being conscious of its genuine worth,
Fears no eclipse; nor with dark pride declines,
A ray from light, that far inferior shines,

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## Address to Provost Drummond, &c. 323

Our reason and advantage call
Us to preserve what we esteem;
And each should contribute, tho' small,
Like silver rivulets that fall

In one, and make a spreading stream.
So should a city all her care unite,
T' engage with entertainments of delight.

Man for fociety was made,

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Jus

His fearch of knowledge has no bound; Through the vast deep he loves to wade, But subjects ebb, and spirits tade,

On wilds and thinly peopl'd ground.

Then where the world, in minature, employs
Its various arts, the foul its wish enjoys.

Sometimes the focial mind may rove,
And trace, with contemplation high,
The natural beauties of the grove,

Pleas'd with the turtle's making love,
While birds chant in a fummer sky.
But when cold winter fnows the naked fields,

The city then its changing pleasure yields.

Then you, to whom pertains the care,

And have the power to act aright,

Nor pains, nor prudent judging spare, The Good Town's failings to repair,

And give her lovers more delight.

Much you have done, both useful and polite;

Onever tire! till every plan's complete.

Some may object, we mony want, Of every project foul and nerve.

Tis true; \_\_ but fure, the parliament

Will no'er refuse frankly to grant
Such funds as good designs deserve.

The thriving well of each of Britain stowns, Adds to her wealth, and more her grandeur crowns.

Allowy

## 324 Address to Provost Drummond, &c.

Allow that fifteen thouland pounds Were yearly on improvements spent; If luxury produce the funds, And well laid out, there are no grounds For murmuring, or the least complaint : Materials all within our native coaft, The poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's loft. Two hundreds, for five pounds a day. Will work like Turkish galey flaves; And, e'er they sleep, they will repay Back all the publick forth did lay, For small support that nature craves. Thus kept at work, few twangs of guilt they feel, And are not tempt' by pinching want to feal. Most wisely did our city move, When \* HOPE, who judges well and nice, Was chosen fittest to improve, From rushy tufts the pleasing grove, From bogs a rifing paradife. Since earth's foundation, to our present day, The beauteous plain in mud neglected lay. Now, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd, Its verdures please the scent and fight; And here the FAIR may walk unpain'd, Her flowing filks and fhoes unstain'd, Round the green Circus of delight: Which shall by ripening time still sweeter grow, And HOPE be fam'd while Scot fmen draw the bow, Ah! while I fing, the nothernair, Throu' gore and carnage gives offence; Which should not, while a river fair. Withous our walls flows by fo near; Carriage from thence but fmall expence:

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<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Hope of Rankeilour, who has beautifully planted, hedged and drained Straiton's Meadow, which was formerly the bottom of a Lake.

### Address to Provost Drummond, &c. 325

The useful Corporation too would find,

By working there, more health, and ease of mind.

Then sweet our nothern flow'rs would blow,

And sweet our nothern alleys end:

Sweet all the nothern springs would flow,

Sweet nothern trees and herbs would grow,

And from the lake a field be gain'd:

Where on the springs green margent by the dawn,

Our maids might wash, and blanch their lace and lawn,

\* Forbid a nasty pack to place
On stalls unclean their herbs and roots,

On the high-street a vile disgrace, And tempting to our infant-race,

To fwallow poison with their fruits.

Give them a station, where less spoil'd and seen,

The healthful herbage may keep fresh and clean,

Besides, they straiten much our street,

When those who drive the back and dray, In drunk and rude confusion meet,

We know not where to turn our feet;

Mortal our hazard every way.

Too oft the ag'd, the deaf and little fry, Hem'd in with stalls, crush'd under axles ly.

Clean order yields a vast delight,
And genius's that brightest shine,
Prefer the pleasure of the sight
Justly, to theirs who day and night
Sink health and active thought in wine.

The

Happy

<sup>\*</sup> With the more freedom some thoughts in these stanza's are advanced, because several citizens of the best thinking, both in and out of the magistracy, incline to, and have such views, sthey were not oppos'd by some of grossold-sashion'd notions. Such will tell you, O! the street of Edinburgh is the finest garden of Scotland. And how can it otherwise be, considering how well 'tis dung'd every night? but this abuse we hope to see reform'd soon, when the cart and warning bell shall leave the lazy slatern without excuse, after ten at Night.

## 326 Address to Provost Drummond, &

Happy the man that's clean in house and weed. Tho water be his drink, and oats his bread. Kind fate, on them whom I admire Bestow near rooms and gardens fair, Pictures that speak the painter's fire. And learning which the nine infpire. With friends that all his thoughts may fhare; A house in Edinburgh, when the fullen storm Defaces nature's joyous fragrant form. O! may we hope to fee a stage, Fill'd with the best of such as can Smile down the follies of the age, Correct dull pride and party-rage, And cultivate the growing man; And shew the virgin every proper grace. That makes her mind as comely as her tace. Nor will the most devout oppose. When with a ftrict judicious care, The scenes most vertuous shall be chose. That numerous are, forbidding those That shock the modest, good and fair. The best of things may often be abus'd;

The best of things may often be abus'd;
That argues not, when right, to be resus'd.
Thus, what our fathers wasting blood,
Of old from the south Britons won,
When Scotland reach'd to Humber's flood,
We shall regain by arts less rude,

And bring the best and fairest down, From England's nothern counties, nigh as far Distant from court, as we of Pittland are.

Thus far inspir'd with honest zeal,

These thoughts are offer'd with submission,

By your own bard, who ne'er shall fail

The interest of the common weal;

While you indulge and grant permission

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To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearse His honest and well-meaning thoughts in verse.

On his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON's shooting an Arrow through the Neck of an Eel.

A S from a bow a fatal flane,

Train'd by Apollo from the main,

In water pierc'd an Eel

Sae may the PATRIOT'S power and art,

Sic fate to fouple rogues impart,

That grumble at the common weal.

Tho' they, as ony Eels, are flid,

And thro' what's vile can feud,

A bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid,

They feulk beneath their mud.

BETTY and KATE; A Pastoral Farewel to Mr. AIKMAN, when he went for LONDON.

B E T T T.

D E AR Katie, Willy's e'en away!

Willy, of herds the wale,

To feed his flock, and make his hay

Upon a diffant dale,

Far to the fouthward of this height

Where now we dowie stray;

Ay hartsome when he chear'd our sight,

And leugh with us a' day.

Kate. O Willy can dale dainties please

Thee mair than moorland ream;

Does Isis flow with sweeter case

Than Fortha's gentle stream?

Or takes thou rather mair delyt In the strae-hatted maid, Than in the blooming red and whyt Of her that wears the plaid? Betty. Na. Kate, for that we needna mourn, He is not gi'en to change; But fauls of fic a shining turn, For honours like to range: Our laird, and a' the gentry round, Who mauna be faid nay, Sic pleasure in his art have found, They winna let him stay. Blyth I have stood frae morn to een, To see how true and weel He coud delyt us on the green With a piece cawk and keel, On a slide stane, or smoother slate, He can the picture draw Of you or me, or sheep or gait, The likest e'er ye saw. Lass thinkna shame to ease your mind, I fee ye're like to greet; Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind, For shepherd sae complete. Kate. Far, far! o'er far frae Spey and Clyde, Stands that great town of Lud

To whilk our best lads rin and ride;

That's like to put us wood:

For fingle times they e'er come back, Wha anes are hefrit there.

Sure Bestheir hills are no fae black, Nor yet their howms fae bare.

Betty. Our riggsare rich, and green our heights, And well our cares reward; sale and will O ....

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But yield, nae doubt, far less delights, In absence of our laird, the state of the second But v A And

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But we maun cawmly now fubmit, And our ill luck lament. And leav't to his ain fente and wit To find his heart's content. A thousand gates he had to win The love of auld and young, Did a' he did with little din; And in nae deed was dung. Kate. WILLIAM and MARY never fail'd To welcome with a smile. And hearten us, when ought we ail'd Without designing guile. Lang may the happily posses Wha's in his breast intest, And may their bonny bairnsincrease, And a' with rowth be left. O William win your laurels fast, And fyne we'll a' be fain, Soon as your wandring days are past, And you're return'd again. Betty. Revive her joys by your return, To whom you first gave pain; Judge how her passions for you burn, By these you bear your ain. Sae may your kirn with fatness flow, And a' your ky be fleek; And may your hearts with gladness glow,

# To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH, on his departure from Scotland.

SINCE fate, with honour, bids thee leave
Thy country for a while,
It is nae friendly part to grieve,
When powers propitious smile.

In finding what ye feek.

Doc

TBut

#### 330 To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH.

The task assign'd thee's great and good

To cultivate two GRAHAMS,

Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood

Like wax the dawning genius takes
Impressions, thrawin or even;

Then he wha fair the molding makes,

Does journey-work for heaven.

The four weak pedants spoil the mind Of those beneath their care,

Who think instruction is confin'd

To poor grammatick ware.

But better kens my friend, and can

To lead the boy up to a man

That's fit in courts to shine.

Frae Grampian heights, some may object,
Can you sic knowledge bring?

But those laigh thinkers ne'er reflect,

With vafter ease at the first glance,
Than mifty minds that plod

And thresh for thought, but ne'er advance

Their flawk aboon their clod.

But he \* that could in tender strains.

Raise Margaret's plaining shade,

And paint diftress that chills the veins,

While William's crimes are red;

Shaws to the world, cou'd they observe,

A clear deferving flame —

Thus I can roofe without referve,

When truth supports my theme.

William and Margaret, a ballad in imitation of the Manner, wherein the strength of thought and more observed than a fant of unmeaning words.

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Gae, Lad, and win a nation's love, By making those in trust, Like WALLACE's \* ACHATES prove, Wife, Generous, Brave and Just. Sae may his grace, the illustrious sire, With joy paternal fee Their rifing bleez of manly fire, And pay his thanks to thee.

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Gae,

#### To CALISTA: An Epigram.

N E S wildom, majesty and beauty, Contended to allure the fwain, Wha fain wad paid to ilk his duty; But only ane the prize could gain. Were fove again to redd debate Between his spouse and daughters twa, And were it dear Califta's fate To bid amang them for the ba': When given to her, the shepherd might Then with the fingle apple fervea'; Since she's possest of a' that's bright In June, Venus and Minerva.

Inscription on the Tomb-stone of Mr. A: ANDER WARDLAW, late Chamberla. the Right Honourable Eart of Wigton, erected by his Son Mr. JOHN WARDLAW in the Church of Biggar.

TER E lyes a man, whose upright heart With virtue was profusely stor'd, Who acted well the honest part

Between the tenants and their lord.

\* The heroick Sir John Graham, the glory of his name and nation, ( and dearest friend of the renowned Sir William Wallace ) ancestor of his grace Duke of Montrole.

Between

## 332 Ode to the Memory of, &c.

Thus steer'd he in the golden mean,
While his blyth countenance bespoke
A mind unruffl'd and serene.
As to great BRUCE the FLE MINGS prov'd
Faithful, so to the FLE MINGS heir
WARDLAW behav'd, and was belov'd
For's justice, candor, faith and care.
His merit shall preserve his same
To latest ages, free from rust,
'Till the arch-angel raise his frame
To join his soul amongst the just.

# An Ode, facred to the Memory of her Grace Anne Dutchess of Hamilton.

HY founds the plain with fad complaint? Why hides the fun his beams? Why figh the winds fae bleak and cauld? Why mourn the swelling threams? Wail on, ye heights; ye glens, complain; Sun, wear thy cloudy veil: Sigh, winds, frae frozen caves of fnaw; Clyde, mourn the rueful tale. She's dead, the beauteous ANNA's dead ; All nature wears a gloom : Alas! the comely budding flower, Is faded in the bloom. Clos'd in the weeping marble vault, Now cauld and blae she lies; Nae mair the smiles adorn her cheek, Nae mair she lifts her eyes. Too foon, O fweetest, fairest, best, Young parent, lovely mate, Thou leaves thy lord and infant Son, To weep thy early fate.

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But late thy chearfu' marriage-day, Gave gladness all around; But late in thee, the youthful chief

A heaven of bleffings found. His bosom swells, for much he loy'd;

Words fail to paint his grief :

He starts in dream, and grasps thy shade,

The day brings nae relief.

The fair illusion skims away,

And grief again returns;

Life's pleasures make a vain attempt,

Disconfolate he mourns.

He mourns his loss, a nations loss,

It claims a flood of tears,

When sic a lov'd illustrious star

Sae quickly disappears.

With rofes and the lilly buds,

Ye nymphs, her grave adorn, And weeping tell, thus fweet the was,

Thus early from us torn.

To filent twilight shades retire,

Ye melancholly fwains,

In melting notes repeat her praise,

In fighing vent our pains.

But haste, calm reason, to our aid,

And paining thoughts subduc.

By placing of the pious Fair

In a mair pleasing view: It day ad got list him wolf

Whose white immortal mind now thines,

And shall for ever bright,

Above th' infult of death and pain,

By the first spring of light.

There joins the high melodious thrang,

That firike eternal ftrings:

In presence of Omnipotence,

She now a Seraph fings.

But

Then

334. To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.

Then cease, great JAMES, thy flowing tears, Nor rent thy foul in vain: Frae bowers of bliss she'll ne'er return To thy kind arms again, With goodness still adorn thy mind, True greatness still improve; Be still a Patriot just and brave, And meet thy Saint above.

Ode to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton; Inscrib'd to the Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge.

REAT NEWTON's dead, - full ripe his fame; J Cease, vulgar grief, to cloud our song: We thank the Author of our frame, Who lent him to the earth lo long. The god-like Man now mounts the sky, Exploring all you radiant (pheres; And with one view can more descry, Than here below in eighty years: Tho' none, with greater ftrength of foul, Could rife to more divine a height. Or range the Orbs from Pole to Pole, And more improve the human fight. Now with full joy he can furvey Masia white all These worlds, and ev'ry shining blaze, That countless in the Milky Way, Only thro' glasses shew their rays. Thousands in thousand arts excell'd, But often to one part confin'd; While ev'ery science stood reveal'd And clear to his capacious mind.

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His penetration, most profound, Launch'd far in that extended sea. Where human minds can reach no bound, And never div'd so deep as he. Sons of the east and western world. When on this Leading Star ye gaze, While magnets guide the fail unfurl'd, Pay to his memory due praise. Thro' ev'ry maze he was the guide; While others crawl'd, he foar'd above: Yet modelty, unstain'd with pride, Increas'd his merit, and our love. He shunn'd the sophistry of words, Which only hatch contentious spite; His learning turn'd on what affords By Demonstration most delight. BRITAIN may honourably boaft, And glory in her matchless Son, Whose genius has invented most, And finish'd what the rest begun. material collections Ye Fellows of the Royal Class, Who honour'd him to be your Head, Erect in finest stone and brass Statues of the Illustrious Dead. Altho' more lasting than them all, Or ev'n the Poet's highest strain, His Works, as long as wheels this ball, Shall his great memory fuftain. May from your Learned Band arise, Newtons to shine thro'future times, And bring down knowledge from the skies, To plant on wild Barbarian climes. "Till nations, few degrees from brutes, Be brought into each proper road, Which leads to wildom's happiest fruits,

To know their Sayiour and their God.

IN;

for

His

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILE of Waswickshire, Elg; on reading several of bis excellent Poems.

CIR, I have read, and much admire Your muse's gay and easy flow, Warm'd with that true Idalian fire That gives the bright and chearful glow. I con'd each line with joyous care, As I can fuch from fun to fun; And like the glutton o'er his fare Delicious, thought them too foon done. The witty smile, nature and art, In all your numbers to combine, As to complete their just defert, was a good to A. And grace them with uncommon shine. Delighted we your mule regard, When she like Pindar's (preads her wings; And virtue being its own reward, Expresses by the Sister Springs. Emotions tender croud the mind, When with the royal bard you go, and road fordish. To figh in notes divinely kind, it was a firm vo TO The mighty faln on mount Gilbo. Who with the Iliad had your lays; For e'er, and fince the fiege of Troy We all delight in love and praife, the wood gold ball These heaven-born passions, such desire, I never yet cou'd think a crime; not seeding hill But first-rate virtues which inspire The foul to reach at the fublime. To ke ow then Saviour and their, God.

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But often men mistake the way, And pump for fame by empty boaft, Like your gilt As, who flood to bray, "Till in a flame his tail he loft. Him th' incurious bencher hits. With his own tale, so tight and clean. That while I read, ftreams gush, by fits Of hearty laughter, from my een. Old Chancer, bard of vast ingine. Fontaine and Prior, who have fung Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine On Lob, they'd own'd themselves out-done. The plot's pursu'd with so much glee, The two officious Dog and Prieft, The 'Squire oppres'd, I own, for me, I never heard a better jest. POPE well describ'd an Omber Game, And King revenging Captive Queen; He merits; but had won more fame, If author of your Bowling-green. You paint your parties, play each bowl, So natural, just, and with such ease,

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That while I read, upon my foul! I wonder how I chance to please. Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best; And fure to melaurels belong, Since British tair, and mongft the beft, Somervile's confort likes my fong. Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair Sing, like a dweller of the sky, My yerfes with a Scotian air;

Then laints were not fo bleft as I. In her the valu'd charms unite; She really is what all would feem, Gracefully handsome, wife and sweet: 'Tis merit to have her esteem.

way a Q ar ne to ton-

338	An Epiftle from Mr. Somervile.
7000	noble kiniman her lov'd mate.
Wh	ofe worth claims all the world respect,
Marin	har lave a fait. 1979 and or hard of the sold
	her love a fmiling fate,
	oth from one stood line or Coring
Root	oth from one great lineage spring, h from de Somervile, who came,
With	William Englande conquesing king
To	That while seem the state and T
	win tair plains, and lafting tame.  HNOUR he left to's eldeft fon;
Wie Co.	thirft-born chief you represent:
From	m whom our SOMER'LE takes descent.
Onhin	n and you may fate beflow
Aslan	et balmy health and cheerfu' fire,
Ceill	g's ye'd with to live below, bleft with all you wou'd delire,
O Gel	
	oblige the world, and spread of the those and your other lays;
	fhall be better'd while they read )
	lafterages found your praise.
	d enlarge but if I from'd
	what you've wrote, my Ode wou'drun
	reat a length Your thoughts to croud.
	note them all, I'd ne'er have done
	et this offering of a male, the thesis over 1 as i
	o on her Pictland hills ne'er tires
	ou'd ( when worth invites) refuse
	fing the person the admires,
49	Attacomemiate at base Lunayan
	Eng, like a ewener of the sty, 2013
A	n Epistle from Mr. Somervile.
- 41	TESTISITE OF THE STORE AND A STORE A STORE AND A STORE A STORE AND A STORE A STORE AND A STORE A STORE AND A STORE
	I h ber the value de

NEAR fair Avona's silver tide, weighter odd Whole waves in soft meanders glide, wild and the

Since the writing of this Ode, Mr. Somervile's poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an evo vol.

I rea You Smo You Like

While This Whe In the

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and Mr.

An Epifile from Mr. Somervite. 330
I read, to the delighted fwains, one of odreads lake
Your jocund fongs, and reval firmins.
Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties show,
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.
While I furvey, with ravifled eves.
This * friendly gift, my valued prize
Where fifter Arts, with charms divine.
In their full bloom and beauty thine.
Alternately my foul is bleff 100 12111 2011 5210 310 310 310
Now I behold my welcome gueft,
That graceful, that engaging air.
So dear to all the brave and fair
Nor has th' ingenious arriff frown
His outward lineaments alone
But in th' expressive draught design d,
The nobler beauties of his mind?
True friendship, love, benevolence, lo man sid 12 y bal
Unfludied wit, and many lenfe.
Then, as your book, I wander doer,
And read on the delicious hore,
Like the laborous bury bee,
rieds a with the iweet vallety )
with equal wonder and turplize,
Tree telemoning portraits tite.
brave archers marchinoright array,
In frougs the vulgar line the way.
Here the dron lightes may meet,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural feene,
And Iwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part and no ordinam il
With greater genius, fire and art.  Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants against the fouthern wind,
* Lord Somervile was pleased to send me his own picture,
and Mr. Ramiay's works.
Q <sub>2</sub> And

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I

An Epiftle from Mr. Somervile.

And feeks the stream thro' unknown ways; No matron in her teeming days, E'er telt such longings, such defres, As I to view those lofty spires, Thole domes, where fair Edina shrouds Her tow'ring head amid the clouds. But oh! what dangers interpole? Vales deep with dirt, and hills with fnows, Proud winter floods with rapid force, and it will be Forbid the pleasing intercourse. But fure we bards whose purer clay, Nature has mixt with less allay,
Might soon find out an easier way. Do not fage matrons mount on high And switch their broom-sticks thro' the sky Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and feas, From Thule to th' + Hefperides? And yet the men of Gresham own That this and stranger feats are done, By a warm fancy's power alone. This granted; why can't you and I Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the sky? Since our poetick brains, you know, Than theirs must more intensely glow. Did not the Theban fwan take wing. Sublimely foar, and fweetly fing? And do not we of humbler vein, Sometimes attempt a loftier ftrain, Mount sheer out of the reader's fight, Obscurely lost in clouds and night? Then climb your Pegafus with I peed. I'll meet thee on the banks of Tweed: Not as our fathers did of yore,
To swell the flood with crimson gore;

\* The Scilly Islands were so called by the antients, as Mr. Camden observes.

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Like the Cadmean murd'ring brood, Each thirsting for his brother's blood: For now all hostile rage shall cease, Lull'd in the downy arms of peace. Our honest hands and hearts shall join; O'er joyial banquets, sparkling wine. Let Peggy at thy elbow wait, And I shall bring my bonny Kate. But hold - oh! take a special care; T'admit no praying Kirkman there; I dread the Penitential Chair. What a ftrange figure should I make, A poor abandon'd English rake; A squire well-born, and fix foot high, Perch'd in that sacred pillory? Let spleen and zeal be banish'd thence, And troublesome impertinence, That tells his story o'eragain: Ill manners and his faucy train, And felt conceit, and stiff-rumpt pride, That grin at all the world beside; Foul scandal, with a load of lies. Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies; Fame's busy hawker, light as air. That feeds on frailties of the fair : Envy, hypocrify, deceit, Fierce party-rage, and warm debate: And all the hell-hounds that are foes To friendship, and the world's repose. But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles, And wit, that gloomy care beguiles . And joke, and pun, and merry tale, And toalts, that round the table fail: While laughter, burfting thro' the crowd In vollies, tells our joys aloud.

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Hark!

Answer to Mr. Somervile's Epifile. Hark! the shrill piper mounts on high, The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,
To his far-founding melody. Behold each lab'ring fqueeze prepare wob ent in blind Supplies of modulated air a select on select flanod ruo Observe Croudero's active bow, and apupas disive to? His head still nodding to and fro, watth with the ways a His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow. and land 1 See, fee the bashful nymphs advance, the blod suit To lead the regulated dance and the management and the Flying still, the swains pursuing, Yet with backward glances wooing. This, this shall be the joyous scene and a not all and A Nor wanton elves that skim the green Shall be to bleft, fo blythe, fo gay, Or less regard what doiards fay . . I the bit see his My Rose shall then your Thisle greet, at a lot of the back The Union shall be more compleat; And, in a bottle and a triend, which are the same it Each national dispute shall end. To give he did not be a re-

Answer to the above Epifile from WILLIAM Somervile, Efq; of Warwickshire.

CIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure, On the receipt, exceeded measure. You write with so much sp'rit and glee, Sae fmooth, fae ftrong, correct and free; That any he (by you allow'd is the one and invitate To have some merit') may be proud. The ber sole ball If that's my fault, bear you the blame, her should he Wha've lent me fic a lift to fame. Your ain tours high, and widens far, Bright glancing like a first-rate star.

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And all the world bestow due praise On the Collection of your lays; Where various arts and turns combine, Which even in parts first poets shine: Like Mat and Swift ye ling with eale, And can be Waller when you pleafe.
Continue, fir, and fhame the crew
That's plagu'd with having nought to do, Who fortune in a merry mood

Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,

But has deny'd a genius fit

For action or aspiring wit;

Such kenna how remploy their time,

And think activity a crime:

Aught they to either do, or say,

Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!

When money, their Factorum's able

To furnish them a numerous rabble, To furnish them a numerous rabble, Who will, for daily drink and wages, Be chair-men, chaplains, clerks, and pages : Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting these delightful flowers, Which carpet the poetick fields, And lasting funds of pleasure yields; Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away, Or sleep or loiter out the day, Or waste the night damning their fauls In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls: Whence pox and poverty proceed An early eild, and spirits dead. Reverse of you; and him you love, Whose brighter spirit tours above The mob of thoughtless lords and beaus, Who in his ilka actions shows True friend (hip, love, benevolence, Unfludy'd wit, and manly fenfe.

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344 Answer to Mr. Somervile's Epistle.

Allow here what you've faid your fell,
Nought can b' exprest so just and well:
To him and her, worthy his love,
And every blessing from above,
A son is given, G o p save the boy,
For theirs and every som'ril's joy.
Ye wardins round him take your place,
And raise him with each manly grace;
Make his Meridian vertues shine,
To add fresh lustre to his line:
And many may the mother see
Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, fir, when Boreas nae mair thuds Hail, fnaw and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds; While Caledonian's hills are green, And a' her Straths delight the een; While ilka flower with fragrance blows, And a' the year it's beauty shows; Before again the winter lour, What hinders then your nothern tour? Be fure of welcome: nor believe These wha an ill report would give To Ed'nburgh and the land of cakes, That nought what's necessary lacks. Here plenty's goddess trae her horn Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn, In blyth abundance; — and yet mair, Our men are brave, our ladies fair, Nor will North Britain yield for fouth Of ilka thing, and fellows couth, To any but her fifter South.

ASCOUNT.

Rea While fa And can Mine fe On fwee There r Thelef While, You rif And, as Lash th Labour O'er hil After th Confir While Rais'd Fatigu' I fee th Invite Which The cl To fav Thus

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#### Reasons for not answering the Scriblers. 345

While fauls stride warlds at ilka stend, And can their widening views extend. Mine fees you, while you chearfu' roam On fweet Avona's flow'ry howm, There recollecting, with full view, These follies which mankind pursue; While, conscious of superior merit, You rife with a correcting fpirit; And, as an agent of the gods, Lash them with sharp satyrick rods: Labour divine! - Next, for a change, O'er hill and dale I fee you range, After the fox or whidding hare, Confirming health in pureft air; While joy frae heights and dales refounds, Rais'dby the Hola, Horn and Hounds: Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out-run, I fee the friend, and fetting fun, Invite you to the temp'rate bicquor, Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker. The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound, To fave your health by fleeping found. Thus with cool head and healfome breaft You see new day stream frae the east: Then all the muses round you shine, Inspiring every thought divine; Be long their aid — Your years and bleffes, Your servant ALLAN RAMS AT wishes.

REASONS for not answering the Hackney Scriblers, my obscure Enemies.

HESE to my blyth indulgent friends; Dull faes nought at my hand deserve: To pump an answer's a' their ends; But not ae line, if they should starve.

ile

Wha

346 Reasons for not answering the Scriblers. Wha e'er shall with a midding fight, Of victory will be beguil'd; Dealers in dirt will be to dight, Fa' they aboon or 'neath, they're fil'd. It helps my character to heez, which was a sold in When I'm the butt of creeping tools; The warld, by their daft medley, fees, That I've nae enemies but fools. But fae it has been, and will be, While real poets rife to fame, Sic poor Macfleeknos will let flee Their venom, and still mils their aim. Should ane like Young or Somer'le Write, Some canker'd coof can fay 'tis wrang : On Pope fic mungrels fbaw'd their fpite; And shot at Addison their stang. But well dear Spec the feckless afles To wiest infects even'd and painted, Sic as by magnifying glaffes, sher quest she way some Are only kend when throu'them tented. The blundering fellows ne'er foryet, About my tade to f \_\_\_ their fancies, As if, torfooth, I wad look blate At what my honour maift advances. Auld Homer fang for's daily bread; Suprizing Shake fpear fin'd the wool; was a suprimit Great Virgil creels and baskets made ; And famous Benemploy'd the trowel. Yet Dorfet, Launfdown, Lauderdale, Bucks, Stirling, and the fon of Angus, Even monarchs, and of menthe wale. Were proud to be inrow'd amang us. Then, hackneys, write 'till ye gae wood, Then, hackneys, write 'till ye gae wood,
Drudge for the hawkers day and night;
Your malice canna move my mood,
And equally your praise I flight.

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#### To Mr. DONALDMACEWEN. 347

L've gotten mair of fame than's due,
Which is fecur'd amang the best;
And shou'd I tent the like of you,
A little faul wad be confest.
Nae mastive minds a yamphing cur;
A craig defies a frothy wave;
Nor will a lyon raise his fur,
Altho'a monkey misbehave.

Nam fatis eft equitem mihi plaudere.

## To Mr. DONALD MACEWEN Jeweller at St. Petersburg.

OW far frae hame my friend feeks fame! And yet I canna wyte ye, T'employ your fire, and still aspire, By virtues that delyte ye. Should fortune lour, 'tis in your power, If heaven grant bawmy health, T' enjoy ilk hour a faul unfowr; Content's nae bairn of wealth. It is the mind that's not confin'd To passions mean and vile. That's never pin'd, while thoughts rean'd Can gloomy cares beguile. Then Donald may be e'en as gay, On Ruffia's distant frore, As on the Tay, where Ufquebas He us'd to drink before. But howfoe'er, hafte, gather gear, And fyne pack up your treasure; Then to Auld Reekie come, and beek ye, And close your days with pleasure.

To the same, on receiving a Present from him of a Seal, Homer's Head finely cut in Chrystal, and set in Gold.

HANKS to my frank ingenious friend; Your present's most gentile and kind, Baith rich and shining as your mind; And that immortal laurell'd pow, Upon the gem sae well design'd And execute, fets me on low. The heavenly fire inflames my breaft, Whilft I unweary'd am in quest Of tame, and hope that ages nieft Will do their highland bard the grace, Upon their feals to cut his crest, And blythest strakes of his short face. Far less great Homer ever thought (When he, harmonious beggar! fought His bread thro' Greece ) he should be brought, Frae Russa's shore by Captain \* Hugh, To Pittland plains, fae finely wrought On precious stone, and fer by you.

PROLOGUE, before the acting of AURENZEBE and the DRUMMER, by the young Gentlemen of the Grammar School of Haddington, August 1727, spoke by Mr. Charles Cockburn, Son to Colonel Cockburn.

B E hush, ye crowd, who pressing round appear only to stare — we speak to those can hear

\* Captain Hugh Eccles, Master of a fine Merchant ship, which he lost in the unhappy fire at St. Petersburg.

The The ner When a To pair Is what Thro'v By DRY Those f That m Altho's That an We leav Beneatl Learnin At eleg And the Which The Gr The ger Get fev To ratt.

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\* Mr true les fills his The nervous phrase, which raises thoughts more by, When added action leads them thro' the eye. To paint fair vertue, humours and mistakes, Is what our school with pleasure undertakes, Thro' various incidents of life, led on By DRYDEN, and immortal ADDISON: Those study'd men, and knew the various springs, That mov'd the minds of Coachmen and of Kings. Altho' we're young - allow no thought fo mean, That any here's to act the Harlequin: We leave fuch dumb-show mimickry to fools, Beneath the fp'rit of Caledonian Schools. Learning's our aim, and all our care, to reach At elegance and gracefulness of speech, And the address, from bashfulness refin'd, Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind. The Grammar's good, but pedantry brings down The gentle Dunce below the sprightly Clown. Get seven score verse of Ovid's Trist by heart, To rattle o'er, elfe I shall make you smart, Cry fnarling Dominies that little ken: Such may teach parots, but our \* LESLY men.

Epilogue, after the acting of the Drummer, fpoke by Mr. Maurice Cockburn, another Son of Colonel Cockburn's.

OUR plays are done— now criticife, and spare not;
And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not.
We have a reason on our side — and that is,
Your treat has one good property — 'tis gratis.
We've pleas'd our selves; and if we have good judges,
We value not a head where nothing lodges.

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. John Lesly, master of the school, a gentleman of true learning; who, by his excellent method, most worthily fills his place.

350 PROLOGUE Spoke by, &cc.

The generous men of sense will kindly praise us.
And, it we make a little snapper, raise us:
Such know th' aspiring soul at manly dawn,
Abhors the sowr rebuke, and carping thrawin;
But rises, on the hope of a great name,
Up all the rugged roads that lead to same.
Our breasts already pant to gain renown
At Senates, Courts, by Arms or by the Gown;
Or by improvements of Paternal fields,
Which never failing joy and plenty yields;
Or by deep draughts of the Castalian iprings,
To soar with Mantuan or Horatian wings.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the Ladies smile!
Which over-recompences all our toil!
Delights of mankind, tho' in some small Parts
We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts
Are your's; and, when more perfect, shall endeavour,
By acting better, to secure your favour:
To spinnets then retire, and play a few tunes,
'Till we get thro' our Gregories and Newtons;
And, some years hence, we'll tell another tale;
'Till then, ye bonny blooming buds,—farewel.

PROLOGUE spoke by Mr. ANTHONY ASTON, the first Night he acted in Winter 1726.

TIS I, — dear Caledonians, blythfome TONY,
That oft, last winter, pleas'd the brave and bonny
With medley, merry song, and comick scene;
Your kindness then has brought me here again:
After a circuit round the queen of isles,
To gain your friendship and approving smiles,
Experience bids me hope; — tho south the Tweed
The dastards said, 'He never will succeed:

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What! such a country look for any good in!
That does not relish plays,--nor pork,--nor pudding!
Thus great Golumbus by an idiot crew
Was ridicul'd, at first, for his just view;
Yet his undaunted spirit ne'er gave ground,
'Till he a new and better world had found.
So I — laugh on — the simile is bold;
But faith 'tis just: for 'till this body's cold,
Columbus like, I'll push for tame and gold.

#### A CHARACTER.

Fjudgment just, and fancy clear, Industrious, yet not avaritious; No flave to groundless hope and fear, Chearful, yet hating to be virious. From envy free, tho' prais'd not vain, Ne'er acting without honour's warrant; Still equal, generous and human, As husband, master, friend and parent, So modest, as scarce to be known By glaring, proud conceited affes. Whose little spirits aften frown On fuch as their less worth turpaffes. Ye'll own he's a deferving man, That in these out-lines stand before ye; And trowth the picture I have drawn, Is very like my friend \* .....

\* The Character, tho' true, has fomething in it fo great, that my too modest friend will not allow me to set his name to it. But this, and some few other wants, shall be made out afterwards from my register of supplies.

ers were lettorified structed

Ode to ALEXANDER MURRAY of Brughton, Esq; on bis Marriage with Lady EUPHEMIA, Daughter to the Right Hon. Earl of GALLOWAY.

The best to all that's great;

It sweetly binds two equal minds,

And makes a happy state,

When such as MIRR AT, of a temper even.

When fuch as MURRAY, of a temper even, And honour'd worth receives a mate from heaven.

Joy to you, Sir, and joy to her,

Whose softer charms can sooth, With smiling pow'r, a sullen hour,

And make your life flow (mooth, Man's but unfinish'd, 'till by Hymen's ties, His sweeter half lock'd in his bosom lyes.

The general voice, approve your choice,

Their sentiments agree,

With fame allow'd, that she's a good Branch sprung from a right tree.

Long may the Graces of her mind delight Your foul, and long her beauties blefs your fight.

May the bright guard, who love reward,

With man recoyn'd again,

In offspring fair make her their care,

In hours of joyful pain:

And may my PATRON healthfullive to fee, By her a brave and bonny progeny.

Let youthful fwains who 'tend your plains,

Touch the tun'd reed, and fing,

While maids advance in sprightly dance,

All in the rural ring;

And with the Muse thank the immortal powers, Placing with joy EUPHEMIA's name with your's.

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#### Ode to the Memory of Mrs. FORBES, Lady NEWHALL.

A H life! thou short uncertain blaze, Scarce worthy to be wish'd, or lov'd; When by ftrict death, so many ways, So foon the fweetest are remov'd. Inprime of life and lovely glow, The dear BRUCINA must submit; Nor could ward off the fatal blow, With every beauty, grace and wit. If outward charms, and temper fweet, The chearful smile, and thought sublime, Could have preserv'd, she ne'er had met A change, 'till death had funk with time. Her foul glanc'd with each heavenly ray, Her form with all these beauties fair, For which young brides and mothers pray, And wish for to their infant care. Sowr spleen or anger, passion rude, These opposites to peace and heaven, Ne'er pal'd her cheek, or fir'd her blood; Her mind was ever calm and even. Come, fairest nymphs, and gentle swains, Give loofe to tears of tender love; Strow fragrant flowers on her remains, While fighing round her grave you move. In mournful notes your pain express, While with reflection you run o'er, How excellent, how good the was! She was! alas! but is no more! Yet pioufly correct your moan, And raife religious thoughts on hie, After her spotless soul, that's gone

To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

### On a Slate's falling from a House on Mrs. M. M—k's Breast.

AS Venus angry, and inspite Allow'd that stane to fa', dans on fi go and W Imagining these breasts so white Contain'd a heart of fnaw? land and on an and Was her wing'd Son fae cankers fet To wound her lovely skin and all Western buses of Because his arrows could not get A paffage farder in ? page at la content in were li No : She is to love's goddels dear, diantiphe all ofT Her smiling boy's delight \_\_\_\_\_ It was some hag that dought ua bear Sic charms to yex her fight. Some filly fowr pretending faint, In heart an imp of hell, Los Wilder sang budge a Whafe hale religion lyes in cant, Her vertue in wrang zeal; She threw the stane, and ettled death: But watching Zylphs flew round, So guard dear MADIE from all skaith, And quickly cur'd the wound.

To my kind and worthy Friends in IRELAND, who on a Report of my Death, made and published several Elegies Lyrick and Pastoral, very much to my Honour.

SIGHING shepherds of Hibernia,
Thank ye for your kind concern a',
When a faule report, beguiling,
Prov'd a draw back on your smiling;

Dight yo ALLAN Singing, Cowing Drinkin Ale and Superna The lea Sowfing Houndi Smiling And the Painting Crookin Flowing Grows Smellin Poets la Meeting Bargain Hills And ye And ye And ye And ye Cease y Banish a ALLA Early u

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Dight your een, and ceale your grieving, ALLAN's hale, and well, and living, Singing, laughing, fleeping foundly, a control to soil Cowing beef, and drinking roundly; transper rol as all Drinking roundly Rum and Claret, son and water Ale and Ufquae, bumpersfair out, la man of a small Supernaculum but spilling out at any a glad godas! 4. The least diamond \* drawing, filling; and hearded Sowfing fonnets on the laffes, and the day of stages Hounding fatyres at the affes; Smiling at the furly criticks, And the pack-horse of politicks; Painting meadows, Schaws and mountains, and his A Crooking burns and flowing fountains; Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan Grows about the borders glowan, Carry Thank glock Smelling sweetly, and inviting Poets lays, and lovers meeting; Meeting kind to niffer kisses, Bargaining for better bleffes. Hills in dreary dumps now lying, And ye Zephyrs (wiftly flying, And ye rivers gently turning, And ye Philomellas mourning, And ye double fighing ecchoes, Cease your sobbing, tears, and hey! he's! Banish a' your care and grieving,

ALLAN's hale, and well, and living,
Early up on morning's shining,
Ilka fancy warm refining,
Giving ilka verse a burnish
That maun Second Volume surnish,
To bring in frae lord and lady
Meikle same and part of Ready;

<sup>\*</sup> See Note p. 18.

#### Tomy Friends in IRELAND.

Splendid thing of constant motion. Fish'd for in the fouthern ocean : Prop of gentry, nerve of battles, Prize for which the Gamefter rattles; Belzie's banes, deceitfu', kittle, Risking a' to gain a little will and and an and areals.

Pleasing Philip's tunefu' tickle, Philomel, and kind Arbuckle: Singers sweet, baith lads and laffes, Tuning pipes on hill Parnaffus, ALL AN kindly to you wishes Lastinglife, and rowth of blesses And that he may, when ye furrender Sauls to heaven, in number tender Give a' your fames a happy heezy, And gratefully immortalize ye.



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#### THE

## GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A

## Pastoral Comedy;

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable, -

#### SUSANNA Countess of Eglintoun.

MADAM.

THE love of approbation, and a defire to pleafe the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with chearfulness. But constious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to shuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Laship's protection. If my Patrone's says, The Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think my self safe from the aukward consure of some presending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of wast numbers that will croud into your Lady ship's opinion, and think it their bonour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of EGIINTOUN, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustres, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the sinest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a statterer; since stattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were

Were I to begin with your Lady ship's honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and prefents us with numberless, great and good patriots; that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: be that the care of the herauld and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the beavenly sweetless of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Les bia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be slatter'd; but your Lady ship justly claims our admiration and prosoundest respect: for whilst you are possess of every outward than in the most persect degree, the never-sading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn

your Ladythip's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better fense than good nature: but what occasion have you to tell as the fun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and seel his influence? Wery true; but have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed where might he some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life, but the Road, who fought hopes immertality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure, in communicating to posterity the same of distinguished Characters.——I write this tast sentence with a band that trembles between hope and fears; but if I shall prane so happy as to playe your Ladyship in the fellowing assempe, then all my doubts shall would like a morning majour. I shall hepe to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Oxide.

I am fare of var members that will croud into your Ladyfaip's opin paivib ot stood os howellasis' fleres in their fent mempions i their fent mempions it thereon to be and found indone it where the terrations the terrations thereon to be and found indone it

whose tenetration, superior row and sound judgment, shures with an uncommon suffre, while accommon with a decommon charms of sectors and equality of mind, if it were not so especially and they here,

Wadam I ministered the over the to my muje so deincases the fine of momen, by arraying your Ladyship's character, and been no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; WARZMAN TOWN INDAYING what's due to ment, out in To the

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# To the Countess of EGLINTOUN, with the following Pastoral.

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Conquelto er life, and freedom from its vides, A CCEPT, O EGLINTOUN! the aural lays That, boundito thee, thy poet humbily pays The mule, that oft bas rais'd her sunoful firains, A frequent guest on Scotin's blifsful plains, That oft has sung, her list ning youth to move, The charms of beauty, and the force of love, Once more refumes the fail fuccefsful lay, Delighted, throithe verdant meads to fray denid of O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair, To breathe the bahny fweets of purerairs bas abalaid In the coolevening negligently laid, was sele won 198 Or near the fream, or in the rural fhade, and when the Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love, Instructed from these scenes, what glowing free of Inflame the breaft chatreal love infpires !! 1122 200 adT The fair shall read of oatdors, fights and tears to it All that a lover hopes, and all he fears, or someone Hence too, what passions in his bosom rife! no mad W What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyesh has and When first the Fair One, pitious of his fate, Kind of her fcorn, and vanquish'd of her hate, With willing mind, is bounteous, to relent, as tay and And blufhing beauteous smiles the kind confent boild Love's puffion bere in each extreme is thown, o and T In Charlot's fimile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like thefe, that fail'd not to engage, 1

record of

Pure

Pure and untaught, fuch nature first inspir'd. Erevetthe fair affected phrasedelir'd. His fecret thoughts were undifguis'd with art. His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart. He speaks his loves so artless and sincere. As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the Rural State bestows Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes, Secure alike from envy and from care; O THEOO Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear: Nor want's lean hand its happiness conftrains. Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains. No fecret guilt its fredfast peace destroys, No wild ambition interrupts its joys, Bleft still to spend the hours that heavin has lent. In humble goodness, and in calm content, Serenely gentle, as the thoughts thatroll, as a selection Sinless and pure; in fair Humein's foul, a new and of

But now the Rural State these joys has loft; Even swains no more that innocence can boaft. Love speaks no more what beauty may believe, Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive. Now Happiness forfakes ber bleft retreat, The peaceful dwellings where the fix'd her feat, The pleasing fields the wont of old to grace, Companion to an upright fober race ad varola salaliA When on the funny hill, or verdant plain, . 01 some H Free and familiar with the fons of men. To crown the pleasures of the blameles feast, She uninvited came a welcome guest : Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts, Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts; Then grudging hate, and finful pride fucceed. Cruel revenge, and falle unrighteous deed; Then dowrless beauty lost the power to move; The ruft of lucre stain'd the gold of love. Bounteous

Bount The g The fi And f The p Ther The v In gui Unpu And I Wher Nun To hi Virgi Fly'ft O! te Wher Or fa Famil Doft To no Or th Doft Or, v Conv Say, Wato Seeks

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The f In vai Alone Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falshood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful houshold fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh Happines! from human search retir'd, Where art thou to be found by all defir'd? Nun fober and devout! why art thou fled. To hide in shades thy meek contented head? Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind, Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind? O! teach our steps to find the secret cell, Where, with thy fire Content, thou lov'st to dwell, Or fay, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait Familiar at the chambers of the great? Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call To noify revel, and to midnight ball? Or the full banquet when we feast our soul, Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl? Or, with th' industrious planter, dost thou talk, Conversing freely in an evening walk? Say, does the mifer e'er thy face behold Watchful and studious of the treasured gold? Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r, Still musing silent at the morning hour? May we thy presence hope in war's alarms, In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms.

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with vertue knows the pow'r to dwell.

R

Nor need mankind despair these joys to know, The gift themselves may on themselves bestow. Soon, foon we might the precious bleffing boaft; But many passions must the blesting cost: waidman bal Infernal malice, inly pining hate, And envy, grieving at another's state. Revenge no more must in our hearts remain. Or burning luft, or avarice of gain. When thefe are in the human bofom nurft, Can peace refide in dwellings fo accurst? Unlike, O EGLINTOUN! thy happy breaft, Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest; From the umultuous rule of passions tree'd, Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed. In vertues rich, in goodness unconfin'd, Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind; Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name, How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame? Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears, And backward Merit loles all its fears. Supremely bleft by heav'n, heav'n's richeft grace, Confest is thine, an early blooming race. Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm. Divine Instruction! taught of thee to charm. What transports shall they to thy foul impart? (The confeious transports of a parent's heart) When thou beholdest them of each grace possest, And fighing youths imploring to be bleft; After thy image form'd, with charms like thine, Or in the visit, or the dance to shine. Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise, The levely EGLINTOUNS of other days.

Mean while perule the following tender fcenes,
And liften to thy native poet's strains.
In ancient garb the home bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years;

who are wood was would out to white anolAs

#### To the Countess of Eglintoun.

As in a glassreflected, here behold How smiling goodness look'd in days of old. Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown, Or vertuous love, the likeness of thy own; While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven, To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given, Let this, O EGLINTOUN! delight thee most, T'enjoy that Innocence the world has loft.

W. H.





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## The PERSONS.

#### MEN.

#### Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, {The Gentle Shepherd, in Love with Peggy.

ROGER, \{ A rich young Shepherd, in Love with Jenny.

SYMON, STwo old Shepherds, Tenants to GLAUD, Sir William.

BAULDY, A Hynd engaged with Neps.

#### WOMEN.

PEGGY, Thought to be Glaud's Niece.

JENNY, Glaud's only Daughter.

MAUSE, { An old Woman Suppos'd to be a Witch.

ELSPA, Symon's Wife.

MADGE, Glaud's Sifter.

SCENE, a Shepherd's Village and Fields fome few Miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action, within Twenty Hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.
Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.
Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.
Fourth Act begins at Nine o' Clock at Night.
Fifth Act begins by Day-Light next Morning.



#### THE

## GENTLE SHEPHERD.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where christal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans ly,
Penting their flocks ae bony morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, 'sill hollow echo's ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.
SANG I. Tune, The wawking of the faulds.

Patie. A Y Peggy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens; Fair as the day, and sweet as May, Fair as the day, and always gay. My Peggy is a young thing, And I'm not very auld, Yet well I like to meet her at The wawking of the fauld. My Peggy speaks fae sweetly, Whene'er we meet alane. I wish nae mair to lay my care. I wish nae mair of a' that's rare. My Peggy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But she gars a' my spirits glow At wawking of the fauld;

#### 366 The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.
My Peggy sings sae safily,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae safily,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,

THIS funny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a joyial mood.
How hartfome is't to fee the rifing plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleafing rants?
How hale form tis to fauff the cawler air,
And all the fweets it bears, when void of care.
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawartfate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempels may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Cerbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood,
But I, oppress with never ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flour, and quit the hive, The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive, Ere scornful queans, or loss of warldly gear, Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I fay; but it's no eafy done By ane whafe faul is fadly out of tune.

tanist:

433

You

You have fae faft a voice, and flid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with many a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a heart,

And downa eithly wi'your cunzie part.

If that be true, what fignifies your gear?

A mind that's ferimpit never wants fome care.

Rozer. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd.

Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd: In winter last my cares were very sma', Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pasie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine, Less you wad loss, and less ye wad repine. He that has just enough can soundly sleep: The o'ercome only fallies fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross, That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss: O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench, That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench: 'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool! And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Parie. Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

nigra officier R.4 bas

Roger.

#### 368 The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Roger. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae fic churlish beast, Some other thing lyes heavier at my breast: I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night, That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how filly's this pretence
To ane wha you and a' your fecrets kens.
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-feen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, me your forrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true, And there is nairhing I'll keep up frae you. Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint; To speak but till her I dare hardly mint. In ilka place she jeers me air and late, And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate: But yesterday I met her yont a know, She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow. She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car, But gecks at me, and says I smell of Tar.

Patie. But Banldy looes not her, right well I wat, He fighs for Neps; — fae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna loo her — but in vain, I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain. My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd sair she strak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her sace she shaws a caultise scorn.
Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite;
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly she at her cusin spear'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie.

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#### A PASTORAL COMEDY. 369

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck? Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabit chuck. Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all hope, Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

Roger I needna mack sic speed my blood to spill,

I'll warrant death come foon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave off that filly whinging way, Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day. Hearhow I fery'd my lass I love as weel As ye do Fenny, and with heart as leel; Last morning I was gay and early out, Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about, I faw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee; I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw na me: For yet the fun was wading thro' the mift, And she was close upon me e'er she wist. Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw Her straight bare legs that whyter were than inaw. Her cockernony snooded up tou fleek, Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek; Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her Eyen fae clear; And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear, Neat, neat the was, in bustine waist coat clean. As the came skiffing o'er the dewy green. Blythsome, I cry'd, my bony Meg, come here, I ferly wherefore ye're fo foon afteer: But I can guels, ye're gawn to gather dew : She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you? Then fare ye weel, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like, I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke. I trow, when that she saw, within a crack, She came with a right thieveless errand backs Milcaw'd me first \_\_ than bad me hound my dog, To wear up three waff ews ftray'd on the bog. I leugh; and fae did the; then with great hafte I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;

RS;

About

#### 370 The GENTLE SHEPMERD.

About her yielding waist, and took a south
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul cam lowping to my lips.
Sair sair she slet wi' me tween ilka smack;
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood:
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with strae,

And let her figh when this too late.

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair-fa your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak,
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul! she made it sine;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet and green the fets, the borders blew:

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#### A PASTORAL COMEDY. 371

With spraings like gowd, and filler cross'd with black; I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind

Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, hald ye there \_\_\_\_\_ and fince ye've

frankly made

To me a present of your braw new plaid,

My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice

My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice. Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't; But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't. Now tak it out, and gie's a bony spring; For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks and a sheave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that alaird might please:
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have take the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and singt'ye like my sell. [Exeunt,

#### SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm between two verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel peobles, shining smooth and round,
Here view two barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love desends.
PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,

The filning day will bleech our linen clean;

The

#### 372 The GENTLE SHEPHER DE

The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew, Will make them like a fily wet with dew.

Peggy. Go farer up the burn to Habie's How,
Where a' that's fweet in fpring and fimmer grow:
Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin
The water fa's, and makes a fing and din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bordering grass.
We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash our fells — 'Tis healthfou now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say, Git our twa Herds come brattling down the brae, And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate Wad taunting say, haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of fight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our-lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with difdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,

A Herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.

He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a-rhought a-jee,
And spreads his garters die'd beneath his knee.

He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,
And sew gangs trigger to the kirk or fair,
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,

Except, How d'ye? ——— or, There's a bony day.

Peggy. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
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But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld, Wha like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld? Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat, That for some feckless whim will orp and greet : The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's paft, And fyne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast, Or scart anither's leavings at the last. Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

SANG III. Tune, Pelwart on the Green,

The dorty will repent,

If lover's heart grow cauld,

And nane her smiles will tent, Soon as her face looks auld:

The dawted Bairn thus takes the pet, Nor eats tho' bunger crave,

Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,

And's laught at by the lave. They jest it till the dinner's past,

Thus by it fell abus'd,

The fool thing is oblig'd to faft; Or eat what they've refus'd.

Jenny. I never thought a fingle life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I - but love in whifpers lets us ken,

That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsel, For fic a tale I never heard him telk

He glowts and fighs, and I can guess the canse, But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws. Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain, l'setell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that flav'ry like, and may be free;

The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

lut

Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind To be as yielding as my Paie's kind. I midle in w

Fenny. Heh Lass! how can ye loo that rattle-skull? A very deel, that ay maun hae his will.

374 The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

We'll foon hear tell what a poor feightan life You twa will lead, fae foon's ye're man and wife.

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear, But rather think ilk langiome day a year, 'Till I with pleasure mount my bridal bed, Where on my Patie's breaft I'll lean my head, There he may kits as lang as kiffing's good, And what we do, there's none dare call it rude. He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part To give him that, an he'll give me his heart.

Fenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraife, And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane : But foon as his newtangleness is gane. He'll look upon you as his tether stake, And think he's tint his freedom for your fake. Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte, Ae day be dumb, and a' the niest he'll flyte: And may be, in his barlicods ne'er flick To lend his loving wife a loundering lick. SANG IV. Tune, O dear mother, what shall I do?

O dear Peggy, lave's beguiting, We ought not to truft his fmiling; Better far to do as I do not ob agreement and Lest a harder luck beside you. Laffes when their fancy's carny'd, Think of nought but to be marry de Running to dlife deftroys on los o' ando s'saw 118 Heart some, free, and youthful joys.

Peggy. Sic coarfe-fpun thoughts as that want pith to Vike, oha may byom

My fettl'd mind, I'm o'er far game in love. Parre to me is dearer than my breath, 30 00 38 . . . . . . . But want of him I dread mae other skaith. Lair an ad of There's name of a' the Herds that tread the green Has fic a fmyle, or fic twa glancing center, look you A

And His Hov And llkd Her Heis l'd f Ina The Hist Ill n S H Th

> H You O'tis Syne Yelp

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#### APASTORAL COMEDY. 375

And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like musick throw my heart.
How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at little fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is — but what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
His better sense will hang his love secure:
Ill nature hess in sauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. Tune, How can I be sad on my, co.

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,

That has better sense than any of thae

Sour weak sitly sellows, that study like sools,

To sink their ain Joy, and make their wives snools.

The man who is prudent ne er lightlies his wife,

Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;

He praises her wirtue, and ne er will abuse

Her for a small failing, but sind an excuse.

Your witty Pate will put you in a fang.
O'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whindging gets about your ingle-fide,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's fick, ane scads it sell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither times his shoe.
The Deel ga'es o'er John Wobster: hame grows hell;
When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a handsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle edge young fprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sac happy, I shall have delight.
To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight.

Wow

#### 376 The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Wow Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee totstoolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at — their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kis?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when sove makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a', Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw. There little love or canty chear can come Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom : Your nowt may die \_\_\_ the spate may bear away Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay -The thick-blawn wreaths of fuaw, or blashy thows, May Imoor your wathers, and may rot your ews. A dyvor buies your butter, woo and cheefe, But or the day of payment breaks and flees. With glooman brow the laird feeks in his rent : Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent, His honour manna want, he poinds your gear: Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer? Dear Meg, be wife, and lead a fingle life : . Troth its nac mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May fic ill luck befa' that filly fhe
Wha has fic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and firive to do their beft;
Nae mair's requir'd: let heav'n make out the reft.
I've heard my honest uncle aften fay,
That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, fron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.

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#### A PASTORAL COMEDY. 377

A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due.

Syne a' behind's our ain; — thus without fear,
With love and rowth we throw the warld will steer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll blesthe day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglit on the green, With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een, Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg.

And her kend kiffes, hardly worth a feg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that \_\_\_ Dear Jenny, to be free, There's some men constanter in love than we: Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind Has bleft them with folidity of mind. as All A sale and They'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile. When our short passions wad our peace beguile: Sae, when loe'er they flight their maiks at hame. 'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame, Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art To keep him cheartu', and fecure his heart. At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill, I'll have a' things made ready to his will. In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain, A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane: And foon as he flings by his plaid and staff, The feething Por's be ready to tak aff. Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board. And serve him with the best we can afford. Good humour and white bigonets shall be, Guards to my face, to keep his love for me. ..

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,

And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find.

The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns

#### 378 The GENTLE SHEPHERD

Bairns and their bairns make fure a firmer tye.
Than aught in love the like of us can fpy.
See you two elms that grow up fide by fide:
Suppose them some years fyne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frac the eastlin blast,
That in return defends it frac the west.
Sic as stand single (a state saelyk'd by you!)
Beneathilk storm frac every airth mann bow.

Jenny. I've done \_\_ I yield, dear laffie, I maun yield, Your better Sense has fairly won the field,

With the Affiftance of a little fae, this and tilled soll

Lyes dern'd within my breaft this mony a day.

SANG VI. Tune, Nanfy's to the green wood gane.

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,

And there is not denying,

That sure as light stows fract be sun,

Fractove proceeds complying;

For a' that we can do or say

'Gainst love not thinker heeds us,

They be now hosims lodge the sac.

They ken our bosoms lodge the fac. That by the Heartstrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake! poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair, That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air: Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can, Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the sun-Is right far up, and we're no yet begun To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant: But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind; For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind. [Exeunt.

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ACT

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#### A PASTORAL COMEDY. 179

## ACTH. SCENEL

## PROLOGUE

A fing thack house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stand a barn, on that a bayer:
A peet-stack joins and forms a rural squair.
The house is Glaud's;—there you may see him lean,
And to his divet-seat invite his frien.

#### GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. GOOD MORROW, nibour Symon, \_\_\_\_

And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And fald your Crummosk, and her baffend quey.
I'll warrant ye've cofta pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. With a my heart; and tent me now, auld boy.

I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest 'till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like slaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Gland. Fy blaw! \_\_\_\_ An Symmie! railing chiels ne'er stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand, Whilk soon slies round like will-fire far and near: But loose your poke, be't true or faulse, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen.

Hab, that abroad has with our Master been,

Our brave good Master, wha right wisely sted,

And left a fair Estate to save his head,

Because ye ken sou well he bravely chose

To shine, or set in glory with Montrose.

ns.

T

Now

#### 380 The GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Now Cromwel's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk, Has plaid the Rumple a right flee begunk; Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune; And Habby says, we'll see fir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw, Tell o'er you news again! and Iwear til't a'.

And faw ye Hab! and what did Halbert fay?

They have been e'en a dreary time away.

Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,

And his effate, Iay, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane, Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again, And good fir William fall enjoy his ane.

SANG VII. Tune, Cald kale in Aber deen.

Cauld he the Rebels east,

Oppressors base and bloody,

I hope we'll see them at the last.

Strung a' up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth and sense,

And even high his station,

That bravely stands in the defence.

Of conscience, king and nation.

Glaud. And may be lang, for never did he stent.
Us in our thriving with a racker rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise.
Out mailens, when we par on Sunday's claiths.
Symon. Norwad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare,

Put on your bonnet, Symon \_\_\_\_\_ tak a leat\_\_\_\_\_\_ How's all at hame \_\_\_\_ How's Elspa? \_\_\_\_ How

does Kate?

How fells black cattle?

What gies woo this year?

And fic like kindly questions wad he spear.

Recaule ye keaton well he bravely shole DMAA, or let in glory with Mentrele.

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SANG VIII. Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byer.

The Laird who in riches and honour

Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,

Nor tack the poor tenants who labour

To rife aboon poverty:

Else like the pack-horse that's unsother'd

And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;

Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,

And rackers oft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his Butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome slame,
Asgar me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd sedear nibour will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day.
We'll send for Elspith too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger trae the height.
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,
Drink 'till they time the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth delign, Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:
For here yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
A furser of good cakes my Elips beuk,
And a large ham hangs reesting in the nook.
I saw my sell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meskle pot, that scads the whey, pur on,
A mutton bouk to boil;—and ane we'll roast;
And on the haggies Elips spares nae cost.
Small are they shorn; and she can mix son nice
The gusty ingans with a corn of spice.
Fat are the Puddings—Heads and seer well sung;
And we've invited nibours auld and young,

is

G

SCEME

To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our Master's health and welcome-hame.
Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring wi'ye all your family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant with you again.

But at your barquet I shall first appear.

But at your barquet I shall first appear.

Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,

"Till we forget that we are sail'd or auld.

Auld, said I!—Troth, I'm younger be a score

With this good news, than what I was before.

I'll dance or een! hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

Madge. The man's gain gyte! Dear Symon, Wel-

What wad ye, Gland, with a' this hafte and din?

Ye never let a body fit to fpin. Inc , boll van alloy li

Gland Spin! Souff! Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow, and more than the same to the

And fet the meiklest peet-stack in a low,

Syne dance about the bane fire till ye die,

Since now again we'll soon sir William see,

Madge. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald

Gland. What's that to you? \_\_\_ gae get my Sunday's

Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,
My whyt-skin hole, and mittans for my hands;
Then fracthe washing cry the bairns in haste,
And make ye'r fells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.
Syman Do honest Madge and, Gland, I'll o'er

the gate of his blue mode being and, I is one And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exeunt.

SCENE

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# SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field. \_\_ A cottage in a glen, An auth wife fpinning at the funny end .-At a small distance, by a blafted tree, With falded arms, and haff-rais'd look ye fee.

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ceunt.

ENE

#### BAULDY his lane.

Banldy. TATHAT's this! - I canna bear't! war than hell; To be fae burnt with love, yet darna tell! O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day, Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay: Blyther than lambs that frisk out-o'er the knows, Straighter than aught that in the forest grows: Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines: The lilly in her breaft its beauty tines. Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een, Will be my deid, that will be shortly seen! For Pateloes her, waes me! and the loes Pate; And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate, Made a daft vow! \_\_\_ O! but ane be a beaft. That makes rash aiths, 'till he's afore the priest. I darena speak my mind, elie a the three, But doubt, wad proveilk ane my enemy. 'Tis fair to thole\_ I'll try fome wirchcraft art, To brak with ane, and win the other's heart. Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for ima price, Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice. She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon; And mak the deils obedient to her crune. dand sool a At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards the raves, And howks uncriften'd weans out of their graves; on A Boils up their livers in a waglock's pow an agoing hel'W Rins wither hins about the humlock lew in sen stant 24 Low to.

And

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where Water popilan springs,
There sits a wife with wrinkle-front,
And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX. Tune, Carle and the King come.

MAUSE. PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,

Peggy, since the king's come:
Nae mair the hawkys shale thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for filk,
And he a lady of that ilk,

Now, Peggy, fince the king's come.

Bauldy. How does auld hopeft lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and rafh at threefcore ten.

Maufe. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the fun.
What brings my bairn this gate fac air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead,—to thresh, nae corn?

Bauldy.

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Bauldy. Enough of baith—But something that requires

Your helping hand employs now all my cares.

Maufe. My helping hand, alake! what can I do

That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wife, and wifer far than we, Or maift part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wildom think ye I'm possest,

That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Bauldy. Well vers'd in herbs and feafons of the moon,

By skilfu' charms'tis kend what ye have done.

Maufe. What fowk fay of me, Bauldy, let me hear;

Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'. That ilk ane talks about you, bot a flaw.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn.

When last the burn bore down my Mither's yarn,

When Brawny elfshoot never mair came hame;

When Tiki kirn'd and there no huser came.

When Tibi kirn'd and there nae butter came;

When Beffy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean

To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane.

When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,

And tint himsel amaist amang the snaw.

When Mungo's mear stood still, and swat with fright,

When he brought east the Howdy under night.

When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,

And Sara tint a fnood was nae mair feen;

You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,

And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;

And fae they may that mean to do ye skaith;

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:

But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please

You with a furlet of them mixt with peafe.

Maufe. I thank ye lad \_\_\_ now tell me your demand,

And, if I can, I'lllend my helping hand.

dy.

Manse. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right, Sae gang your ways, and come again at night; 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare, Worth all your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

Bundy. Well, Manje, I'll come, git I the road can

But if ye raise the Deet, he'll raise the wind; Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late, Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate. We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feast, O will ye come like badrans for a jest; And there ye can our different haviours spy; There's name shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. Tis like I may but let na on what's past Tween you and me, elle fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I aught of your fecrets e'er advance, May ye ride on me fika night to France. [Exit Bauldy. Mause. [her lane.] This fool imagines, as do mony fic,

That I'm a witch in compact with Aula Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the royal Charles, and right's restor'd.
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
The bony foundling that's brought up by Gland,
Wha has an uncle's cure on her bestow'd,
Herinfant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the Usurper, and her death design'd;

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To establish him and his in all these plains That by right heritage to her pertains. She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms Of too much value for a shepherd's arms. None knows't but me; -- and if the morn were come, I'll tell them tales will gar them all fing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE. Behind a tree upon the plain, Pate and his Peggy meet, In love without a vicious stain, The bonny lass and chearfu' frain Change vows and kiffes (weet.

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To

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE, let me gang, I maunna ftay; We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny The's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part fae foon; now we're alane, And Roger he's away with Jenny gane; They're as content, for aught I hear or fee, To be alane themselves, I judge, as we. Here, where primrofes thickest paint the green, Hard by this little burnie let us lean. Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads, How faft the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds.

Peggy. The scented meadows birds and healthy breeze,

For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy pleafe. Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind; In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind. Gif I could fancy aught's fae fweet or fair As my fweet Meg, or worthy of my care. Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier, Thy cheek and breaft the fineft flow'rs appear. Thy words excel the maift delightfu' notes, That warble through the merle or mayis' throtes.

#### 388 The GENTLESHEPHER B.

With the I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field, Or ripest berries that our mountains yield, The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree, Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech, And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach. I darna stay,——ye joker, let me gang, Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

Peggy. Then keep your aith. ——But mony lade will swear,

And be mansworn to twa in half a year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if another lass your heart shou'd steel,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna sear, Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a year, I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang, Or lisp our words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand, Aft to the tansy-know or rashy strand; Thou smiling by my side———— I took delyte To pouthe rashes green, with roots sae whyte, Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd, For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade with shepherds to the

And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill, To bear a leglen was nae toil to me, When at the bought at ev'n I met with thee,

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SANG X. Tune, Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin.

PEGGY.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill, And I at ow-milking first seyd my young skill, To bear the milk-bowie, no pain was to me, When I at the boughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-bells Bloom'd bonny on moorland and fweet rifing fells, Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me, If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY

When shouran, or wrestled, or putted the stane, And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain: Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me; For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings safily the cowdon broom-knows, And Rosie lilts swiftly the milking the ews; There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing, At throw the wood laddie, bess gars our lugs ring: But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill, The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill, 'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me; For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eafy can lasses trow what they desire? And praises sae kindly increases love's fire; Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be To make my self better and sweeter for thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether bells

Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rifing fells, Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me; Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee,

S

Peggy

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or put that stane,

And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain: At all these sports thou still gave joy to me; For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Patie. Jenny sings salt the Broom of Cowdon Knows,
And Rose lilts the Milking of the Ews;
There's nane, like Nansie, Jenny Nettles sings:
At turns in Maggy Lawder, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings with sweeter skill
The Boatman, or the Lass of Patie's Mill;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what we desire, And roos'd, by them we love, blaws up that fire: But wha loves best, let time and carriage try; Be constant, and my love shall time defy. Be still as now, and a' my care shall be, How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Parie, Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave.
At naught they'll farley——femfelets tales believe,
Be blyth for filly hechts, for trifles grieve——
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true,
But thou in better tenfe, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed; --- but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us flay.

Patie. And let them terly now a kindly kifs,
Or five core good anes wad not be a-mifs;
And fyne we'll fing the fong with tunefu'glee,
That I made up laft owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, fyne claim your hyre.

Patie. - Well I agree.

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SANG XI. To its own Tune.

PATIE [fings.]

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,

And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,

I guess, my lasse, that as well as I,

Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY [fings.]

But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but bard and sowr.

PATIE [fings.]

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree, Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye. Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear, And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haf-year.

PEGGY [fings, falling into Patie's arms.]

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I sa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE [with his left hand about her waist.]
O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kis my treasure a' the live-lang day,
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun gallop down the mestlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rife;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day;
And if you're meary'd, bonest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[Let down the curtain, and let them kifs.

ACT

#### ACT III. SCENE I.

#### PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond you foreading lyme,
And tent a man whase beard seems bleech'd with time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedler been:
But whilsht it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal suffer moves
Throw his auld av'news, anes delightsu' groves.

#### Sir WILLIAM folus.

HE Gentleman, thus hid in low disguise, I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain, Which once I loft, which now are mine again, Yet, 'midft my joys, some prospects pain renew, Whilst I my once fair feat in ruins view. Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands, Without a roof, the gates faln from their bands; The casements all broke down, no chimney lett, The naked walls of tap'ftry all bereft. My stables and pavilions, broken walls! That with each rainy blaft decaying falls. My gardens once adorn'd the most compleat With all that nature, all that art makes fweet: Where round the figur'd green and peeble walks; The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks : But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier, No faccacinths or Eglantines appear. How fail'd and broke's the rifing ample shade, Where Peach and Ned'rine trees their branches spred, Basking in rays, and early did produce Fruit fair to view, delightful in the ufe;

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All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie, And from what stands the wither'd branches fly. These soon shall be repair'd; and now my joy Forbids all grief, when I'm to fee my BOY, My only prop, and object of my care, Since heaven too foon call'd home his mother fair: Him, e'er the rays of reason clear'd his thought, I fecretly to faithful Symon brought, And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth, Till we should see what changing times brought forth. Hid from himfelf, he starts up by the dawn, And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn, After his fleecy charge ferenely gay, With other shepherds whistling o'er the day. Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free: Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully A calm, contented mortal, spends his time In health, his foul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII. Tune, Happy Clown. Hid from himfelf, now by the dawn He starts as fresh as roses blawn, And ranges o'er the heights and lawn, After his bleeting flocks. Healthful, andinnocently gay, He chants and whiftles out the day; Untaught to fmile, and then betray, Like courtly weathercocks. Life happy from ambition free, Envy and vile bypocrifie, When truth and love with joy agree, Unfullied with a crime: Unmov'd with what disturbs the great, In propping of their pride and state, He lives, and unafraid of fate, Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symen's house I'll bend my way, And see what makes you gamboling to day, All on the green in a fair wanton ring, My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.

#### SCENE IL

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in, And visfy't round and round, There's nought superst'ous to give pain, Or costly to be found.

Yet all is clean: A clear peat ingle Glances amidft the floor;

The green born spoons, beech-luggies mingle On shelfs foregainst the door.

While the young brood foors on the green, The auld anes think it best,

With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their reft.
SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gland. W E anes were young our fells \_\_\_ I like

The bairns bob round with other merrylie,
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade,
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elspa. Poor man! \_\_\_\_\_ he's a great comfort to us baith;

God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith. He is a bairn, I'll fay't, well worth our care, That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane, He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane, And troth, my Niece is a right dainty wean, As

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As ye wellken; a bonnyer needna be,

Nor better be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,

My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch; And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,

I'd rather be mixt with the mools my fell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have, there's nane I'm

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor: But gif the laffie marry to my mind, I'll be to her as my ane Jenny kind; Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn, Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn, I'll gie to Peggy that day fhe's a bride; By and attour, if my good luck abide, Ten lambs, at spaining time, as lang's I live, And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer

What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,

That our denial difna flight his bairn.

come gi's the other Glaud. Well nae mair o't,bend,

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Symon. But will ye tell me, Gland by some

Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid Down at your hallon fide, ae morn in May,

Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clattern Madge, my titty, tells fic flaws, Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter TENNY.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green, The fellest fortune-teller e'er was feen:

He tents our loofs, and fyne whoops out a book, Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look: Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard, His head is gray, and long and gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can fay,

Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

[Exit Jenny.

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But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spac-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt, For greater liars never ran thereout. [Returns Jenny,

bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle---here, take a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.

Glaud. [drinks.] Come, t'ye, friend—— How sar

cam ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:

Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang, Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,

And take sie bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir Will. That's kind, unfought-well, gin ye have

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,

I shall employ the farthest of my skill

To space it taithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [pointing to Patie] Only that lad——alack
I have not mae.

Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's fee your hand \_\_\_\_ what gars ye ineer?

Parie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.
Sir Will. Ye cut before the point—But Billy byde,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elfpa. Betootch-us-to! and well I wat that's true,

Awa, awa, the deel's owre grit wi' you.

Four

Four inchaneath his oxter is the mark, Scarce ever seen since first he wore a sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd. But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird! — Hear ye, goodman — what think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken! ftrange auld man, what art thou?

Fairfa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth, Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[Patie's health gaes round.

Patie. A laird of twa good whiftles, and a kent,
Twa curs my trufty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate—and like to be
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.
Symon. Whisht, Patie—let the man look owre your hand,

Aftymes as broken a ship has come to land.

[Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.]

Elspa. Preserve's !-- the man's a warlock, or possest With some nae good, or second sight at least,

Where is he now ?\_\_\_\_

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Glaud. ——He's feeing a' that's done In ilka place, beneath or yout the moon,

Symon. He'll foongrow better, Elspa haste ye gae And fill him up a tass of Usquebae.

Sir Will. [farts up and speaks.]

"A Knight that for a LYON fought

Against a herd of bears,

- "Was tollang toil and trouble brought,
  "In which fome thousands theres:
- "But now again the LYON rares,
  "And joy spreads o'er the plain,
- "The LYON has defeat the bears,
  "The Knight returns again.
- The Knight in a few days shall bring
  A shepherd frac the fauld;
- " And shall present him to the king,
- " A subject true and bauld.

  " He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd...
  - " All you that hear me now,
- " May well believe what I have tald,
  " For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your spacing happen soon and weel.

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel, To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep,

Or do you get them tald you in your sleep.

Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,

That all I prophefy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophefying fowks are odd kind men! They're here that ken, and here that difna ken The wimpled meaning of your unko tale, Whilk foon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma's port to hear how sym believes, And taks't for gospel what the spac-man gives Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate: But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whisht! doubtsu' carle, for e'er the sim
Hasdriven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud.

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Glaud, Well, be't lae, friend, I hall lay naithing

But I have two fonly lasses young and fair, Plump ripe for men: I wish ye could to refee Sic tortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair through decrets can I fift,

Till darknels black the bent,
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

Symon. Elfpa, cast on the claith, setch but some meat, And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat. Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care, I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair Around you ruin'd tower, to setch a walk

With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire—
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;

We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,

Syne sup together, and tak your pint, and crack.

Gland. I'll out a space, and see the young anes play, My heart's still light, abeit my locks be gray. [Exemps. S C E N E III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,

Young Roger draps the rest,

To whisper out his melting slame,

And thow his lasse's breast.

Behind a bush, will hid frae sight they meet,

See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. D E A R Jenny, I wad speak t'ye wad ye let,
And yet I ergh ye'r ay sae scorntu' set.
Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak;

Am I oblig'd to guess what ye'r to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess, right eithfor what I grein, Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een:

And

And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn, Ye're never frae my thought baith even and morn. Ah! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be, But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?

Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye nay.

Roger. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail, Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale, For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I, Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. Hoo my father, cusin Meg I love; But to this day, nae man my heart could move; Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me; And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny,—fayna that again, What pleafure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free,
What kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity elle, to lee you sir On that whilk makes our sweetness soon foryer. Wow! but we're bony, good, and every thing! How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing! But we're nae sooner fools to give consent. Than we our dassine, and tint power repent: When prison'd in four waws a wife right tame, Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when for take of gear, Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:

Or when dull parents bairns together bind

Of different tempers, that canne'er prove kind.

But love, true downright love, engages me,

(Tho' thou should scorn), still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What fuggard words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've feen with shining fair the morning rife,
And foon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies,

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I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear, And soon in mostly puddles disappear. The bridegroom may rejoyce, the bride may smile; But soon contentions a' their joys beguile,

Roger. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day unclouded, fink in calmest night.
I've seen the spring run wimpling throw the plain,
Increase and join the ocean, without stain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoyce throw life, and all your fears beguile.

SANG XIII. Tune, Leith-Wynd.

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sale true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.
I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline!
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny thensae kind?
Olet me briss thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought, we'll never part!

Delytful thought, we'll never part!

Come press thy mouth to mine.

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang wou'd love maintain,

The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
For I maunown, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy!had my head!-This gush of pleasure's like to be my deid. Come

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Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd With wondering love! let's kiss till we be tyr'd. Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away, And serly at the quick return of day!

O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine
And bristhy bony breasts and lips to mine.

Jenny. With equal joy my safter heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.
Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come, Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb; There shall not be a kyndlier dawted wife, If you agree with me to lead your life.

Get his consent,—he'll hardly say ye nay.

Ye have what will commend ye to him well,

Auld fowks like them that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV. Tune, O'er Bogie.

Well, I agree, ye're fure of me;

Next to my father gae:

Make him content to give confent,

He'll hardly say you nay:

For ye have what he wad he at,

And will commend you well,

Since parents auld think love grows cauld

Where hairns want milk and meal.

Should be dony, I care na by,

He'd contradict in vain.

Tho' a' my kin had faid and fworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen fortow nowt,
As mony newcal in my bayers row:

Five pack of Woo I can at Lammass tell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee.
And had I fifty times as mickle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love and all is yours, now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best, but see wha gangs this way,

Patie and Meg — besides I maunua stay;

Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,

If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Roger. To where the faugh-tree shades the mennia-

I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool;

Keep tryft, and meet me there, there let us meet,

To kiss and tell our loves; there's nought see sweet.

#### SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the Knight and Sim,
Within a Galery of the place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the baron shown his face;
But joking with his Shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens su' well.
Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will. To whom belongs this house, so much de-

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid, To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail Against the laws of nature did prevail.

Sir

Sir William Worthy is our master's name, Wha fills us all with joy, now He's come hame.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William draps his masking heard; Symon, transported, sees The welcome knight, with fond regard, And grasps him round the knees.

My master! my dear master!—do I breath!
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants sight!
To bless his SON, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir Will. Rife, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy.

A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:

I came to view thy care in this difguile,

And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wife;

Since still the fecret thou st fecurely feal'd,

And ever to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command Was the first lock—neist my ane judgment fand Out reason's plenty—Since, without estate, A youth, the sprung frackings, looks baugh and blate. Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time, 'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,

Hang on their friends—which gi'es their fauls a cast, That turns them downright beggars at the last.

For there's laird Kyt e's son, that's loo'd by sew.

His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debts, wha's sae unjust
To his ane fam'lie as to give him trust.

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Sir Will. Such useless branches of a common-wealth Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health. Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run O'er all your observations on my son; A parent's fondness easily finds excuse, But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day Wad be owre short—cou'd I them right display. In word and deed he can sae well behave, That out of sight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,

Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best,
And his decree stands good—he'll gar it stand:
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand,
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleases \_\_\_ my good friend, proceed:

What learning has he? can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the school enough of lair;
And he delyts in books—He reads and speaks
With sowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.
Sir Will. Where gets he books to read—and of what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our Sheep to Edenburgh

He buys some Books of History, sangs or sport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakespear and a samous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
How sweetly Hawthrenden and Sterling sing,
And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.

I fometimes thought, that he made o'er great frase
About fine poems, histories and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes——a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.
Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my
ear,

When fuch accounts I of my shepherd hear: Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae sindle look, Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
When we a least or twa haf read, haf spell, 'Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our sell.

Sir Will. Well jested, Symon, but one question

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age, when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has no young lassie, with inviting mein
And rose cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest part, 'Till late I saw him two three times mair sweet (With Glaud's fair Niece) than I thought right or meet. I had my fears; but now have nought to fear, a Since like your self, your son will soon appear, A gentleman enrich'd with all these charms, May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir Will. This night must end his unambitious fire, When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire. Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me, None but your self shall our first meeting see. Yonder's my horse and servant nigh at hand, They come just at the time I gave command: Straight in my own apparel I'llgo dress; Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon.

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Symon. With how much joy I on this errand flee, There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[Exit Symon.

Sir William folus. Whene'er th' event of hopes Success appears,

One happy hour cancels the toil of years.

A thouland toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustick business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick foon remove.
To courts and camps that may his soul improve:

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine.
Only in little breakings thews its light,
'Till artful polithing has made it thine:
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. Tune, Wat ye wha I met yestreen.

and a translation go are trained list

Now from rusticity and love,

Whose stames but over lowly burn,

My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,

His soul must take another turn:

As the rough diamond, from the mine,

In breakings only shews its light,

"Till polishing has made it shine,

Thus learning makes the genius bright.

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#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

#### PROLOGUE.

The Scene describ'd in former page, Glaud's onset—Enter Mause and Madge.

Mause. OUR laird come hame! and owns young

That's news indeed !\_\_\_\_\_

Madge. ——As true as ye ftand there.

As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard,
Five nives in length, and white as driven fnaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, Had ye merry a'.

We ferly'd mickle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.
As we ftood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

Mause. Then fure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof, Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Madge. As fast as sleas skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk slee tod Lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backwards in a pool:
In short he did for Pate braw things foretel,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome master; \_\_\_\_\_\_\_round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for \_\_\_\_\_\_ happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,

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To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell, Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell. Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae, wha kens, and may be no.

To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain; Even kings has tane a queen out of the plain, And what has been before, may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher-

good,

To

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood: Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be; But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate for fakes, Bauldy the may gain, Yonder he comes, and wow!

Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her! flaverin doof! it fets him well To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil! Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he; And so wad I: but whisht! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY [finging.]

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't, Ne'er a sit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good; For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee, E'ens ye like quoth Jocky, ye may let it be. Madge. Well liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang. Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

Ings again.

I have gowd and gear, I have land enough,

I have feven good owsen ganging in a pleugh;

Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,

And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha' house, a harn and a hayer, A peasstack' fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire; I'll make a rantin fire, and merry sall we be, And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

T

Jenny

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell, Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my sell; Ye're a bony lad, and I'm a lassie free; Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

I trow fae, lasses will come to at last, Tho' for awhile they maun their snaw baws cast. Mause. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?

Bauldy. \_\_\_ Faith unco right :

I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this night.

Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult task.

Poor bony Peggy, wha maun think nae mair On Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me, I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;

Less wilful, and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn, Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn. Fy Bauldy blush, and vows of love regard; What other lass will trow a mansworn herd; The curse of heaven hings ay about their heads, That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate, Nor will she be advis'd sou well I wate.

Bauldy Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest; Yeleed, auld roudes,—and in a faith had best Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand With a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabit brock, Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock, And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,

Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out-o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Maule, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn,———— I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bony names, And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims. Yes

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Flees to his hair like a fury Ye filthy dog!\_ - A stout battle - Maule endeavours to redd them. Mause. Let gang your grips, fy Madge! howt Bauldy leen, I wadna wish this tuilzie had been seen; 'Tis fae daft like .-[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches, with a bleeding nofe.] Madge. \_\_\_\_ Tis dafter-like to thole An ether-cap like him, to blaw the coal. It fets him well with vile unfcrapit tongue, To cast up whether I be auld or young; They're aulder yet than I have married been, And, or they died, their bairns bairns have feen. Maufe. That's true, and Bauldy ye was far to blame, To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name. Bauldy. My lugs, my nofe, and noddle finds the fame. Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye. Mause. Howt no ; \_\_\_ ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy: Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae: Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I fee the lad looks wae. Bauldy. In troth now Mause, I have at Madge nae fpite; But she abusing first was a' the wyte Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave My pardon first, and shall acquittance have. Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat. Gae, or be blafted in your health and gear, Till ye learn to perform as well as fwear, Vow and lowp back! --- was e'er the like heard tell? Swith tak him deel, he's owre lang out of hell. Bauldy. [running off.] His presence be about us! Curst were he That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

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Exit Bauldy.

Madge

k,

Madge. [laughing.] I think I have towzled his harigalds a-wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me. He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause Ye towin'd him tightly, \_\_\_ I commend ve for't,

Madge. A Witch! how had ye patience this to bear,

And leave him een to see, or luggs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,

Obliges folk refentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply:
Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sportwe'll have as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
A linnen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.
We'll sleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lasse wrang.

Mause. Then let us go, for see, 'tis hard on night,
The westlin cloud shines with the setting light. [Exeunt.
S C E N E II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough, And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,

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While good Sir William is to rest retir'd, The gentle shepherd, tenderly inspir'd, Walks throw the broom with Roger ever-leel, To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.

Roger. W O W! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowns light;

O Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle-fowk are farrer feen than we,
That nathing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—Iweet—and nae mair fcorn.
I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again,
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

SANG XVI. Tune, Kirk wad let me be.

Duty and part of reason,

Plead strong on the parents side,

Which love superior calls treason,

The strongest must be obey'd:

For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,

My constancy falshood repels;

For change in my beart is no entry,

Still there my dear Peggy excels.

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Patie. I'm glad to hear't -- But O my change this day, Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm fometimes wae. I've found a father, gently kind as brave, And an estate that lifts me boon the lave. With looks all kindness, words that love confest: He all the father to my foul exprest, While close he had me to his manly breast. Such were the eyes, he faid, thus smil'd the mouth Of thy lov'd mother, bleffing of my youth! Who fet too foon! - And while he praise bestow'd, Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd. My new-born joys, and this his tender tale, Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail. That speechless lang, my late ken'd Sire I view'd, While-gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd. Unusual

Unusual transports made my heart turn round,
Whilst I my self with rising raptures found,
The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
But he has heard,—too taithful Symon's fear!
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids,—ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise you, troth I'm at a stand: But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Patie. Duty and haften reason plead his cause: But love rebels against all bounding laws; Fixt in my soul the shepherdess excels, And part of my new happiness repels.

Roger. Enjoy them baith, --- Sir William will be won: Your Peggy's bonny, \_\_\_\_\_ you're his only fon.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love, And frae these bands nae fate my mind shall move. I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true, But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and your sell to stay
Amang us here, \_\_\_ or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Patie. To Edenburgh straight to-morrow we advance.

To London neift, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,.
And twa three other monkey-tricks;—That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some tew bags of cash, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Roger.

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Roger. They who have just enough can soundly sleep,
The owrecome only fashes sowk to keep.

Good master Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought, at night's the same:

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure

Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content, When we but pike it scantly on the bent: Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine, Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine, Submissive servants, honour, wealth and ease, Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amifs,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their blifs:
The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour:
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with souk owrelaid with ease,
While o'er the moor the shepherd with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

Roger. Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and it delights My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights. How gat ye a' that fense I sain wad lear, That I may easier disappointments bear.

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,

These best can teach what's real good and ill: Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese, To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy: Faith I'se hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky: But now let's hear how you're design'd to move Between Sir William's will and Piggy's love.

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Patie. Then here it lies--his will maun be obey'd, My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride: But I some time this last design maun hide. Keep you the secret close, and leave me here, I sent for Pegy, yonder comes my dear.

Roger. And proud of being your secretary, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy. [Exit Roger.
Patie. [folus.] With what a struggle must I now im-

My father's will to her that hads my heart:

I ken she loves, and her saft soul will sink,

While it stands trembling on the hated brink

Of disappointment—heav'n support my fair,

And let her comfort claim your tender care,

Her eyes are red———

[Enter Peggy.

My Peggy why in tears?

Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:

Tho' I'm nae mair a thepherd, yet I'm thine.

SANG XVII. Tune, Waes my heart that we should funder.

PEGGY. Speak on, Speak thus, and still my grief, Hold up a heart that's sinking under These fears, that soon will want relief, When Pate must from his Peggy funder. A gentler face and filk attire, A lady rich in beauty's blossom, Alake poor me! will now conspire, To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom. No more the hepherd who excell'd The rest, whose wit made them to wonder, Shall now his Peggy's praises tell, Ah! I can die, but never sunder. Te meadows where we often stray'd, Ye banks where we were wont to wander; Sweet-scentedrucks round which we play'd, Yon'll lofe your sweets when we're asunder.

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Again ah! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should st prove a wand'ring lover,
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

I dare not think fae high—I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain fee frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falshood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous, leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.

SANG XVIII. Tune, TWEED-SIDE.

PEGGY. When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will su't for thy sake.
Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay;
And my soul keep him ever in sight.
With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,

While

So lock thee for ay in those arms.

Whilft thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd No higher degree in this life; But now I'll endeavour to rije To a height is becoming thy wise.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must sade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair sire of love;
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

Speak on! \_\_ fpeak ever thus, and still my grief, But short I dare to hope the fond relief. New thoughts a gentler face will foon inspire, That with nice airs swims round in filk attire; Then I! poor me !- with fighs may ban my fate, When the young laird's nae mair my heartfome Pate. Nae mair again to hear fweet tales exprest, By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest: Nae mair be envied by the tatling gang, When Parie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or fang: Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play! And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay, As afrimes I have fled from thee right fain, And tawn on purpose that I might be tane. Nae mair around the Foggy-know I'll creep, To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep. But hear my vow\_\_\_\_'twill help to give me eafe, May fudden death, or deadly fair difea'e, And warst of ills attend my wretched life, If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Patie. Sure heaven approves—and be affur'd of me, I'll ne'er gang back of what I've fworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;

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Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love,
If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
To sic as have the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear my love fae kind;
When hopes were funk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy generous thoughts will save thy heart for me.
With patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night, 'till my day star appear:
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud,—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk school,
Where I may manners learn—

Patie. That's wifely faid,
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,
Yet now, lest in our station we oftend,
We must learn modes, to innocence unkend;
Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state:
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the sashion, when we're blyth, seem wae:
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be What I am still—but I'll be ought with thee. Patie. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest With gentry's apes; for still amangs the best,

Good

Good manners give integrity a bleeze,

When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expense,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;

Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'lling does improve, Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love:
But soon as I've shook off my landwart cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

SANG XIX. Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.

PEGGY. At setting day and rising morn, With foul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of heaven thy safe return, With all that can improve thee. I'll visit oft the bicken-bush, Where first thou kindly told me Sweet tales of love, and hid my blufh, Whilft round thou didft enfold me. To all our haunts I will repair, By greenwood-shaw or fountain; Or where the summer-day I'd share With thee, upon you mountain. There will I tell the trees and flow'rs, From thoughts unfeign'd and tender; By wows you're mine, by love is yours A heart which cannot wander.

With every fetting day, and rifing morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, and ask thy fafe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler-brae,
Where att we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
And to the Hiffel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy that they'll bear witness I am your yours.

Patie.

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Patie. My dear allow me frae thy temples fair A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair, Which, as a sample of each lovely charm, I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were ilka hair that appertains to me Worth an estate, they all belong to thee: My sheers are ready, take what you demand, And aught what love with virtue may command.

Patie. Nae mair I'll ask; but fince we've little time, To ware't on words, wad border on a crime, Love's fafter meaning better is exprest, When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

## PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest, And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest: Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat, See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

Symon. WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this filent hour, When nature nods beneath the drowfy power.

Far to the North the scant approaching light Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night. What gars ye shake, and glowre and look sae wan? Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale, My head's grown giddy,—legs with shaking fail; I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane: Alake! I'll never be my sell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.

Symon. What ails thee, gowk!---to make saeloud ado.

You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed,

He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his tred.

Enter

Sir Will. How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?

Symon, you're very tymously afteer.

Symon. I'm forry, sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist.

Bauldy. O! ay-dear fir, in troth'tis very true,

And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Will. [ smiling.] I lang to hear't ----Bauldy. \_\_\_ Ah! fir, the witch caw'd Mause, That wins aboon the mill amang the haws, First promis'd that she'd help me with her art, To gain a bonny thrawart laffie's heart: As the had tryfted, I met wi'er this night, But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright! For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good, (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!) Rais'd up a ghaist, or deel, I kenna whilk, Like a dead coarse in sheet as white as milk. Black hands it had, and face as wan as death, Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith. Lows'd down my breeks, while I like a great fool, Was labour'd as I wont to be at school. My heart out of its hool was like to lowp, I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope, 'Till, with an elritch laugh they vanish'd quite; Syne I haf dead with anger, tear and spite, Crapup, and fled straight frae them, fir, to you, Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due. I'm fure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt. 'Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

Sir Will. Well Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be, Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour, foon shall I obey, But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,

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To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel, And cast her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[Exit Bauldy.

Sir Will. Troth Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaift have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is, throw want of education, blind!
Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing,

As witches raising deels up throw a ring, Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell, Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amonst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoyc'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawiy, Badrans, or a Sow;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaffs ride,
Or in the egg-shell skim out-o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies feem the most absurd to me.

Symon, 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch Had either meikle fense, or yet was rich:
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wise,
And lives a quiet and very honest life.
That gars me think this hobleshew that's past
Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm fure it will; —but see increasing light Commands the imps of darkness down to night: Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare, Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. Tune, Bony gray-ey'd morn. The bony gray-ey'd morning begins to peep, · And darkness flies before the rising ray, The hearty bynd starts from his lazy fleep, To follow healthful labours of the day, Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow, The lark and the linnet tend his levee, And he joins their concert, driving the plow, From toil of grimace and pageantry free. While flufter'd with wine, or madden'd with lofs Of half an estate, the prey of a main, The drunkard and gamester tumble and tos, Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain. Be my portion, health and quietness of mind, Plac'd at due distance from parties and state, Where neither ambition nor avarice blind, Reach him who has happines link'd to his fate.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her befom fair,
With a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair,
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines mosty throw the reek.
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

Gland. I Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night, Ye do not use so soon to see the light;

Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang, To take your leave of *Patrick* or he gang: But, do ye think, that now when he's a laird, That he poor landwart lasses will regard.

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure, He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor: But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug, And kiss'd my cusin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud.

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Gland. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life:
But now grown gentle, soon he will for sake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake, what's that?

fure if it means ought ill,

He'll ne'er be't, else I have tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good, and gentle's uncorare:
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name;
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they have had the clap;
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith slush'd,

Syne mak yea' their jest when ye're debauch'd. Be warry then I say, and never ge'e Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's vertuous, and of gentle blood; And may not Patrick too, like him, be good.

As they are wifer, better are than we;
But thinner fawn; they're fae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That saws the gate to heaven;—I've heard my fell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, fin and hell.

fenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd, Sure him that doubts a doomfday, doubts a god.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear, but curfe, debauch, and drink: But I'm no faying this, as if I thought That Patrick to fic gates will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The lord forbid!---Na, he kens better things:
But here comes Aunt, her face some ferly brings.

Enter

Enter Madge.

Madge. Hast, hast ye, we're a' sent for owre the gate,

To hear, and help to red some odd debate
"Tween Mause and Bauldy, bout some witchcrast spell
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsel.

Glaud. Lend me my staff, \_\_\_\_ Madge, lock the outer-door,

And bring the lasses wi'ye, I'll step before.

[Exit Glaud.

Sir

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Madge. Poor Meg! Look Jenny, was the like e'er feen,

How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strute a gentle spark at Edenburgh cross,
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain
For a nice sword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay:
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle amang the beauties clad in filk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
And take what god will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy Dear and what needs we sale us wi' your

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your

That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born,
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
It he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bony story trouth!—But we delay; Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[Excunt.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maule
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the tawz
Was handled by rever fu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

Sir Will. A ND was that all? - well, Archbald, yo

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.

Was it so small a matter to desame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd.
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,

And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

E

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,

I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to feek the deel;
Yet with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's both a slee and revengesu'—
And that my Some-place finds;—but I had best
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the Ghaist,
And the young bony Witch, whase rose cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir Will. [looking at Peggy.] Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a levely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes? what this I find
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.

Such

Such were the features once adorn'd a face, Which death too foon depriv'd of sweetest grace. Is this your daughter, Gland-Glaud. \_\_Sir, she's my niece\_\_\_ And yet the's not but I thou'd had my peace. . Sig Will. This is a contradiction, what d'ye mean? She is, and she is not ! pray, Gland, explain. Glaud. Because I doubt, in should mak appear What I have kept a secret thirteen year. Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. Sir Will. Speak foon, I'm all impatience!\_\_\_ Patie. - Soam !! For much I hope, and hardly yet know why. Glaud. Then fince my master orders, lobey-This bony fundling, ae clear morn of May, Closs by the lee-side of my door I found, All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round, In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make. What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forfake? Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair, Sae helpless young; for the appear'd to me, Only about twa towmands auld to be. I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd With fic a look, wad made a favage mild. I hid the story, she has pass'd fincelyne; As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine: Nor do I rue my care about the wean, For she's well worth the pains that I have tane. Ye see she's bony, I can swear she's good, And am right fure she's come of gentle blood; Of whom I kenna \_\_\_ naithing ken I mair, Than what I to your honour now declare. Sir Will. This tale feems frange! -Patie. \_\_\_ The tale delights my ear! Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth Mauje appear.

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Sir

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Mause. That be my task—now, fir, bid all be hush.

Peggy may smile—Thou hast no cause to blush.

Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth give way;

That I may now Sir William Worthy name

The best and nearest parent she can claim.

He saw't at first, and with quick eyes did trace

His sister's beauties in his daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman do not rave \_\_\_\_ prove what you fay;

'Tis dang'rous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, sir, can an old woman have To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave? But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant, I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The flory's odd!---we wish we heard it out— Sir Will. Mak haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

[Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.]

Mause. Sir, view me well, has fifteen years so plow'd

A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,

That here I as an unknown stranger stand

Who nurs'd her mother, that now holds my hand?

Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha honest nurse! where were my eyes before,

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more; Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind, Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[Sir Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her fit by him. Sir Will. Yes furely thou'rt my niece, truth much prevail?

But no more words, till Manse relate her tale.

Patie. Good nurse dispatch thy story wing'd with blisses,

That I may give my cufin fifty kiffes.

rh

410

Maufe.

Maufe. Then it was I that fav'd her infant-life, Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife, The story's lang; but I the fecret knew. How they pursu'd with avaricious view Her rich estate, of which they're now possest : All this to me a confident confest. I heard with horror, and with trembling dread, They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed. That very night, when all were funk in rest. At midnight-hour the floor I faftly prest, And flaw the fleeping innocent away. With whom I travell'd some few miles e'er day. All day I hid me, - when the day was done, I kept my journey, lighted by the moon, 'Till east-ward fitty miles I reach'd these plains, Where needful plenty glads your chearful (wains, Then fear of being found out, I, to secure My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door, And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I Whate'er should happen to her, might be by. Here, honest Glaud himsel, and Symon may Remember well how I that very day Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud, [With tears of joy happing down his beard.]
I well remember't: LOR D reward your love:
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt, -- my joys are full, With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love furvey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms:

She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my

care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,

Equal

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Even I

Equal with Patrick, now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir Will.

Patie. With as much joy this bleffing I receive,

As age wad life that's finking in a wave.

Sir Will. raises them.] I give you both my bleffing, may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are compleat,---my joys atife, While I'm has dizzy with the blest surprise; And am I then a match for my ain lad, That for me so much generous kindness had? Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains, Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be, We'll only crave what you shall please to gie; Th' estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an estate Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate: For his fake only I'll ay thankful bow, For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day! I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away. Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare A dinner for ye of hale country fare. See how much joy unwrinkles every brow. Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you: Even Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot Fell Madge's tawz, and pawky Mause's plot.

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ial

Sig

Sir Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!

I never from these fields again will stray;

Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,

And busy gardners shall new planting rear:

My father's hearty table you soon shall see

Restor'd, and my best friends resoice with me.

Suman. That's the best news I heard this twenty year

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year! New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir William lang, To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to fing? What shepherd's whistle winna like the spring?

Bauldy. I'm friends with Mauje, with very Madge.
I'm 'greed,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid; I'm now tu' blyth, and frankly can torgive, To join and fing, Lang may Sir William live.

Madge. Lang may he live; - and, Archbald, learnto steek

Your gab a-wee, and think before ye speak, And never ca' her auld, that wants a man, Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban. This day I'll with the youngest of ye rant, And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt Of our young lady,—my dear bony bairn!

Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn:

And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be

For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day

Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To taithful Symon, and, kind Gland, to

you,
And to your Heirs I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye posses, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

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Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.
Omnes. The LORD of heaven return your honour's
love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your bleffings roove.

Patie, [presenting Roger to Sir William.]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd

My bosom secrets, e'er I was a laird,

Glaud's daughter fanet (fenny thinks nae shame)

Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's slame:

Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,

And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;

Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,

That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let

Sir Will. My fon's demand is fair Gland, let

That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gland, You croud your bounties, Sir, what can we fay,

But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make,

Please him, be saithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good a-speaking a' my days, Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise.

But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life,

Sir Will. My friends, I'm fatisfy'd you'll all behave Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave. Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find Reward and satisfaction to your mind.

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laufe,

The

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild; And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd. Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair, Some happy turn with joy dispels our care, Now all's at rights, who fings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey;

I'll fing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG XXI. Tune, Corn-riggs are bonny My Patie is a lover gay, His mind is never muddy; His breath is sweeter than new hay, His face is fuir and ruddy: His shape is handsome, middle size, He's comely in his wawking; we good and a son I

The Shining in his een surprize, 'Tis beaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk, Where yellow corn was growing, There mony a kindly word he spak That fet my heart a glowing. He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine, And loo'd me best of ony,

That gars melike to fing finfyne, O corn-riggs are bonny. The standard Vitte 1995

Let lasses of a felly mind Refuse what maist they're wanting, Since we for yielding were defign'd, We chaftly should be granting. Then I'll comply, and marry Pate, And fyne my cockernony has profract yet rot med

Rach is his flactions could be during or firede.

Fall of alm to nout stamped ones of

He's free to touzel, air or late, Where torn-riggs are bonnys beard you like to

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# The CONCLUSION.

After the manner of HORACE, ad librum

EAR vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And fcowp around the warld thy fill:
Wow! ye're newfangle to be feen,
In gilded turkey clade and clean,
Daft giddy thing! to dare thy fate,
And spang o'er dykes that scar the blate:
But mind when anes ye're to the bents:
(Altho' in vain) ye may repent.
Alake, I'm flied thou aften meet,
A gang that will thee fourly treat,
And ca' thee dull for a'thy pains,
When damps diffress thy drouzie brains.
I dinna doubt whilft thou art new,
Thou'lt favour find trae not a few,
But when thou're rufl'd and forfairn, 15
Sair thumbid by ilka coof or bairn;
Then, then by age ye may grow wife,
And ken things common gies nae price.
I'dfret, wae's me! to fee theelye
Beneath the bottom of a pye, 20
Or cow'd up page by page to wrap
Up inuff, or sweeties in a shap.

113

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md.

The

Away fic fears, gae spread my fame,	
And fix me an immortal name;	
Ages to come shall thee revive,	25
And gar thee with new honours live.	
The future criticks I forfee	
Shall have their notes on notes on thee:	
U 2	The

## CONCLUSION. 436

The wits unborn shall beauties find That never enter'd in my mind.

30

Now when thou tells how I was bred, But hough enough to a mean trade; CHE FOR MIT To ballance that, pray let them ken My faul to higher pitch cou'd ften : And when ye fhaw I'm scarce of gear, Gar a' my virtues shine mair clear. Tell, I the best and fairest please, wort on A A little man that loo's my eafe, which is a look work And never, thole thefe paffions lang That rudely mint to do me wrang.

nd spanu o'cedvice iliantenche olater Gin ony want token my age; wants natw balan and See Anno Dom. on title page got restray (alay al odi A) This year when springs by care and skill The spacious leaden conduits fill best line radigues ( And first flow'd up the Cafile-hill. When South-Sea projects ceafe to thrive, And only North-Sea feems alive, William Jone Tellthem your author's thirty-five, but moved theod in when hou irruffed and forfaire.

32. Hough enough.) Very indifferently.

44. The spacious, &c.) The new lead pipes for conveying water to Edinburgh, of 4 inches and a half diameter within, and 6 roths of an inch in thickness; all cast in a mould invented by the ingenious Mr. Harding of London.

> Or cowig at base of best on the Upings, oriwesues in a ling.

Away sic fears, gae speem my fame, musa ispomiai en sia xa bah



E

I.

Fa Ga Ha Sta

W Fo

II.

# GLOSSARY,

0 R.

by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern English Writings.

Some general Rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern Words are originally the same, having only a Letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many Words ending with an lafter an a or u, the lis rarely founded Scots. English.

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II fa

S-

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Ball. Ba, Ca, Call. Fa, Ga, Gall. Hall. Ha, Small. Sma -Stall. Sta, Wa, Wall. Fou, or fu; Full. Pou, or pu, Pull. Woo, or U,

II. The 1 changes to a, W, or U, after 0 or a, and is frequently sunk before another Consoinant; as,

Bauk, Bauk, Bulk.
Bowk, Boll.
Bowt, Bolt.

Scots. English: Culf. Caff, Coll or Clips Cow, Faut, Fault. False. Faule, Fowk, Fawn, Gowd, Half. Haff, How, Hole or hollow. Howms, Holms. Malt Maut, Pow, Poll. Row, Roll. Scawd, Scald. Stoln. Stown, Wawk, Walk.

III. An o before ld, changes to

A Uld, Bauld, O L D.

Cauld, Cold.

Fauld, Fold.

Hald, or had, Hold.

Sald, Sold.

U 3 Tald,

Blaw,

Braid,

Drap,

Frae,

Gaits,

Hale,

Laith,

Laid,

Gae,

Fae,

DCO.S.	English.
Tald,	Told
Wad,	Would.
Measure of	
IV. The o.	oe, or ow is chang-
ed to # a	e, aw, or ai; as,
A E or a	ne di Al Tr
A Aeter	ne, () NE.
Aff,	
Aften,	Off.
A:L	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oath.
Ain, or awn	, Orun.
Alane,	Alone.
Amaist,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aits,	Oats.
Apen,	Open.
Awner,	Owner.
Bain,	Bone.
	DUME.

Bair, Boar. Baith, Both. Blow. Broad. Claith, Cloath. Craw, Crow. Drop. Foe. Fro, or from. Go Goats. Grane, Groan. Haly, Holy. Whole. Halesome, Whole fome. Hame, Home.

Loath.

Load.

Lain, or len, Loan. Lang, Long. Law, Low. Mae; Moe. Maift. Moft. Mair, More. Mane, Moan. Morv.

Hait, or het, Hot.

Scots. English Na, No. Nane, None. Naithing, Nothing. Pape, Pope. Rae, Rog Rair, Raip, Rope. Raw, Row. Saft, Soft. Saip, Soap. Sort. Sair, Sang, Song. Slaw, Slow. Snaw, Snow, Strake, Stroak. Staw, Stole. Stane, Stone. Soul. Saul, Tae, Taiken, Toe. Token. Tangs, Tongs. Top. Tap, Throng. Thrang, Wae, Woe. Womb Wame, Won Wan, Wark, Wark, Warld, Worfe, Work. World Wha,

Ab

A

A

A

A

V. The o or u is frequently

changed into i; as,
A Nither,
Bill,
A Bull. Birn, Burn. Brither, Brother. Fit, Foot. Fither, Fother. Hinny, Honey. Ither, Other. Mither, Mother. Nits, Nuts. Nife, Nofe. Pit. Put. Run. Rin, Sun. Sin,



## A B

Blins, perhaps. Abeit, albeit. Aboon, above. Aikerbraid, the breadth of an Air, long fince. It. early. Air up, foon up in the morning Ambrie, cupboard. Anew, enow. Arles, earnest of a bargain. Afe, ashes. Atains, or Atanes, at once, at the same time. Attour, out-over. Auld-farran, ingenious. Aurzlebargin, or Eagglebargin, to contend and wrangle. Awsome, frightful, terrible. Aynd, the breath. Ayont, beyond.

## BA

Ack-fey, a furloin. Badrans, a Cat. Baid, staid, abode. Bairns, children. Balen, whalebone. Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it came with a bang .--- A bang also means, a great - number. Of customers she had a bang. Bangster, a blustering roaring perion. Bannocks, a fort of bread thicker than cakes, and Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like a bark. Barklihood, a fit of drunken Birks, birch-trees. angry passion.

## BI

Barrow Trams, the staves of a hand-barrow. Batts, cholick. Bawbie, halfpenny. Bauch; forry, indifferent. Bawsey, bawsand fae'd, is a cow or horie with a white face. Bedeen, immediately; in haite. Bedrals, beadles. Beft, beaten. Begoud, began. Begrutten, all in tears. Biek, to bask. Beild, or beil; a shelter. Bein or been wealthy. A been House, a warm well furnish. ed one. Beit or beet, to help, repair. Bells, bubles. Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood day. Bend, to drink. Bended, drunk hard. Benn, the inner-room of a house. Bennison, bleffing. Bensell or bensail. force. Bent, the open field. A tough grafs growing in fand. Benk, baked. Bewith, Something in mean time. Bicker, a wooden dish. Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones. Bigg, build. Bigget, built. Biggings, buildings. Biggonet, a linnen cap or coif. Billy, brother: Bindging, becking, courtfying. Byre or byar, a cow-stall.

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Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it Birling a Bawbie. Birn, a burnt mark. Birns, the stalks of burnt Birr, force, flying fwiftly with a noise. Birs'd, bruised. Bittle or beetle, a wooden mell for beating hemp, or a fuller's club. Black-a-vic'd, Of a black complexion. Blae, pale blew, the colour of the skin when bruised. Blaflum, heguile. Blate, bashful. Blatter, a rattling noife. Bleech, to blanch or whiten. Bleer, to make the eye water. Bleez, blaze. Blether, foolish discourse. Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called blethering. Blin, cease. Never blin, never have done. Blink, glance of the eye. Blinkan, The flame rifing and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhaufted. Bluter, plunder. Boak or boke, vomit. Boal, a little preis or cupboard in the wall. Bode, predict. Bodin or bedden, provided or furnished. Bodle, one fixth of a penny English. Bodzword, an ominous meffage, Bodwords are now used to express ill-natur'd messa Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre. Bony, beautiful. Bonywalys, toys, gu-gaws. Boss, empty. Longils, founding horns.

Bouk, bulk. Bountito, gratuity. Bourd, jest or dalley. Bouze, to drink. Brachen, a kind of water-gruel of oat-meal, butter and ho-Brae, the fide of a hill, bank of a river. Braird, the first sprouting of corns. Brander, a gridiron Brands, calves of the legs. Brankit, primm'd up. Brankan, prancing, a capering. Branks, wherewith the countrymen bridle their hor-Brattle, noise, as of horse feet. Brats, rags. Sometimes children. Braw, fine in apparel, brave. Brecken, fearn. Brent-brow, imooth high fore-Brigs, bridges. Brifs, to prefs. Broach, a buckle. Brack, Broken parts, or re-Caninas ( finge. Brock, a badger. Broe, broth. Brow, forehead Browden, fond. Browster, brewer. Browst, a brewing. Bruliment, a broil. Bruik, to love and enjoy. Bucky, the large fea-inail, a term of reproach, when we express a cross natur'd fellow, by thrawn bucky. Buff, nontente. As, He blether'd buff.
Bught, the little fold where the ews are inclosed at milking-time. Buller, to bubble. The mo-

tion of water at a ipring-

head, or noise of a rising tide.

Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot Bung, compleatly fudled, as it were to the bung.

it were to the bung.

Bunkers, a bench, or fort of long low chefts that ferve

for feats.

Bumler, a hungler.

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Burn, a brook.

Busk, to deck. Drefs.

Bustine, fustian (cloath.)

But, often, for without. As,

but feed or favour. Byer, a cowhouse.

Bykes, or Bikes. Nefts or hives of bees.

Bygane, by-past. Byword, a proverb.

## CA

Adge, carry. Cadger, is a 4 country carrier, &c. Cadgie, chearful. Caff, a calf. Chaff. Callan, boy. Camschough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance. Cangle, to wrangle. Cancerd, angry, pationately inarling. Canna, cannot: Cant, to tell merry old tales. Cantraips, incantations. Canty, chearful and merry. Capernoited, whimfical, ill natur'd. Car, fledge. Carna, care not. Carie an old word for a man. old Carline, an woman. Parch'd peafe. Gire-carline a giant's wife. Cathel, an hot pot, made of ale, fugar and eggs. Caudle. Cauldrife (piritless. Wanting chearfulnets in address. Canler, cool or fresh.

Cawk, chalk. Chafts, chops.

chaping, an ale measure or troup, somewhat less than an English quart.

A-Char, or a-jar, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little open'd, we say, they're a-char or a-jar

Charlewain, Charleswain. The conftellation called the plough, or Urfa major.

Chancy, fortunate, good-na-tur'd.

Chat, a cant name for the gallows.

Chiel, a general term, like fellow, used sometimes with respect; as, He's a very good chiel; and contemptuously That chiel.

Chirm, chirp and fing like a bird.

Chucky, a hen.

Clay, failing or imperfection. Clay, tribe, family

Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.

Clashes, chat. Clate, a rake. Clatter, to chatter. Claught, took hold.

Claver, to speak nonsense.

Claw, Scratch. Cleck, To catch as with a hook.

Cleugh, A den betwixt rocks. Climy, hard, ftony. Clock, a beetle.

Cloited, The fall of any foft moist thing.

Closs, A court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.

Clour. The little lump that rifes on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall

Cluteer cloot, Hoof, of cows or theep.

U 5.

Cock-

Cockernony, The gathering of a woman's hair, when tis wrapt or fnooded up with a band or snood. A woman's head-dress or cap. Cockfool, A pillory. Cod, a pillow. Coft, Bought. Cog, A pretty large wooder dish the country people put their potage in. Corle, When a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall. Coodies, A small wooden vef fel used by some for cham ber-pots. Coof, a stupid fellow. Coor, to cover. Coofer, a ston'd horse. Cooft, did caft. Cooften , thrown. Corby, a raven. Cofie, shelter'd in a convenient place. Cotter, a sub-tenant. Cowp, to fall; also a fall. Cowp, to change or barter. Cowp, a company of people; as, merry, fenieless, corky Cour, to crouch and creep. Couth, frank and kind. Creek, to chat, Creek, basket. Crish, greate. Croil, a crooked dwarf. Croon or crune, to murmur, or hum o'er a long. The lowing of bulls. Cronfe, bold. Crove, a cottage. Crummy, a cow's name.
Cryn, flirink, or become less by drying. Cudiegh, a bribe, present. Culzie, intice or flatter. Cun, to tafte, learn, know. Cunzie or coonie, coin. Curn, a fmall parcel.

dress wore by our highland women. Cutled, using kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship. Cuts, lots. These Cutts are utually made of straws unequally cut. Cutty, fhort.

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## DA

Ab, a proficient.

Dad, to beat one thing: against another, He fell. with a dad. He dadded his head again the wall, &c. Daft, foolish; and fometimes. wanton. Daffin, folly. Wagrie. Dial or dale, a valley plain. Daintiths, delicates. Dainties. Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman. Dander, wander to and fro, or faunter. Dang, did ding. Beat, thrust, drive. Ding, dang. Moving hastily one on the back of another. Darn, to hide.
Dofh, to put out of countenance. Dawly, a fondling. Darling. To dawt, to cocker, and carels with tenderneis. Deave, to frun the ears with, noise. Dees, dairy maids. Deray, merriment. Jollity. Tumult. Dif. Solemnity, order. Noise. Dern, Secret. Hidden. Lonely. Deval, to descend, fall, hurry. Dewgs, rags or shapings of cloath. Didle, to act or move like a dwarf. Dight, deck'd Made ready; alfo, to clean. Dinna, Carfebe, a kerchief. A linen

nd Dinna, do not. Dirle, a imarting pain, quicknly over ng Dit, to stop or close up a hole. Divet, broad turf. re Docken, a dock, (the herb.) n-Doilt, confuted and filly. Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age Doll, a large piece. Dole or share. Donk, moist. Donfie, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little Perion is. Doofart, a dull heavy headed tellow. es. Dool or drule, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first (as at foot-ball) in. Dool, pain, grief. 25 Dorts, a proud pet. et Dorty, proud. Not to be spoke Conceited, appearing as or. disoblig'd Dosend, cold. Impotent. ft, Dought, could: Avail'd: ng, Doughty, strong, valiant and ot. Douks, dives under water. Doufe, solid, grave, prudent. e-.. Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive. g. Dow, dove. a-Dow'd, (liquor) that's dead, or has loft the spirits; or with. ther'd (plant.). Dowf, mournful, wanting vivacity. Dowie, melancholy, fad, dole-Downa, dow not, i. e. Tho' one ly. has the power, he wants the heart to it. of Dowp, the arfe, the small remains of a candle, the bot-21 tom of an egg-shell. Better haff egg as toom dowp. Y 3. Drant, to speak slow, after a

fighing manner.

Dree, to fuffer, endure.

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Dreery, Wearisome. frightful. Dreigh, flow, keeping at a distance. Hence an ill pay-er of his debts, we call dreigh. Tedious. Dribs, drops. Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run. Droving, fitting lazingly, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans. Drouked, drench'd, all wet. Dubs, mire. Dung, defeat. Dunt, stroke or blow. Dunty, a doxy. Durk, a ponyard or dagger. Dynles, trembles, makes. Dyver, a bankrupt.

EA Ags, inoites, stirs up. Edge, of a hill, is the fide or top. Een, eyes. Eild, age. Eildeens, of the same age. Eith, easy Eithar, eafier. Elbuck; elbow. Elf Shot, See note on Patie and Roger, pag. 119 lin. 42. Elfon, a the makers awl. Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghofts. Endlang, along. Ergb, fcrupulous, when Ergb, icrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a ftea. dy resolution. Enft, time past. Ffler, hewn stone. Fuildings of fuch we call Eftler work. Ether, an adder. Etle, to aim, defign. Even'd, compared. Eydent, diligent, laborious.

A, a trap, fuch as is used for catching rats or mice. radge, a spungy fort of bread in thape of a roll.

Fog, to tire, or turn weary. Fait, thick turf, such as are used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.

Fain, expresses earnest defire; as, Fain would I. Alio, joyful, tickled with pleafure.

Fait, neat, in good order. Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befal him.

rang, the talons of a fowl. To fang, to grip, or hold fast.

Eash, vex or trouble. Fash. ous, troublesome.

Faugh, a colour between white and red. Faugh Riggs, fallow ground

Feck, a part, quantity; as, Maift Feck, the greatest number; Nae Feck, very tew.

Fe:kfow, able, active. reckless, feeble, little and weak.

Feed or Fead, feud, hatred, quarrel.

Feil, many, feveral.

Fen. fhift. Fending, living by industry. Make a Fen, fall upon methods.

Ferlie, wonder. Fernzier, the last or forerun

File, to defile or dirty. Fi eflaught, a flash of light-

Fiftle, to ftir, a ftir Fitsted, the print of the foot. Fizzing, whizzing.

Flaffing, moving up and down, Furder, prosper.

raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings. Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.

F

Flane, an arrow.

Flang, flung. Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.

Flaw, lie, or fib. Fleech, to coax or flatter.

Flex, fright. Flewet, a smart blow.

Fley or flie, to affright. Fleyt, a raid or terrified.

Flinders, Iplinters. Flit, to remove.

Flite, or flyte, to scold, chide. Flet, did fcold.

Flushes, floods. Fog, moss.

Foordays, the morning far advanc'd, fair day-light.

Forby, besides Forebears, forefathers, anceltors.

Forfairn, abused, bespatter'd. Forfoughten, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting. Forgainst, opposite to. Forgether, to meet, encounter.

Forlest, to forfake or forget. For fram, the fore-head. Fouth, abundance, plenty:

Fozy, spungy, soft. Frais, to make a noise. We use to say one makes a frais, when they boaft, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or

will bear. Fray, buftle, fighting. Freik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.

Fremit, strange, not a-kin. Fristed, trusted. Frush, brittle, like bread ba-

ken with butter. Fuff, to blow. Fuffin, blow-

Furthy, forward.
Fush, brought.
Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.
Furlet, four pecks

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Gin, if.

Gird, to strike, pierce.

## GA.

7 Ab, the mouth. To prat, I Gab sae gash. Gabbing, prating pertly. To gab again, when fervants give laucy returns when reprimanded. Gabby, one of a ready and ealy expression; the same with auld gabbet. Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a flupid gravity.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. To gawf, laugh. Gait, a goat. Gams, gums. Gar, to cause, make or force. Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing. Gash, folid, fagacious. One with a long out chin, we call Gash-gabbet, or Gashbeard. Gate, way. Gaunt, yawn. Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical perion. Gawn, going. Gaws, galls. Gawfy, jolly, buxom. Geck, to mock. Geed or Gade, went. Genty, handsome, genteel. Get, brat, a child, by way of contempt or derifion. Gielainger, an ill debtor Gif, 1f. Gillygacus or Gillygapus, staring gaping fool, a gormandizer. Gilpy, a roguish boy. Gimmer, a young theep, (Ew.)

Girn, to grin, fnarl. Alfo 2 inare or trap, fuch as Boys make of horse hair to catch birds. Girth, a hoop. Glaiks, an idle good for nothing fellow. Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the Glaiks, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains. Glaifter, to bawl or bark. Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards or jugglers deceive the fight, they are laid to cast Glamour o'er the eyes of the inectator. Glar, mire, ouzy mud. Glee, to squint. Gleg, sharp, quick, active. Glen, a narrow valley between. mountains. Gloom, to feoul or frown. Glowning, the twilight or evening-gloom. Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Gloufs, to hang the brow and grumble. Gown, a wooden dish for meat. Goolie, a large knife. Gorlings, or Gorblings, young. unfleg'd birds. Goffie, goffip. Gowans, dazies, Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face. besides the known Gowf, game, a racket or found blow on the chaps, we call a Gowf on the Haffet. Gowk, the cuckow. In derifion we call a thoughtless tellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a: Gowk. Gowl, a howling, to bellow and

cry.

woman.

Goulty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.

Grany, grandmother, any old

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Grape, a trident fork. Also to grounds on the fides of rigrope. Gree, prize, victory. Green, to long for. Greet, to weep. Grat, wept. Grieve, an overfeer. Groff, grots, coarte. Grotts, mill'd oats Grouf, to lie flat on the belly. Grounche or glunsh, to murmur, grudge. Grutten, wept. Gryfe, a pig. Gumption, good fense. Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather.) Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with driness. Gytlings, young children.

Affet, the cheek, fide of the head Hagabag, coarie napery. Hazzise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag. Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mosly ground. Hain, to fave, manage narrowly. Halesome, wholesome, as Hale, Hallen, a Icreen. See note page iii. Hameld, domestick. Hamely, friendly, frank, open, Hanty, convenient, handfome: Harle, drag. Harns, brains. Harn-pan, the fcull. Harship, ruin. Hash, a sloven. Haveren or havrel, ibid. Haughs, valleys, or low Houndered hidden. Houdy,

vers. Havins, good breeding. Havior, behaviour. Haws, the throat, or fore-part of the neck. Heal or Heel, health or whole. Heepy, a person hypocondriack. Hereyestreen, the night before yelternight. Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A Heezy is a good lift. Heftit, accustomed to live in a place. Heght, promised. Also, na-Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows. Here't, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled. Hesp, a class or hook, bar or bolt. Also, in yarn, a certain number of threeds. Hether-bells, the heath blokfom. Heugh, a rock, or steep hill. Also, a coal pit. Hiddils, or hidlings, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in hidlings, i. e. privately. Hirple, to move flowly and lamely. Hirsle, to move as with a rustling noise Hirsle or hirdsale, a flock of cattle. Ho, a fingle stocking. Hobbleshow, confused racket, noite. Hool, husk. Hool'd, inclo-fed. Hooly, flow. Hoft, or whoft, to cough. Hou or hu, a cap or roof-tree. How, low ground a hollow.

Howdy, a midwife.

Howk, to dig.

Howms, plains on river-fides.

Howt! fy!

Howtowdy, a young hen.

Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedgehog, or hare.

Hut, a hovel.

Hyt, mad.

## JA.

Ack, jacket. Jag, to prick as with a Jaw, a wave or gush of wa-Fawp, the dashing of water. Iceshoples, icicles. Jee, to incline to one side. To jee back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other fide. Fig, to crack, make a noise like a cart wheel. Jimp, slender. Jip, gypsie. Ilk, each. Ilka, every. Ingan, onion. Ingle, fire. Jo, sweet heart.
Jouk, a low bow.
Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancho-I'fe, I shall; as I'll for I will. Isles, embers. Junt, a large joint, or piece of meat. Jute, sour or dead liquor. Fibe, to mock. Gibe, taunt.

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## KA

Kale or kail, colewort, and fometimes broth.

Kacky, to dung. Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls. Kame, comb. Kanny, or canny, fortunate. alto, warry, one who manages his affairs discreet-Kebuck, a cheefe. Keckle, to laugh, to be noify. Kedgy, jovial. Keek, to peep. Kelt, cloth with a freeze commonly made of native black wool. Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work, in the same time. Ken, to know; uled in England as a noun. A thing within ken, i. e. within view. Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches. Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one. Kieft, did caft. Kilted, tuck'd up. Vid. Cooft. Kimmer, a female gossip. Kirn, a churn, to churn. Kirtle, an upper petticoat. Kitchen, all fort of eatables, except bread. Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.) Kittle, to tickle, ticklish. Knacky, witty and facetious. Knoit, to beat or strike sharply. Knoos'd, buffeted and bruifed. Knowst or knuist, a large lump. Know, a hillock. Knublock, a knob. Knuckles, Only used in Scots. for the joints of the fingers. next back of the hand.

Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to diso-

Ky,

blige, and fears.

Ky, Kine or cows.

Kyth, to appear. He'll kyth,
in his ain colours.

Kyte, the belly.

## LA

Aggert, bespatter d; cover'd with clay. Laigh, low. Laits, manners. Lak or Lack, undervalue, contemn; as, He that lacks my mare, would buy my mare. Landart, the country, or be-longing to it. Rustick. Liane, alone. Langour, languishing, melan-To hold one out of choly. Langour, i. e divert him. Lankale, coleworts uncut. Lap, Leaped. Lapper'd, Crudled or clotted. Lare, a place for laying, or that has been layn in. Lare, bog. Lave, the reft or remainder. Lawin, a tayern reckoning. Lawland, Low country. Lavrock, the lark. Lawy or lawtith, Justice, fidelity, honefty. Leal, True, upright, honest, taithful to trust, loyal. A leal heart never lied. Leam, Flame. Lear, Learning, to learn.

Lee, Untill'd ground; also
an open grafly plain. Leglen, a milking-pale with one Lug or handle. Leman. a kept mils. Lends, buttocks, loins. Leugh, Laughed. Lew-warm. Luke-warm. Libbit. Gelded. Lick, to whip or beat. It. A wag or cheat, we call a great Lick. Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.

Lift, the sky or firmament. Liggs, lyes. Lills, the holes of a wind inftrument of mufick; hence, Lilt up a spring, Lilt it out, take off your drink merrily. Limmer, a whore. Limp, to halt. Lin, a cataract. Ling, quick career in a ftraight line, to gallop.

Lingle, cord, shoe-maker's threed. Linkan, walking speedily. Lire, breafts. Item, the most muscular parts; fometimes the air or complexion of the face. Lirk, a wrinkle or fold. Lisk, the flank. Lith, a joint. Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows. Loch, a lake. Loo, to love. Loof, the hollow of the hand. Looms, tools, instruments in general. Vessels. Loot, did let. Low, flame. Lowan, flam-Lown, calm. Keep lown, be lecret . Loun, rogue, whore, villain: Lounder, a found blow.
Lout, to bow down, making
Courtesie. To stoop. Luck, to enclose, that up; Lucken . fasten; hence, Handed, close fifted, Lucken Gowans, booths, &c. Lucky, grandmother or goo. dy. Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or Vessel. Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.

Lum. the chimney.

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Lure, rather. Lyart, hoary or grey-hair'd.

## M A

enti on our Maik or make, match, equal. Maiklefs, matchlefs. Mailen, a farm. Makly, feemly, well proportion'd. Makina, 'tis no matter. Malifon, a curse, maledicti-Mangit, gall'd or bruised by toil or ftripes. Mank, a want. Mant, to ftammer in freech. March or merch, a land-mark, border of lands. Marh, the marrow. Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade. Mask, to math, in brewing Masking-loom, mash-vat. Maun, must, Mauna, must not, may not. Meikle, much, big, great, Meith, limit, mark, fign. Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. To make amends, to make a grateful return. Mense, discretion, sobriety, good breeding. Mensfou, mannerly Menzie, company of men, army, affembly, one's followers. Messen, a little dog, lap-dog. Midding, a dunghil. Midges, gnats, little flies. Mim, affectedly modest. Mint, aim, endeavour. Mirk, dark. Miscaw, to give names. Mischance, Misfortune.

Misken, to neglect or not take

notice of one; allo, let a-Mislushous, malicious, rough. Misters, necessities, wants. Mittans, woollen gloves. Mony, many. Mools, the earth of the grave. Mou, mouth. Moup, to eat, generally nied of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, tho' they eat but flow. Mow, a pile or bing, as of fu-el, hay, shaves of corn, Soc. Cra, and Mows, jefts. Muckle, fee Meikle. Murgullied, milmanaged, abuled. Mutch, coif. Mutchken, an English pint

## N.A

Acky, or knacky, clever, active in small affairs. Neefe, nofe. Neile, to fret or vex. Newtangle, fond of a new thing. Nevel, a found blow with the Nive or fift. Nick, to bite or cheat, Nicked, cheated alio as a cant word to drink heartily; as, He nicks fine. Nieft, hext. Niffer, to exchange or bat-Niffnafan, trifling. Nignays, trifles. Nips, bits. Nither, to straiten. Nithered. hungered, or half starved in maintenance. Nive, the fift,

Nock,

Neck, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle. Noit, fee Knoit. Newt, cows, kine. Nowther, neither. Nuckle, new calv'd (cows.)

> Man , the centil OE

E, a grandchild. O'er or owre, too much; as A'O'ers is Vice. Gercome, Superplus. Ony, any. Or, sometimes used for e'er or before. Or day, i. e. before day break. Ora, any thing over what's needful. Orp, to weep with a convulfive pant Oughtlens, in the leaft. Owk, week. Owrlay, a cravat. Owsen, oxen, Owthir, either. Oxter, the arm-pit. PA

Addock, a frog. Raddock Pouse, to push. Ride, the spawn of frogs. | Poutch, a pocket. Paiks, chastilement To paik, Pratick, practice, art, stratato beat or belabour one foundly. Pangs, to squeez, press or Prets, tricks, rogueries. We pack one thing into ano Paughty, proud, haughty. Pawky, witty or fly in word or action, without any harm or bad designs. Peer, a key or warf. Peets, turf for fire. Pegh, to pant. Penfy, finical, foppish, concei-Perquire, by heart. Pett, a favourite, a fondling. Quey, a young cow.

To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherith, flatter. Hence, to take the Pett, is to be peevish or fullen, as commonly Petts are when in the least disobliged.

fuch Highland Pibroughs , tunes as are play'd on bagpipes before them when they go out to battle. Pig, an earthen pitcher.

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Pike, to pick out, or chuse.
Pimping, mean, scurvy.
Pine, pain or pining.
Pingle, to contend, strive to
work hard.

Pirn, the spool or quill with-in the shuttle, which re-(cloath or (web) of unequal

threeds or colours, strip-Rith, strength, might, force.

Plack, two bodles, or the 3d of a peny English.

Pople or Paple, the bubling, purling or boyling up of water. (Popling.)

Powny, a little horse or galloway; alfo a turky.

gem. Priving Pratick, trying ridiculous experiments. lay, He plaid me a Pret, i. e. cheated. The Callan's fou of Prets, i. e. has abun-

dance of waggish tricks. Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower Price of goods one is buying.

Prin, a pin. Prive, to prove or tafte. Propine, gift or present. Prym or Prime, to fill or stuff. Putt a stane, throw a big stone.

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R does things without re-Ackless, careless, one who garding whether they be rackless banded. Rae, a roe. Raffan, merry, roving, hear-Raird, a loud found. Rair, a roar Rak or Rook, a mist or fog Rampage, to speak and act furioufly Rashes, ruthes. Rave, did rive or tare Raught, reached Rax, to ftretch. Rax'd reached Ream, cream. Whence Reaming, as, Reaming Li-Redd, to rid, unravel. To feparate folks that are fighting. It also fignifies clearing of any passage. I'm redd, I'm apprehensive Rede, counsel, advice; as, I wad na rede ye to do that. Reek, reach; also smoak. Reeft, to rust, or dry in the imoak Reft, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away Reif, rapine, robbery Reik or Rink, a course or race Rever, a robber or pirate Rewth, pity Rice, or Rife, bul-rushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees Rife or Ryfe, plenty Rift, to belch Rigging, the back or rigback, the top or ridge of a house Ripples, a weakness in the Scon, bread the country peoback and reins

Rock, a diftaff Roose or Ruse, to commend, extol Roove, to rivet Rottan, 2 rat Roundel, a witty, and often fatyrick kind of rhyme Rowan, rolling Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows Rowth, plenty Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corn Rude, the red taint of the complexion Ruefu, doleful Rug, to pull, take away by torce Rumple, the rump Rungs, small boughs of trees lopp'd off Runkle, a wrinkle. Runcle, to ruffe Kype, to fearch

## SA

Acheins, feeing it is. fince Saikless, guiltless, free Sain'd, bleffed Sall, shall. Like Soud for Should Sand-blind, pur-blind, thortfighted Sar, favour or fmell Sark, a shirt Saugh, a willow or fallowtree Saw, an old faying, or pro-verbial expression Scad, scald Scar, the bare places on the fides of hills washen down. with rains Scart, to scratch Scawp, a bare, dry piece of stony ground ple bake over the fire,

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thinner and broader than a, Soowp, to leap or move haftily from one place to ano-Scowib, room, freedom Scrimp, narrow, straitned, lit-Scropes, shrubs, thorns, bri ers. Scropey, thorny. Scuds, ale. A late name given, it by the benders Scunner, to loath Sell, felf Seuch, furrow, ditch Sey, to try Seybow, a young onion Shan, pitiful, filly, poor Sharn, cow's dung Shaw, a wood or forest Shawl, shallow Shawps, empty husks Sheen, shining Shill, shrill, having a sharp found. Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloath, or clear liquor, Shire; also, a clever Sheg, to wag, thake, or jog back wards and forwards Shoot, shovel Shoon, shoes Shore, to threaten Shotle, a drawer Sib, a-kin and an incide Sicker, firm, feeure Sike, a rill, or rivulet, commonly dry in fummer Siller, filver Sindle or Sinle, feldom Sinfyne, fince that time. Lang finfyne, long ago Skail, to scatter Skair, share Skaith, hurt, damage, lois Skeigh, skittish Skeif, shelf. Skelp, to run. Used when one runs bare foot. Also al

fmall fplinter of wood. to flog the hips Skiff, to move smoothly away Skink, a kind of ftrong broth made of cows hams or knuckles, also to fill drink in a cup Skirl, to shriek or cry with a fhrill voice Sklate, flate, Skailie, is the Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle Skreed, a rent Skybald, a tatterdemalion Skyt, fly out hastily Slade, or Slaid, did flide, moved, or made a thing move eafily Stap, or Slak, a gap, or natrow pass between two hills. Slap, a breach in a wall Sleek, Imooth Sleet, a shower of half melted? **fnow** Slerg: to bedawb or plaister
Slid, smooth, cumning, slippery; as, be a flid Lown.
Slidry, slippery,
Slippery, sleepy.
Slook, a mire, ditch or slough;
to wade thro's mire. to wade thro'a mire Slote, a bar or bolt for a door Slough, husk or coat Smaik, a filly little pitiful fellow; the fame with Smatchet Smirke, finiling Smittle, infectious or catch-Smoor to imother Snack, nimble, ready, clever Sned, to cut Sneer, to laugh in derision Snez, to cut, as, Sneg'd off at the web end Snell, tharp, imarting, bitter, Snib, fault, check or reprove; .correct. Sniftera 9:

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Snifter, to fauff or breathe | Spring, a tune on a mulical thro' the nose a little stopt Good, metaphorically used for neat, handiome, tight Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; allo, a pitiful groveling Snoove, to whirle round Snotter, Inot Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle Sod, a thick turf Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky; fometimes used for large and lufty Sore, forrel, reddish coloured Sorn, to fpunge Sofs, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the Sough, the found of wind Stirk, a steer or bullock amongst trees, or of one fleeping fowers, flumry, or oat-meal Stoor, rough, hoarse fower'd amongst water for Ston, to cut or crop. some time, then boil'd to a confistency, and eaten with decinate. milk or butter Sowf, to convover a tune on an instrument Spae, to foretel or divine. Spaemen, prophets, augurs Spain, to wean from the breaft Spait, a torrent, flood or inundation Spang, a jump; to leap or jump Spaul, shoulder, arm Speel, to climb Speer, to ask, inquire speeder, to split, firetch, Spelder, spread out, draw afunder house where provisions are kept Spill, to spoil, abuse

colours

instrument prush, ipruce Spruttl'd, speckled, spotted S punk, tinder Stalwart, strong and valiant Stang, did fting; also a fting or pole Stank, a pool of standing wa-Stark, strong, robust Starns, the stars. Starn, a small moiety. We say, Starn, 2 Ne'er a Starn Stay, fleep; as, fet a fout beart to a stay brae Steek, to thut, close Stegh, to cram Stend or Sten, to move with a hafty long pace Stent, to stretch or extend Stipend, a benefice Stoit or Mot, to rebound or reflect Ston, to cut or crop, a large cut or piece A Stou, Stound, a smarting pain flitch Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or horse feet. To Stour, to run quickly Stowth, stealth, Strapan, clever, tall, handfome. Strath, a plain on a river fide Streek, to ftretch Striddle, to ftride, applied commonly to one that's little Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw Stroot or Strute, stuffed full, drunk Strunt, a pett. To take the frunt, to be petted or out of humour Specific, spoil, booty, plunder Studdy, an anvil, or smith's spraings, stripes of different stithy.

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Sturdy , ftrong Sture or floor, ftiff, ftrong, hoarfe. Start, trouble, diffurbance, vexation Stym, a blink, or a little fight of a thing. Suddle, to fully or defile Sumph, blockhead Sunkan, Splenetick Sunkots, fomething Swak, to throw, cast with force. Swankies, clever young fellows Swarf, to fwoon away Swash, squat, fuddled Swatch, a pattern Swats, fmall ale weight Swecht, burden, force Sweer, lazy, flow

Sweeties, confections

Swelt, fuffocated, choked to

Thiz, to beg or borrow

Thir, these

Thole, to endure, suffer death Swith, begon quickly Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that Syne, afterwards then Charle delicated by winds,

## nes of Lat And to can

Ackel, an arrow Tane, taken Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the diffaff, is called a Lint-tap Tape, to tile any thing fparingly Tappet-ben, the Scots quartitoup love from a cross humour Tartan, crois striped ftuff, of various colours, checkerd. The highland plaids

giddy-headed. It, Tafs, a little dram-cup Tate, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool cotton, &c. Taunt, to mock Tawpy, a foolilh wench Taz, a whip or courge Ted, to featter, fpread Tee, a little earth on which gamesters at the Gowf set their ball before they itrike them off Teen or tynd, anger, rage, forrow Teet, to peep out Tensome, the number of ten Tent, attention. Tenty, cantious Thack, thatch bor ; lotter and That, thole DAT I CE. Tharmes, small tripes Thig, to beg or borrow Thou, thaw Thoules, unactive, filly, lazy, heavy Thramart, froward, crofs, crabbed Thrawin, fterp and crofsgrain'd Threep or threap, to aver, ledge, urge and affirm boldly Thrimal, to press or squeez through with difficulty Thud, a blaft, blow, storm, the violent found of or these. Cry'd bey at ilka Thud, i. e. Gave a groan at every blow Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, he took the tid Tift, good order, health Tine, to lose. Tint, lost Tinfel, lois Tip or tippany, ale fold for two pence the Scots pint strines of different

Tirl

Tirl or tirr, to uncover a Digeard, naked, not class, house Titty fifter Tocher, portion, dowry Tod, a fox Tooly, to fight A fight or quarrel Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purle, house, &c. It to empty Tofh, tight, neat Tofie, warm, pleasant, half fuddled To the fore, in being, alive, unconfumed Touse or tousle, to rumple, teeze Tout, the found of a horn or trumpet Tow, a rope Towmond, a year or twelvemonth Trewes, hofe and breeches all of a piece Trig, neat, handsome Troke, exchange True, to trow, trust, believe Truf, Iteal Tryft, appointment Turs, turfs. Turs, truss Twin, to part with, or separate from Twitch, touch Twinters, theep of two years Tydie, plump, fat, lucky Tynd, vid. Ieen Tyst, to entice, stir up, allure

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## UG

JGg, to detest, hate, nau-Ugsome, hateful, nauseous Umwhile, the late, or deceas'd iometime ago. Of old Undocht or Wandocht, a filly weak person Uneith, not easy

unharness'd Unko or unco, uncouth, ftrange Unlusum, unlovely Vougy, elevated, proud Wad or wed, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would Waff, wandring by it self Wak, moist, wet Wale, to pick and chuse Walop, to move swiftly with much agitation. Wally, chosen beautiful, large Wame, womb Wandought, want of dought, impotent Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace War, worfe Warlock, wizard Wat or wit, to know Waught, a large draught Wee, little Wear or wee ane, a child Ween, thought, imagined, supposed Weer, to stop or oppose Weir, war Weird, fate or destiny Weit, rain Wersh, insipid, wallowish wanting falt Whauk, whip, beat, flog Whid, to fly quickly Whilk, which Whilly, to cheat. Whilly-wha, a cheat Whindging, whining Whins, furze Whisht, hush. Hold your peace Whisk, to pull out hastily Whomilt, turn'd upfide down Wight, stout, clever, active, Item, a man or person Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.

Win or mon, to refide, dwell Winna, will hot Winnocks, windows Winsom, gaining, defireable, agreeable, complete, large Wifest, parch'd, wither'd Whiftle, to exchange (money) Whithershins, motion against the fun

Woo, or W, wool

Wood, mad

Woody, the gallows

Wordy, worthy Woo, wonderful! ftrange! Wreaths, of fnow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind Whysing, inclining. To wyse, to lead, train
Wyfon, the gullet Wyt, to blame. Blame

blides aren een zo uredi Hear shought, simbglack,

Wild late of definity will

Fries, to chiat. While the

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TEN SHAPE

Heart West and been, flog t wanting filt

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Y amph, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs Wirrykow, a bug-bear or gob- Tap, hungry, having a longing defire for any thing rea-Tealton, yea, wilt thou Ted, to contend, wrangle Teld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk York, to do any thing with celerity Tesk, the hiccup Tett, gate Teffræn, yesternight Toudith, youthfulness Towden, wearied
Towf, a fwinging blow
Tuke, the itch
Tule, Christmass Fires beloand brecches and

True, nesi, kendlara

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den detell, have name

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the trown and, believed Beer, to top or chose

Zue, to part mich, of fire | Worth infield, willowife

Taylor tonch tracking the control tone,



